

Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

JUNE 1988

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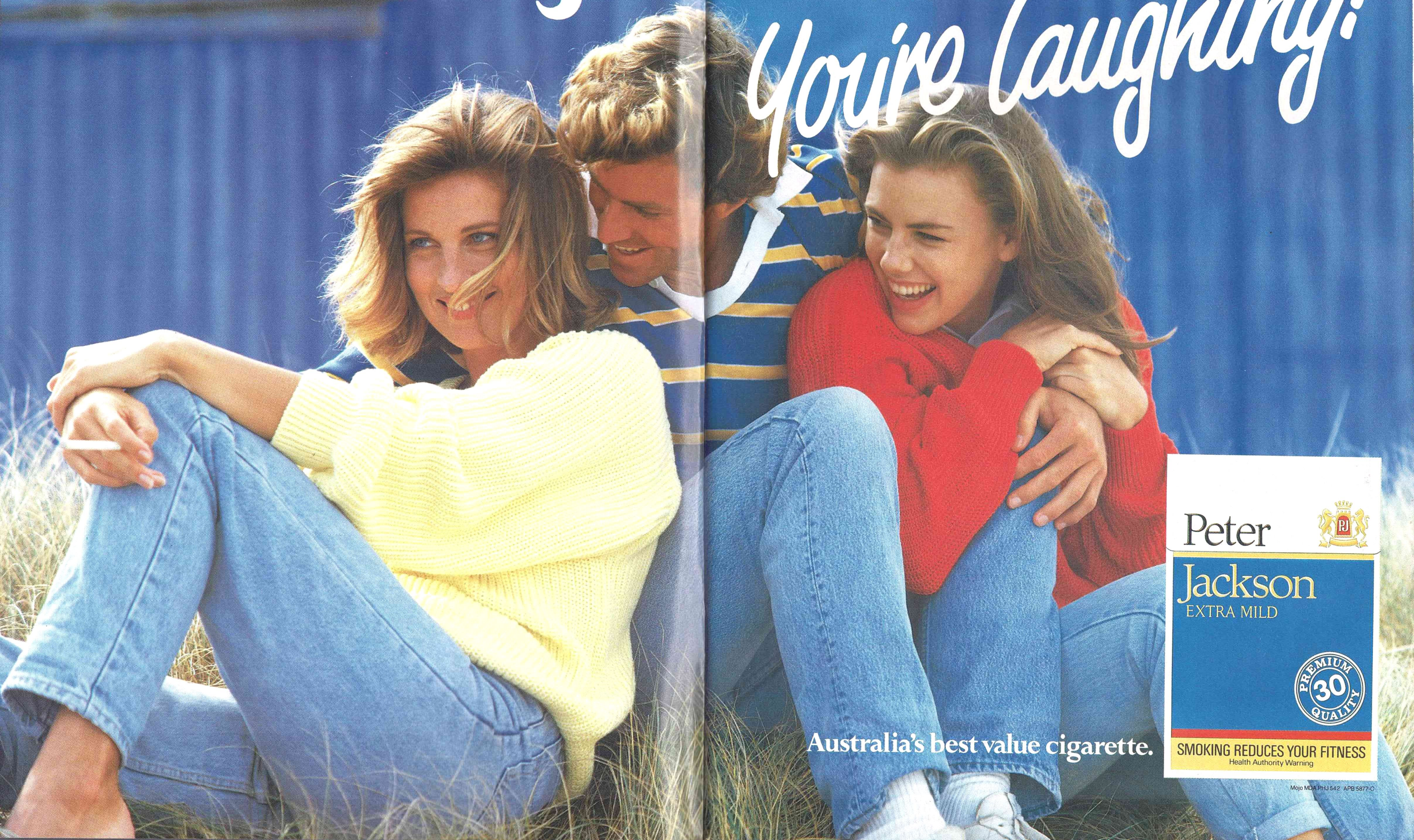
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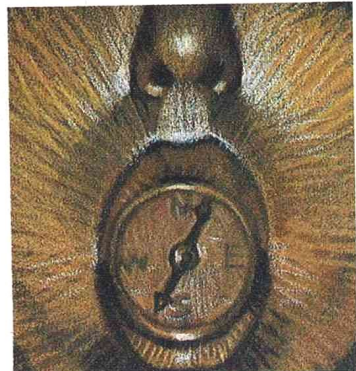
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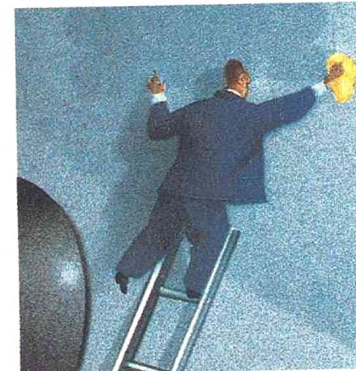
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Australian
PENTHOUSE

The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 9 No 6/June 1988



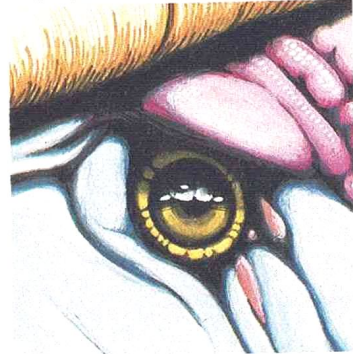
Mindbending Made Easy



Future Tech



Glory Days



Legal Vultures

REGULARS

Table with 3 columns: CONTENTS, By (author), and PAGE. Includes sections like COVER, HOUSECALL, FEEDBACK, FORUM, ANGER, LUST, AVARICE, ENVY, VANITY, GLUTTONY, SLOTH, LOOSE ENDS, SOUNDS, and FILM.

FEATURES

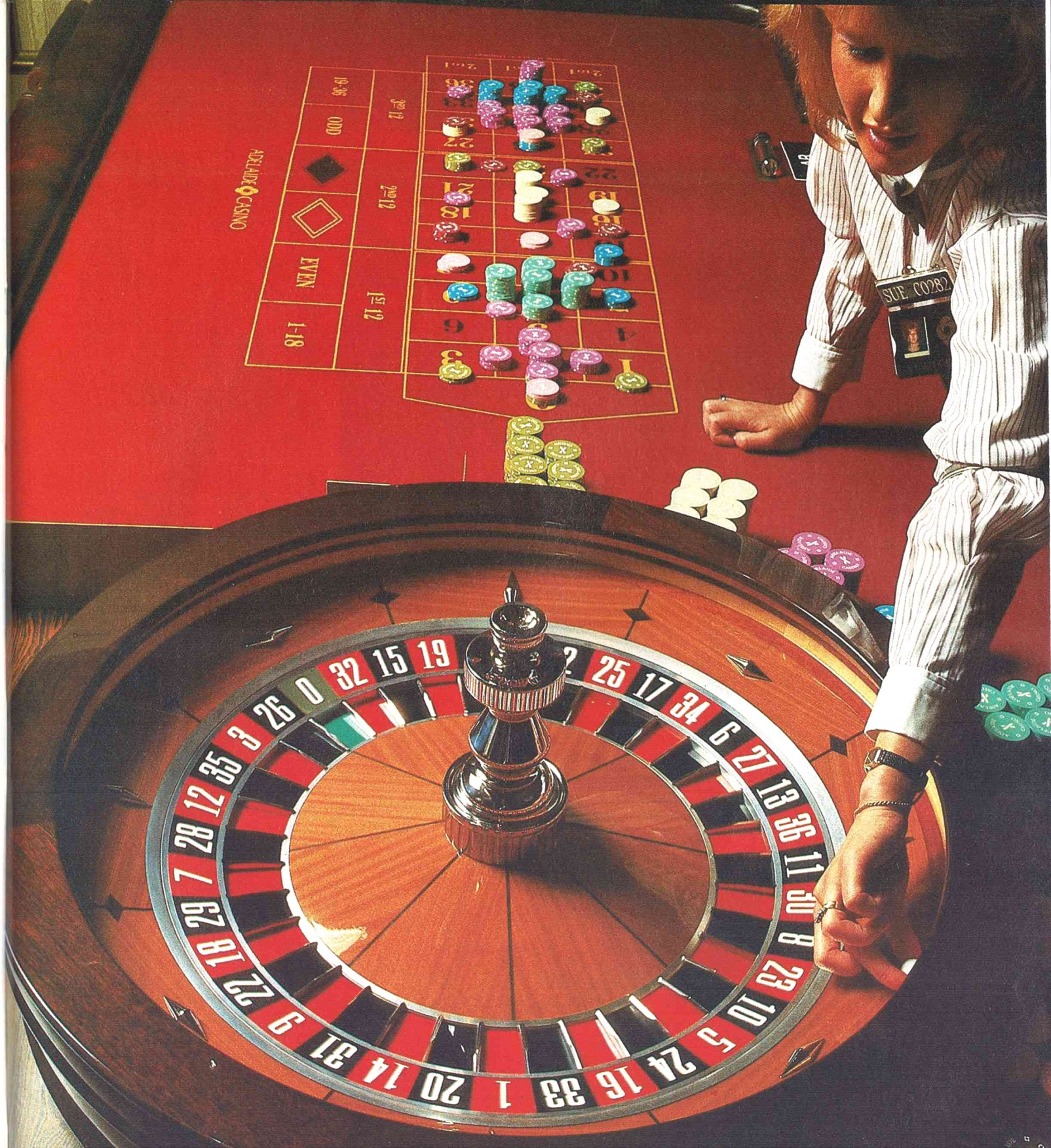
Table with 3 columns: CONTENTS, By (author), and PAGE. Includes sections like FUTURE TECH, LEGAL VULTURES, SUN STROKE, UGLY AUSTRALIANS — THE TAXI DRIVER, MINDBENDING MADE EASY, THE TAO OF SEX — PART II, HEAVEN SENT, and IN WITH THE NEW.

PICTORIALS

Table with 3 columns: CONTENTS, By (author), and PAGE. Includes sections like IN THE SWIM/DEBBIE, GLORY DAYS/MARTINA, TAKING CHARGE/ANITA, HARMONY, and JAMMING/COLLEEN.

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JUNE



GLENN FORD



FRANTS KANTOR



BILL LEAK



ROBERT ENGLISH



NIGEL BUCHANAN

HOUSECALL

FUTURE TECH

When the Western world invented high technology, we settled down to await the promised glittering future. We're still waiting, as technology rips our economy apart and band-aids are slapped on gaping wounds. Where are we heading? In the first of a fascinating four-part series, business journalist and computer expert Sue Robinson analyses the likely impact of techno-gadgets on our working lives. If you look into this crystal ball you may not like what you see. Turn to Nigel Buchanan's illustration on page 32.

LEGAL VULTURES

Some Australian lawyers are using their privileged and protected positions to perpetrate audacious crimes against society. Others merely bask in the rewards of an increasingly corrupt, dishonest and inscrutable profession, leaving a trail of financial skeletons behind them. David Halpin points both barrels at the burgeoning flock of legal vultures in a disturbing story beginning on page 50 with an illustration by Danny Burke.

THE TAXI DRIVER

In the fifth instalment of Robert English's satirical series on The Ugly Australians, the author vents his spleen on humble Keith Mitchell, a cabbie not half so ugly as the Australians who form his clientele. Mitchell takes his revenge on captive customers by driving them to distraction. Bill Leak's striking illustration starts that story on page 58.

MINDBENDING MADE EASY

You want to win friends, influence people, make money and be the leader of your own exclusive cult? Experience shows that the quickest way to attain fame and fortune is by becoming a psychic — and it's not as hard as it sounds. In fact, if you follow Ben Harris' instructions on page 74, you'll have a more than adequate repertoire to kick off your career in mumbo-jumbo for fun and profit. Frants Kantor contributed the illustration.

THE TAO OF SEX PART II

After impotence, premature ejaculation is the second most common male sexual ailment. But there's no need to despair if you're just an excitable boy. The Chinese have a comprehensive list of remedies for the hair-triggered lover, outlined by acupuncturist John Masters in the second instalment of his ground-breaking series on ancient Chinese sexual techniques. Turn to the illustrations by Gordon Fitchett on page 81.

HEAVEN SENT

Syd Fish has exchanged a plush press secretary's office for a broom closet in Darlinghurst and a card that says he's a private detective. When his first job is to pin a murder rap on a drug boss who's made guest appearances at two Royal Commissions, he finds out how quickly a private dick can get into hot water. Susan Geason's razor wit makes this fiction piece a rollicking read. Glenn Ford contributed the illustration on page 96. 



As rare as the stripes...



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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Some like 'em hot

Some Like 'Em Hot (March) did a good job of reinforcing the message that a helluva lot has to be done yet to bring car theft down to an acceptable level, especially in NSW. Pity writer Peter McKay spoiled the effect by his snide references to the NRMA as a "bastion of self-righteousness", its "apparent double standards" and "alleged questionable business practices."

Come on, Peter. Have the guts to find out whether "apparent" or "alleged" needs to be used. A good reporter takes popular myths to the subject organisation for comment before reporting them.

You might have found that the "ire of critics" of the NRMA, which supposedly perpetuates the stolen car cycle by auctioning write-offs then used to give a new identity to stolen cars, could be to divert attention from the really significant rorts and rackets. And how do you think the professionals get reborn cars re-registered? Because there is no check in Australian registration systems to prevent them.

NRMA Insurance Limited — the largest car insurer in Australia — needs to auction write-offs to recover millions of dollars annually to help keep insurance premiums down and to contribute to the necessary pool of second hand parts marketed by Motor Traders Association wrecker members. Our methods of disposal are an open book to any authority, as are the efforts made last year to reduce the small risk of write-offs being used for reborns in such an open system where buyers can be seen by anyone.

The NRMA has nothing to hide, as evidenced by its call first to the NSW Government and then (along with the other state motoring associations) to the Federal Government for an inquiry with the powers of a Royal Commission into the complex and ignored crime and corruption problem of car theft.

Meanwhile, Peter McKay would do better to go hunting for the real tigers hiding in the jungle rather than take potshots at the friendly family hound who might not yet be perfect but who does try to do his job. — *Denis Fisk, Manager, Media Relations, NRMA, Sydney*

Who needs feedback?

Where does a girl like Dana Wells (High Anxiety, March) get off thinking that she



Dianne Carolan: larger than life

doesn't cut it as a *Penthouse* Pet? With a body like hers who needs feedback?

Also, congratulations on the new size centrespread; hope it becomes a regular feature, but is there any way to eliminate those staple holes?

Keep the stunners coming. — *B. Kearns, Yagoona, NSW*

Spot on

Ugly Australians — The Plumber (Feb '88) was an excellent portrayal of that social and moral Philistine, the stereotypical working class Australian male. This character's life revolves around the pub, his mates, the TAB, the pokies, football and ineffectual sex every Friday night. He then expects the Labor Party to provide manna from heaven to help him overcome his financial deficiencies. This person believes the world owes him a living and that "she'll be apples" because tomorrow will take care of itself.

This attitude to life is one of the reasons Australia is in such an economic, cultural and moral crisis today. Thank you, Robert English, for a meritorious and factual essay. — *J. Birgers, Sorrento, WA*

The ultimate

I would like to congratulate you on your choice of the most exciting and provocative woman yet to appear in your magazine. I refer, of course, to that absolute

goddess of perfection, Trixie Buckingham, who appeared in the January '88 issue. To see her in the flesh would be the ultimate experience! — *B. Searle, Glen Allen, NSW*

A real winner

After viewing Bob Guccione's pictorial of the US Pet Of The Year Patty Mullen, I couldn't help but write a letter.

What can I say but WOW! Patty is definitely Pet Of The Year material. So much so that the reaction from me was to subscribe to Black Label *Penthouse*. — *D. Clark, Sydney, NSW*

Artistic merit

Hearty congratulations on the calibre of your March issue. With the "pull-out" poster of the surreal blonde Dianne Carolan in the centrefold and the extra quota of girls in the "Let's Party" *Penthouse* Pet promotion at the back, it had to be one of your biggest and brightest efforts yet.

However, it's not just the girls that keep me coming back to *Penthouse*. Nor is it the articles or what have to be the best jokes in any local mag. I'm a graphic artist and I pick up a copy each month to check out the illustrations that accompany your stories. Very few magazines showcase the talent of local illustrators and none of the mainstream mags come close to yours in the amount, adventurous style and quality of illustration.

Not a bad excuse for buying *Penthouse*, eh?

Please continue to promote local illustrators and cartoonists. In more ways than one, you're putting lead in our pencils. — *Andrew Monaghan, Sydney, NSW*

Bad news

Your otherwise excellent March issue was marred by a story on that pathetic gift to the cosmetic surgery industry, Michael Jackson. The odd activities of this strange twerp are amply chronicled in other magazines and newspapers, so why did you waste your time and space on him?

I think I speak for a lot of your readers when I say that I couldn't give a rat's arse about Michael Jackson and that I was disappointed to see a story about him in *Australian Penthouse*.

What about a few profiles of ballsy overseas and local performers? — *Warren Jacobs, Carlton, Vic*

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Hubba haka!

At a party last week a stunning lady caught my attention. She was a mixture of sexy wild-cat and cute fluffy kitten. She had soft blonde curls, wide blue eyes — in fact, the most angelic face I have ever seen. The rest was pure sexual dynamite. It was hard just looking at her perfect breasts and the dangerous curve of her hip.

I began to flirt with her and it was not too long before we decided to go to her place. The first thing she said when we got there was, "Do you think us Kiwi girls are sexier than Aussie girls?"

By now my jeans were causing pain. I could hardly grunt, "Maybe."

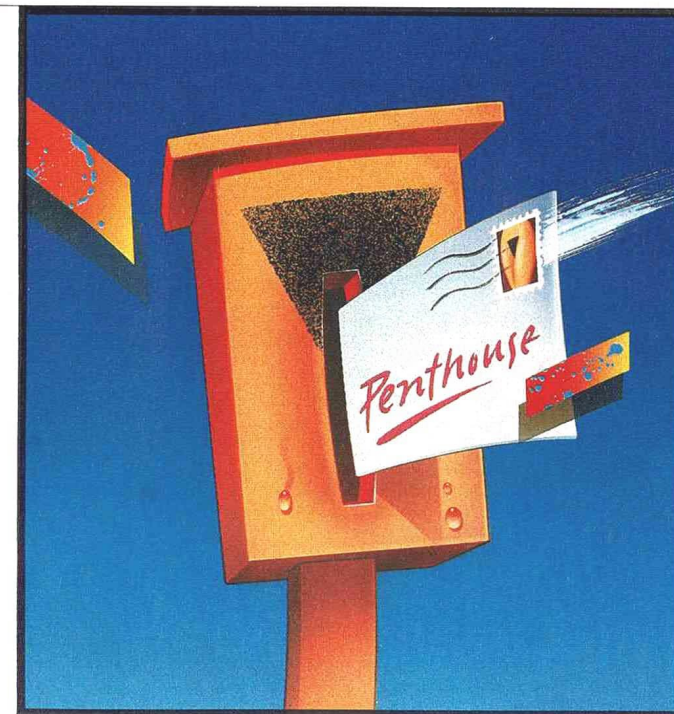
It was the right answer because the next I knew we were kissing wildly on the bed. She was so excited now that she almost tore off my shirt and jeans. Next she jumped off the bed and slowly peeled off her skimpy top and jeans. Never before had I seen such a perfect body in the flesh.

"What do you think of us now?" she teased. I could only nod my head. I was speechless, but more was to come. She launched herself into the legendary war dance, the haka. I could not believe what I was seeing. It was so wild, her perfect body shaking with sexual rage and that angel face trying to look so savage. My eyes ravished her spikey nipples and gushing bush.

With a last savage yell, she sprang on me, impaling herself. I could see now why she did a war dance. It was a war and I was losing, but it was delicious. She was fucking me with that hot tight pussy as fast as she could. Again and again I lost control and she lost control. I could not count the number of times I came or how many times she came. It seemed as if we fucked all night. Next morning I could not believe how sore I was but I could not stop smiling. — *Name and address withheld*

University blues

I was sitting in the classroom waiting for my Journalism lecturer when Sandy walked in. Sandy. She was every man's dream: tall, natural blonde, deep blue eyes, a body that was made for giving pleasure



With a knowing look on her face, her eyes travelled very slowly to my lips. She moved forward and very gently kissed me.

"Don't be embarrassed," she said. "I'm sure if you just relax and enjoy yourself, I'll make this a night to remember." She grabbed hold of me, pushing her tongue deep into my mouth. Her hands started to grope me, her fingers rubbing and squeezing the rapidly-growing bulge in my trousers. She slipped her fingers inside my pants, and began rhythmically squeezing my cock. She moved a little away from me and stood up, taking me with her. She started to unbutton her top, which only took her a few seconds but seemed like an eternity to me, revealing her creamy breasts. She caressed her

breasts with her hands, my cock getting harder as I watched her. She then put her hands under her breasts and squeezed and pushed them forward towards me like an offering. I didn't hesitate; I cupped each one and started to squeeze and massage them. Squeezing them as close together as I could, I began to suck on both her pink nipples at the one time and this sent her into a frenzy of pleasure and she moaned, "Yes, lover, yes, keep sucking." Fifteen minutes later she moved away and then started to undress me. Soon I was standing totally naked with Percy at full attention. By the smile on her face I guessed this pleased her. With one hand she massaged my balls and with the other stroked my cock, up and down, squeezing, stopping and starting, till I couldn't control myself any longer and I erupted, shooting my load of love juices all over her skirt.

She removed her skirt and I couldn't believe it, she wasn't wearing any panties. Now we were both naked just gazing at each other and smiling. She told me to lie down on the floor. She knelt between my legs and moved her face towards my weapon. She said she had to take me in her mouth and suck me. I closed my eyes and gasped as I felt her hot breath on my cock. With her tongue she licked my balls, bringing forth in me passion I never knew existed or ever felt before. I ached to stick my cock inside of her, but not yet, as this

and brains to match. Yes, it was an honor to get laid by her. Normally it was the guy who would do the laying, but not so in Sandy's case. Word was around that if you were lucky enough to go on a fourth date with Sandy, you were definitely on her laying list and I was aching desperately to be on that list.

So far I had been out with Sandy three times in as many weeks and I was too much of a gutless wonder to ask her out again, in case of rejection. It had happened to a lot of guys — three dates, then nothing.

Friday night, the guys I share house with had all gone out. I was trying to write a paper due on Monday, but my mind just wasn't on it; it was on other things when the peacefulness of the room was shattered by an urgent knocking. I got up from my desk and went to open the door. There stood Sandy like a vision from heaven. She was wearing a very low cut jumper which molded her perfectly rounded breasts along with a very short skirt.

She spoke first: "Hello, I heard you were having problems writing your paper, so I thought I might give you a hand." At the moment, my paper wasn't the only thing I was having problems with.

I let her in and led her to my desk and we sat on the bed which doubled as a chair. She sat closer to me than I expected and I started to have trouble breathing. I think she also knew the effect she was having.

FORUM

would happen when she was ready. Suddenly, my cock felt warm and wet as she slipped it in between her rosy lips, moving her head back and forward and lightly scraping my cock with her teeth. She then proceeded to lick my cock until it was ready to burst. She took my cock into her mouth and again started an upward and downward movement until I climaxed again and Sandy swallowed my juice as if it was nectar. I had climaxed twice in less than ten minutes.

Still lying on the floor, Sandy lay on top of me with her cunt very close to my lips. I knew this was the sign that I had been waiting for. I caressed her cunt and found it drenched. I started to kiss and lick her furry heaven till she started to moan with pleasure. She once again took my cock into her mouth, sucking, licking and biting it as if she couldn't get enough. She then rolled off me on to her back; she spread her wings, offering me her wet cunt, and moved me to lie on top of her with my cock ready to go a third time. I gently pushed my cock up inside her, making her gasp with the slow contact. For ten minutes our wet genitals caressed each other until her moans had reached a crescendo, and her fingernails dug deeply into the cheeks of my arse; we exploded simultaneously.

I now had inspiration for my Journalism

assignment, which I've submitted to you first. If it gets published, I get an A, but that's not the most important thing. You see, I got the Big A from Sandy after this, and I need something to remember the experience. — *Name and address withheld*

Room service

I work as a cashier for a local motel. One day, one of the other motels was short-staffed, and I was moved from my usual location. I did not have time to tell my wife Gail where she could find me. Interestingly enough, I found her! I had been at the new location for about an hour, when I saw a familiar car pulling up outside. I walked to the window and got the shock of my life. The car belonged to my wife's boss, Ray, and as the door opened they both walked out. Ray asked Annette, our clerk, for a single room. When she asked him if he would like the room for a long or short stay, Ray replied, "Short-stay rate." I almost fell over. Everyone in this business knows that "short stay" means only one of two things: either a driver needs a few hours sleep, or some good, hard fucking is going to go on.

While he registered, I saw my wife in the car combing her hair and putting on her makeup. I saw that they were going to be in room 219. I ran as fast as I could out the back of the office to the room. Once there, I hid in the closet, leaving the door open just a crack so that I could see the action. Short-

stay patrons rarely bring clothes to hang in the closet, so I knew my presence would go unnoticed.

They arrived at the room a few minutes after I did. Gail went to the bathroom to freshen up. In the meantime, Ray had taken off all of his clothes and was lying on the bed, stroking his cock. Ray is older than me, and a little pudgy on the sides, but his cock is still in working order. When Gail came out of the bathroom, she was still fully dressed. Ray said, "Take your clothes off and lie next to me." Gail started a striptease that excited not only Ray but me too!

She danced around for a minute or so, removing her blouse, skirt, and shoes. Ray's cock was standing straight up as he watched her move. My cock was just as attentive. Gail turned away, and unhooked her bra. Out bounced her beautiful tits. I wanted to grab them, but I knew that I had to remain quiet. Gail grabbed the elastic of her panties and pulled them down. Ray began to moan as he caught the first glimpse of her pussy. She took off her panties and dropped them on Ray's face. He took in the aroma of her pussy and then pulled her on top of him.

They began to kiss as their hands roamed all over each other's bodies. Ray started sliding down Gail's body and stopped when his head was between her legs. He lapped at her pussy very tenderly and then turned around into the sixty-nine position so that Gail could reciprocate. I could see Gail's pussy wide open in front of me as Ray expertly worked on it with his tongue and lips. Next, he took his index finger and slowly inserted it into her. She started screaming, "Oh yes, Ray! I'm coming!" I felt like I was going to come myself. After she caught her breath, Ray turned around and kissed her again. I could see Gail licking her juices from Ray's face. Just then, Gail grabbed his cock and ploughed it deep inside of her. By the second stroke, Ray was in and up to his balls and rocking hard. As Ray pumped harder, Gail moaned louder. She kept saying things like, "Oh, Ray! Do it to me harder! Fill me with your big cock!" I couldn't believe all the things Ray was making her say and do. All of this was very much out of character for Gail.

Ray rolled over on to his back and pulled Gail on top of him, his cock still tightly inside her pussy. This almost wiped me out. I had a great view of Gail with her knees drawn up, her pussy wide open, and Ray's cock buried inside. It was truly a sight! He reached up and started rubbing her clit as she rode his rod. He called out, "I'm coming, baby!" at which she replied, "I am, too!" I wished that I had been part of that action.

After all the excitement subsided, they rolled over next to each other and kissed some more. Ray suddenly got up and said, "I hate to fuck and run, Gail, but we'd better head back to the office before we're



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Oh
What
A
Feeling!

TOYOTA
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FORUM

missed." He headed for the bathroom as Gail lay back on the bed to rest. She reached a finger between her legs and lightly stroked the swollen lips of her wet pussy. Then she brought her finger to her mouth and licked it clean.

When they were both dressed and set to leave, Gail said to Ray, "Thanks. I really needed that." After they'd gone, I came out and climbed on the bed. The room still smelt of passion, and I jerked off, taking in the aroma. Afterward, I quickly dressed and returned to the desk.

When Gail got home, I asked her how her day was. She replied, "The usual." I told Gail that I wanted to fuck her and she said that she wanted to take a shower first. I told her no, that I wanted to fuck her and suck her just the way she was. I said that I would just pretend that she had fucked someone earlier and therefore her smell would turn me on. When I started sucking her, I could taste the remnants of Ray's come inside her. She was hotter than I could ever remember. When I came, I said to her, "Thanks. I really needed that." She looked at me strangely, but I just smiled and turned away. I have never mentioned the incident in the motel and neither has she. However, both these "secrets" have kept our sex life going strong. — *Name and address withheld*

Late arrival

I arrived at my girlfriend's house at about 7 pm to pick her up to go for a drink. When I got there, her mum told me that she had stayed at netball training, and that she would be home a bit late. My girlfriend's mother invited me into the lounge room and offered me a drink. "She should not be too long," she stated. She placed the drink on the table in front of me. I could not help but notice her well-shaped body being hugged 'closely' by a red tube dress. She had wavy blonde hair not unlike her daughter's. She is in her mid-30s but her looks are that of a 20-year-old.

I managed to pull my lingering stare away from her arse, and at that instant, her blue eyes met mine for a couple of seconds. She smiled. I felt ashamed and a bit guilty.

She went into the kitchen, and my mind began working. I had never been with an older woman, and had often wondered what it would be like. After a few minutes, she re-entered the lounge room and sat right next to me, and I became aware that she could have sat anywhere on the six-piece lounge.

Something was pushing hard at my pants. A simple conversation started. She was beautiful. The tremendous bulge in my pants seemed to invite her hand. She unzipped my fly and started to caress my member with unmatched skill. My hand

wandered, and located her silk smooth panties. My finger slid underneath the elastic to find a hot, wet clit. She started to moan as I massaged her dripping wet pleasure patch, while feeling her juices run between my fingers. We quickly undressed, and she positioned her hips on to my extra-hard tool. I started pumping her from behind something fierce, while my fingers dug into the tight contours of her arse. Her pussy glistened, due to the moist pinkness among the dark hairs. Her panting and moaning grew louder as my balls plunged against her arse, and she hung on to the lounge armrest for all she was worth, yelling *fuck me! fuck me baby!*

The combination of her firm tits shaking back and forth, and her cunt wriggling over my shaft proved to be too much for me. I felt her body tense up and I shot a tremendous load of hot love fluid into her dripping, wet snatch, and she moaned loudly with ecstasy, as she climaxed in response. As we kissed, our tongues probed, and we sunk back into relaxation.

The next day I met my girlfriend and she apologised for not coming home in time. It was the first time I was not angry with her for missing a date. — *Name and address withheld*

Back in black

Although for a long time I have read and enjoyed *Penthouse Forum*, I have always read it with a sceptical eye. That is, at least,



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FORUM

until now. Two nights ago something happened to me that may rate for that section.

I'm a black man in my late twenties living in an urban area. I'm not bad-looking, but I don't stop traffic, either. About three months ago, a young woman moved into a flat at the university nearby. We were attracted to each other from the start, but we never had sex. Eileen is a pretty girl. She's short, with reddish-brown hair, a cute round behind, and large breasts.

Two days ago, on Sunday evening, I stopped by her house just to talk. I was wearing jeans and a T-shirt, and Eileen wore pink pants and a matching top. She looked so cute! After we talked for a while, Eileen said that she was very tired, due to the fact that she had stayed up late the previous night. She told me that she was going to lie down awhile and if I wanted to also, she really wouldn't mind. Of course I said yes. Lying on her bed, holding her in my arms, even with all our clothes on, was one of the most pleasant things ever to happen to me. Her breathing was soft and steady as she slept. I just lay there and stroked her long, thick hair.

After about an hour, the phone beside the bed started to ring. The way she turned to answer the phone totally exposed her right breast. Although I resisted an urge to lean over and suck her pink nipple while

she was talking, to my surprise, she offered me both of her breasts after she hung up the phone. I ran my tongue around her left nipple, making it hard and erect, while I pinched her right one. Eileen held my head to her chest and moaned as I sucked her big tits. She told me that she had wanted this to happen for a long time.

I stripped off her shirt, and she insisted that I completely strip, which I did very quickly. We rolled around the bed, kissing long, wet kisses, as I put my hand down the back of her pants. After kneading her luscious arse, I rolled completely on top of her, and moved my hand down the front of her pants. While our tongues danced, she rubbed my erect penis. Her wet pussy was surrounded by a bush of soft pubic hair.

I fingered her for a long time, alternately rubbing her clit and sticking my finger deep into her hot hole. She stroked my dick as I smothered her face with ardent kisses. We both wanted more than foreplay, so I sat up and pulled her pants completely off. Her thick bush was the same reddish brown as the hair on her head. I lay on top of her again, and she wrapped her lovely legs around me. I started kissing her face, moving down to her neck, finally making a hot trail down to her pubic mound. Her pussy hair was very soft. I was surprised because I had never slept with a white woman before.

I licked her pussy and teased her clit. Eileen pushed her hips up as my tongue

plunged deeply into her tastiness. Her eyes were closed and she moaned, "Eat me, eat my hot pussy!" I continued to lick and suck on her snatch, so pink and vulnerable, and reached up to hold both her hands. She didn't come right away (I thought I was doing something wrong, but I doubt it, because I love eating pussy), but then she suddenly grasped my hands hard and moaned very loud. I continued to work on her clit with my tongue until her spasms ended. Then I decided to really work on her.

After a few seconds, when Eileen finally caught her breath, I lay totally on top of her. The first thing she did was reach down and say, "I want your dick in me." Of course I couldn't resist, and she guided me into her hot, wet, tight pussy. At first we fucked with frenzy, but then settled down into a softer lovemaking. She sucked my ears as I plunged deeper into her. Before too long, I climaxed and she came again.

It was a beautiful scene. Both Eileen and I took off the next day and fucked the whole afternoon away. To my dismay, Eileen was involved with someone else at that time, but we have gotten together again since then for some more hot and heavy lovemaking. — *Name and address withheld*

Tickled pink

Tina and I had been steady lovers for about two years, and I had always been faithful to her. Sometimes this was trying, though, because her roommate, Beth, had made her intentions clear since the beginning of my relationship with Tina. Tina knew this, and it was always a sore point between them. Tina confronted Beth with this, and Beth claimed that she had turned me down, and that if she really wanted me, she could get me in a minute. Beth was a beautiful girl with long blonde hair, great tits, and blue eyes that could look right through you. Tina was no slouch, though, and satisfied me in every way except one.

I have always had a fetish for tickling beautiful girls but, alas, good old Tina was not ticklish. When she had mentioned how extremely ticklish her roommate was, it made Beth even harder to resist. Last July the girls threw me a surprise party I'll never forget. It changed my life. We all had a great time, and Beth told Tina that she was going to have me that night. Tina told me about this and wanted desperately to get even. It was then that she devised a plan that she called my "birthday present."

I went back to the party, and Beth really came on strong. She rubbed up against me and "accidentally" brushed my cock with her hand while Tina pretended to glare at her from across the room. She told me she would do anything for me. When I asked "Anything?" she just smiled and nodded. I told her that I really hated to deceive Tina, but that I had a special weakness for

Continued on page 118



THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

ANGER

SIXTIES SICKNESS

There's something strange in the air: a stench of 20-year-old incense. I suspect it's being burned by a clutch of entrepreneurs sniffing an easy buck.

Flowered clothes are reappearing in snappy boutiques. Long dead record albums are being rereleased and the artists pumped with enough chemicals to get them vertical for one last revival tour. Television shows that were dog food when we were kids are being recycled for a new run at the ratings. Are you getting the sad picture of what's going down? Right, the Sixties are coming back to haunt us. Someone is dragging that mummified decade back from the crypt and presenting it to the world in the cheerful gift-wrapping of nostalgia. It's corporate manipulation of the worst kind.

It's said that if you can remember the Sixties you weren't there. And for an untrustworthy organ the brain is right up there with the penis. So why in heaven's name are we resurrecting a dinosaur of a decade that we can only faintly recall anyhow?

We blocked out the whole thing for a very good reason in the first place. Amongst all this hoopla, we seem to have conveniently forgotten that there was a downside to the Sixties. Drugs, for example. We speak of only the "cool" ones: marijuana, magic mushrooms, acid (taken only as long as you didn't have to talk to your folks or your feisty little sister). What about the bad drugs? STP, PCP and the curiously colored tabs some guy in the pub laid on you which had you vomiting buckets of blood for what felt like four days. Recall the Endless Bummer?

It gets worse. Let's not forget the music. Sure, we had Hendrix, Beatles, the Stones and Howlin' Wolf. But what of the horror of the Cowsills, Partridge Family, Archies, Sonny and Cher, Nancy Sinatra et al? They're what drove you to drugs in the first place.

A lot of fine men and women's lives were snuffed out during that turbulent time. The Kennedy family read like a hit-man's shopping list. Nowadays, we're hard-pressed to work up any enthusiasm for political assassinations, what with the wimp bellies running the show. Besides, the only ones storming Parliament are disgruntled feminists with personal hygiene problems.

Which brings us conveniently to the birth of feminism, another downside to the Sixties. Miniskirts caused feminism. Women wore them, men whistled at them, women got pissed off at the men. Sud-

denly they compounded this apparent indignity with a bunch of other issues that pissed them off and feminism became a movement. Oddly enough, minis are making a comeback. Do we seriously want to go through all that harassment again?

There is one enduring image I have of the decade. It isn't "groovy, open conversation like, you know, wow, we're together man." It's screaming matches with parents over the dinner table: "Your hair's too long! . . . Your eyes are red. Why? Why do you eat ham and Rice Bubble sandwiches at three in the morning? Does poetry reading pay well? You'll go to Vietnam if I have to kill you!"

Those nasty slanging days should remain bad memories. Besides, your folks are in their twilight, happily knitting down at Windy Meadows. Why upset them with a wild-eyed argument about why John Lennon was more popular than God?

Let's not forget these less than memorable aspects of the Sixties:

- Brown rice and a race to eat more of it than the maggots
- Getting your bell bottoms caught in a motorcycle chain
- Lice-infested mattresses for crashing on
- Lice-infested women for crashing with
- Bikies invading your sister's 21st
- Communal anything
- Unreadable psychedelic posters
- Iron-clad bras that resisted all forced entry
- Guitarists whose only party tune was Inna Gadda Da Vida
- Parties whose only record was Inna Gadda Da Vida.

All the Free Love that characterised the Swinging Sixties is now just plain dangerous, given the current epidemiological climate. In those days, a scruffy chick was just that. Now she could be a hive of infestations too hideous to contemplate.

What's even more unfortunate about the Sixties is that they heralded the rotten, loathsome, repellent Seventies, a decade when absolutely nothing socially redeeming occurred — and took ten years to prove it.

Why then are we trying to tug back a decade that has obviously had its day? Someone should stand up to it. I know it's a lousy alternative, but let's work with the decade we've got. Because being referred to as a Hippie today would be more a statement of our flab content. — *Steven Gibbs*

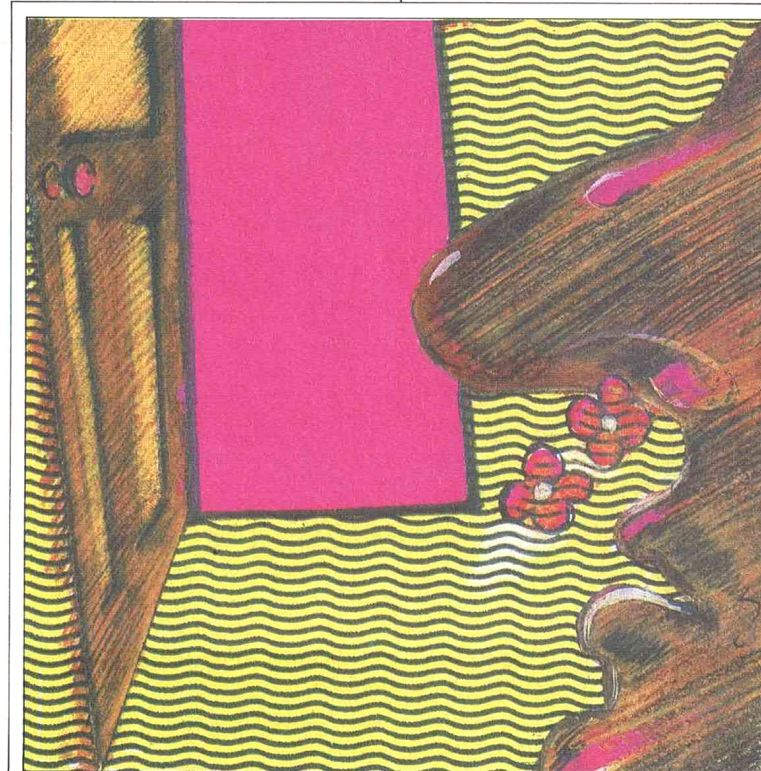


Illustration by Lucille Martin

WHAT DO WOMEN WANT?

Mr X's statement about the popularity of vibrators among his female customers is not surprisingly supported by other sex shop spokesmen, though the uni-

The spokesman for the Venus

The Venus Shop, 759 George: "Women are more honest and less guilty than men. It's a generalisation, I know, but men come into this shop to look for a fantasy while women are shopping for a reality. Women usually know what they want." — *Anita Newman*

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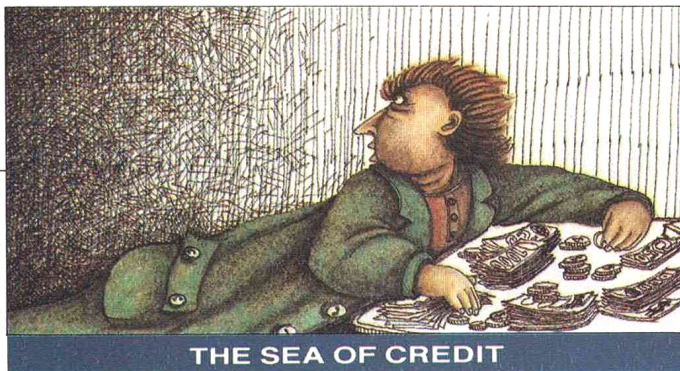
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AVARICE



THE SEA OF CREDIT

Forgive me if I seem a trifle testy. Since the stock market crash last year I have not been in the best of moods — or shapes. Every month the bank sends me a letter with the bad news: how much I owe. And so do three credit card companies. It is very depressing.

But I'm no different from most everyone else in this nation — or even the nation itself. We are afloat on a sea of credit; we must all cross our fingers and hope we don't sink.

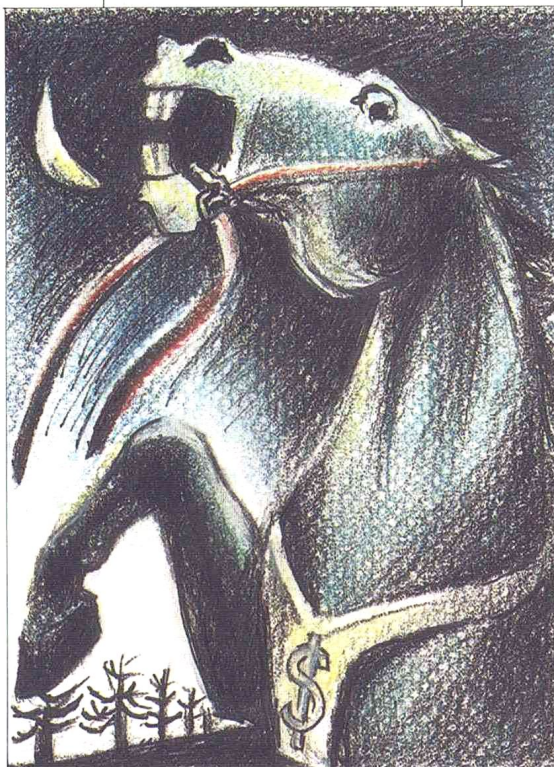
Indeed, when looking at the national debt, my puny borrowings are as a flea to a herd of elephants; not even a droplet in the ocean. At the start of this decade our government, water boards and so on owed the rest of the world \$7 billion. Since then our governments and public authorities have lashed out and increased that debt almost sevenfold: to \$48.7 billion. And while we continue with budget deficits which are met by borrowing overseas this already huge debt will continue to rise.

Now a bit of debt is not a bad thing. It's one way of beating time: spending today what we will not have until tomorrow. That's okay — as long as we will have the money to pay it tomorrow. There's no need to worry greatly on that score: yes, we will have the money to pay off these loans ... but. The but is: there may not be too much left over.

Most of this debt is repayable in foreign currencies. Now we already have official reserves of \$18 billion (which includes gold) but even that leaves us shy the odd \$30 billion. The way we get that \$30 billion, as a nation, is by exporting goods and services and being paid in foreign currency. The government, through the Reserve Bank, buys

that foreign currency and then applies it to pay off its loans.

The trouble is we're running a bit backwards. Forget about imports for the time being (if we remember them we're really up the Putty). In 1986/87 we earned income of \$42.6 billion, mostly in some form of foreign currency. However, not all of that is available for repaying our loans. For a start our imports have to be paid for. And as we've been buying more goods and services from overseas than overseas has been buying from us we've got a negative balance there; ie all the money earned on exports, and more, goes to pay for imports.



There's nothing left to pay our debts.

So how do we pay our debts? We borrow more. Ay-yi-yi. We are slowly becoming trapped. We're still free but if this goes on we'll be like a car caught in a bog, spinning its wheels and only getting more

deeply enmired.

Of course it's not just the government that's borrowing madly. Business is an even bigger culprit. Once we include business borrowings our total debt doubles to \$103 billion — but less reserves and our lending abroad (fairly significant) we have a net debt overseas of \$84.3 billion.

The Reserve Bank has calculated that servicing this debt — that is, paying interest and repaying some principal — cost, last year, \$27.3 billion or 64 percent of our total export earnings. There you have the rather daunting reality: more than half of all the money we earn from sales of our wool, wheat, coal and so on goes to pay off the international moneylenders. More than half!

How did we get into this mess? More important: how do we get out? First, of course, we have to decide we want to get out. Which we haven't yet. After all, if you've got a kindly uncle who keeps lending you money on the understanding that you pay it back when you're able to then you'll keep taking his dough. And Australia, unlike many other Third World nations, can still pay all the interest due. But that interest bill is rising; last year it was the equivalent of 20 percent of our export earnings, ie for every dollar we got for our wool 20 cents went to foreign bankers just on interest.

At the moment the government and business seem fairly happy with that situation. Why? Because there's no alternative — well, no politically palatable alternative.

The government can't stop borrowing until it's able to shock us more for taxes than it gives back to us in essential and other services; and business can't be blamed for hocking itself overseas while ever the foreign bankers are ready to lend cheaper and bigger than our own banks.

Treasurer Keating has at last managed to balance the budget. But we need a few more balanced budgets before we're out of the woods. Since 1976 the federal government has managed to spend \$38 billion more than it collected in taxes; and cover for that \$38 billion came from borrowings, both here and abroad. It is a legacy that will hang around our necks, and our children's necks, for years to come.

And you know where most of the money has gone, don't you? The bloody dole, unmarried mums and other pensions.

Something like \$20 billion a year goes out on social welfare payments — and we're borrowing to pay for it. It's incredible. Sure, help the poor. Blimey, I'm poor, help me. But borrow to do so? It's a bit like seeing a beggar each morning on your way to work. You borrow a dollar from your mate each time you see the beggar and give it to him. The beggar thinks you're marvellous. Your mate is not so sure.

Our governments have managed, over the last ten years, to put each of us into debt to foreigners to the tune of \$3240. Overall, including local debt, the Federal Government alone has to slug us \$523.40 each just for interest. And that's per head. So if you've got a non-working wife and four kids your share is three grand — every year. So work harder, mate.

But I suppose, after all, it's not too bad. We have still a lot of borrowing power left. We shouldn't be wiped out until, say, you and I are dead. So live, drink and be merry; tomorrow our children inherit absolutely nothing. — David Quicksilver



Iain Murray. Cardmember since 1979.

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ENVY



AFFLUENZA

The Gate has never looked so golden in San Francisco, where the yellow stuff lies so thick in the streets that John L. Levy, Jungian psychologist, puts most of his time into healing those who suffer from "affluenza", the psychosis of the wealthy.

In case that sounds as if he would be no busier than a chook's dentist, be assured there are enough heirs with clouds in their silver linings to keep more than one therapist busy. Being rich brings out the worst in you because it brings out the worst in other people. One of my own Australian cases, Elbert, a typical young million-heir, was 43 before he felt secure enough to marry. Like many inheritors he couldn't trust anyone. He believed no-one wanted him for himself, people were nice to him only because they wanted his money. At 43 he

found a warm, beautiful, wonderful, genuine blonde, married her, fathered a child, and made a marvellous marriage.

Then he found people would have preferred him to be unhappy. He overheard his cook say: "Beautiful wife, beautiful child — for him it's easy, there's nothing in it but money."

Then his wife went off with the child and sued him for two-thirds of his property, and he found the cook was right.

He sought comfort with a warm, beautiful genuine brunette — who said she loved him for himself and didn't care if he hadn't a cent, and he found she was using his dollars to support her husband. And two other pimps.

After that he could not sort out the gold from the gold diggers. He was looted by a long series of girls until at last he lost all hope. He was fed up with people like

cannibals, and close to ending it all, when his one true friend took him to a self-help group for affluenza sufferers, where inheritors met to share their liabilities.

Elbert felt he'd come home. Other rich people also had troubles with relationships. They too had been denied the choice of being rich or poor, just stuck with roomfuls of money, shafted with the same old silver spoon. And the group helped him. In three sessions they got his distrust sorted out.

For most heirs the microbe in the millions is not just being left the money, it is growing up in a

50th wedding anniversary. You never succeed at anything, so you feel inferior to people who are successes. "I'm like a spaceship," one heir said. "No earthly use."

Because they are cloistered and over-protected in childhood, heirs never learn to understand ordinary poor people and don't feel poor people understand them. Luckily, with inflation, that problem's easing off. Soon all the poor people will have starved to death.

Meanwhile, your average heir gets more class hatred than a teacher in a reform school. One inheritor of billions decided to join them. He moved into an ordinary neighborhood, then found his neighbors went broke trying to match his cars and boats and the three expensive schools he sent his son to, and he got blamed. At last he changed his name from Jones to Smith so people would stop trying to keep up with him.

He did good works and never got credit. He gave hundreds of thousands to charity and people said, "He's got so much he won't miss it." They talked to him as if he was a virgin. Thanks for nothing.

To nip such troubles, Doctor Levy advises parents to train their kids to live sensibly with money. Because

family where you *know* you'll be left the money — a family so wealthy that you never have to struggle for anything. Without struggle you never form strong, lasting motives. Heirs with more capital than Canberra have less interest than a husband on his

heirs feel guilty at getting unearned wealth, parents should tell them the facts about the family fortune, how Father made the money.

Of course for some parents, that's a lot harder than explaining where babies come from. You

don't go to prison for making babies.

Doctor Levy says that wise billionaires teach their children the value of money by getting them to work for their allowances. Tidying his room at \$500 an hour, the heir also gets used to being the highest paid domestic in the world. Then the other domestics envy him. One of my cases got some good from earning his allowance with hard work until the servants struck because he was not in the union. So he joined the union, and next day found all his money had been transferred to an account in the name of Luigi Gallagher.

Mum and Dad should teach their heirs to use their money wisely. "The wealthy," says Doctor Levy, "have unique opportunities to relate to the world of the arts, as creators, as patrons, or simply as appreciators." Then they get bored with all those blue videos.

We aren't dealing with little inheritances here — \$3000 in Ariadne shares and Dad's old Mazda. We're talking about the prospect of being left so much money you can't spend it unless you get married.

All three sons of an Australian millionaire suffered because their father's enormous wealth meant they could have anything they wanted without working. The oldest boy wanted to go into the oil business, so his father gave him BP for his 21st. The second son was interested in aviation, so when he turned 21 his father bought him the Royal Australian Air Force. (We spend so little on defence, it was cheaper than Australian Airlines. Even though the Government was ready to pay him to take that over.)

The third son was mad on Mickey Mouse. He had Mickey Mouse watches and Mickey Mouse phones, he visited Disneyland four times a year — and his father bought him the National Party.

Then the boy went on to heroin because Dad had spent only \$37. — *Hugh Bickway*



Elle Macpherson. Cardmember since 1985.

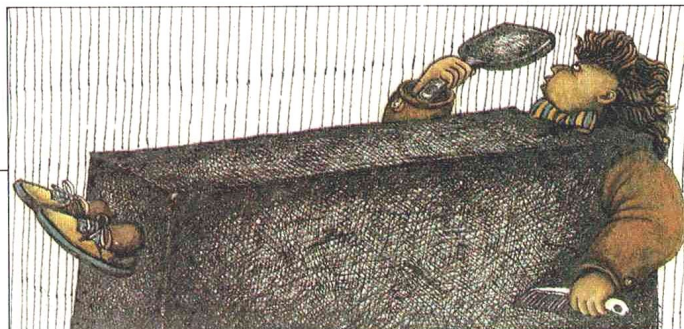
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VANITY



ON YOUR FEET

Taking an interest in feet and their potential need not be relegated to the realms of fetishism. Getting them into shape and tuning into their sensitivity can surprise...

You mightn't even have noticed, but your toes *do* curl during orgasm — but not how you might expect. The sciatic nerve, as thick as your thumb in your upper thigh, and that which gives so many people so much hell, is rather mysteriously shortcircuited in heightened states of arousal. You might have noticed it tingling in the lofty throes of climax.

But there's something more. Doctors and paramedics check nerve damage and response by performing the Babinski Test. It involves the scraping of what looks like a pointed hammer along the sole of the foot in an arc towards the toes. What they are observing is the response.

The normal response is for all the toes to curl tightly inwards. If, however, the big toe flexes upwards, in the opposite direction to the other four toes, they can guess three things. The first is that the patient has suffered a stroke, and that there is probably damage to the nervous system; the second is that the patient is probably under the age of six months, and the nervous system is not yet fully developed. But the only other time that this response, a positive Babinski, is observed in the feet is during those timeless moments of *orgasm*.

The Chinese in particular have long known

to inhibit their growth, as they believed dainty small feet highly desirable. Too bad that it absolutely crippled the victims. This practice aside — as it now is — they are generally of the belief that if the feet are okay, everything else stands a good chance.

The film which did so much for Turkey's international reputation, *Midnight Express*, a true story, highlighted the cruel twist of this idea which the Turkish jail wardens exploited so effectively. No viewer of that film will ever forget the scenes of the beatings meted out — and the interrogators' favorite technique was to hoe into the soles of the feet with large,

the big toe reflexes to the region of the head and that running down the inside ridge off the foot is a reflex map of the spine. Take a Chinese hint: stroke this area of the foot towards the toe gently; drive her absolutely nuts by sucking her big toe.

Obviously, some strict hygienic precautions must be observed before you go offering your gnarled, calloused hooves for your lover's dilection. All sorts of things, besides toes, seem to attach themselves regularly to men's feet. They even sound as bad as they look: bunions, plantar warts, corns, toe jam, let alone the odor. Little wonder that feet are so often forgotten, conveniently thrust into the farthest reaches of the sheets.

Absolutely the best way to get your feet into shape is to treat yourself to the pampering of a pedicure in the hands of a trained beauty therapist. For the cost of a business lunch (post FBT) you'll get an education and a sprucing like you wouldn't believe.

If your feet look like tractor tyres left out in the rain for a decade or if there's anything too gruesome growing down there, chances are the therapist will take one look, tell you to put your shoes back on and recommend you hightail it to a podiatrist,

who specialises in the medical treatment of feet. But go back later.

Kerri-Anne Ducker (AABTh), senior beauty therapist at Pampurrs in the Sydney suburb of Neutral Bay, does wonders. You literally put your feet up and relax.

blunt objects. The fine line between pleasure and pain, so to speak. They knew what they were doing.

Frankly, it's smart to be more interested in pleasure. The Chinese, in their anatomical map of the reflexes of the sole, teach that

She makes you feel like JC himself in this ancient art.

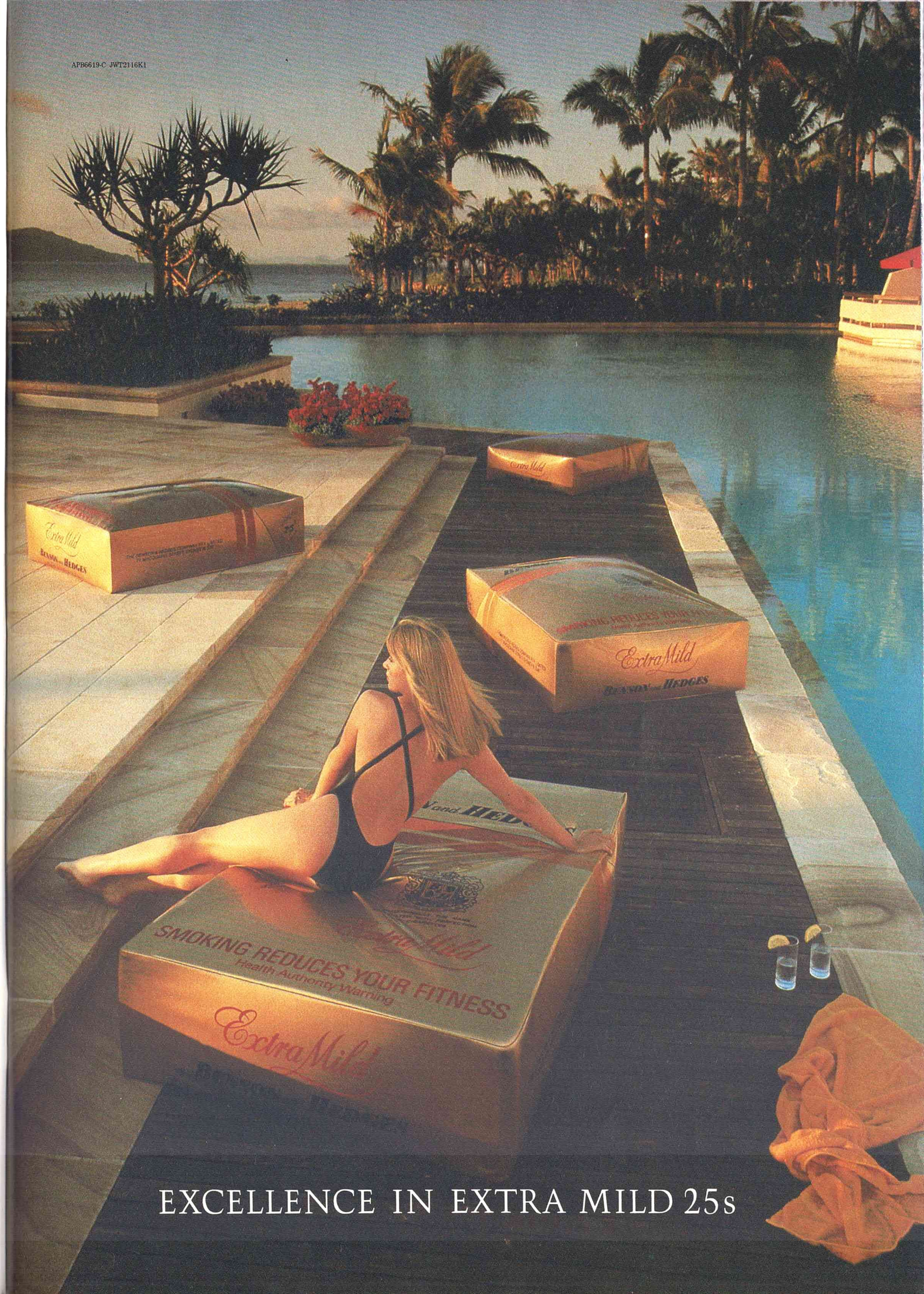
Your feet are first soaked in a warm, oiled foot bath. She'll file your nails and square them up or clip them to prevent the possibility of ingrown nails. She'll then soften the cuticles and remove the dead, hardened stuff. Then she'll soften them up some more before taking to them with a fine kind of file, believe it or not, and start taking off all the rough edges of the calloused sole and toes. You might then have your foot waxed or your toe-nails buffed.

Kerri finishes off with a massage using therapeutic essential oils which actually permeate the skin to soothe and relax. It's just great. All the time, if you're interested, she'll give you plenty of hints. Toes should be thoroughly dried to prevent tinea; the cuticles should be pushed back during drying; she advocates the use of a massage mat or massage sandals for people with aching feet and legs and the application of cremes such as Clarin's Tired Leg Milk or Clarin's Relax essential oils.

For foot odor, she recommends charcoal inners, which she says are worth the outlay above the powders on the market (which merely disguise the pong), cotton socks (which breathe) and shoes of quality, such as leather, which also aerate the foot. If the odor isn't corrected, she suggests a look at diet, as the sweating of the foot is a detoxifying process.

But above all, the recommendation is for a liberal application of TLC: footbaths and massages. Find the tender areas and dig in, and see if you can trace the reflex. Women, in particular, benefit from a solid working over of the Achilles tendon and ankle.

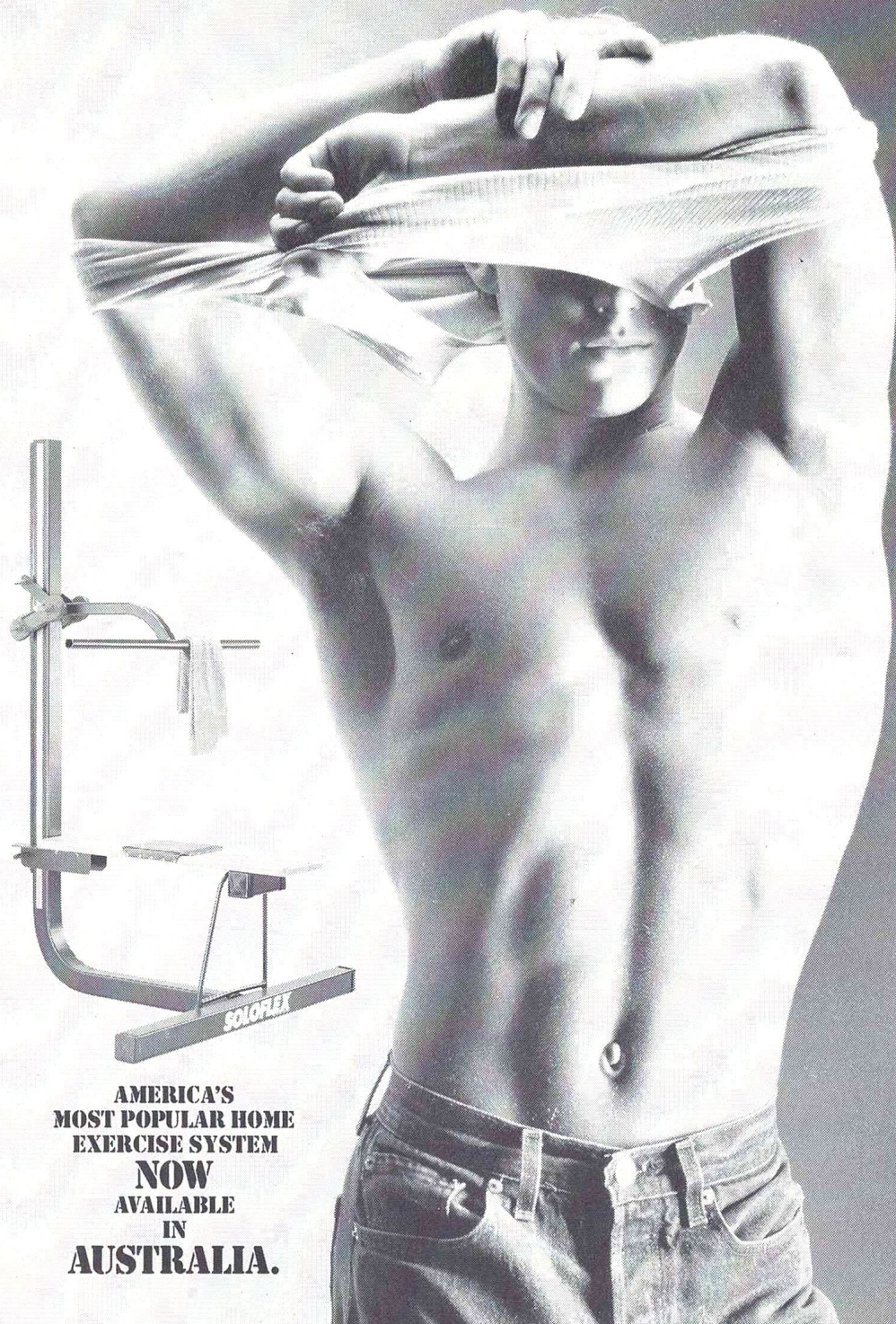
"Some people make an appointment and then spend their time getting their feet presentable, because they're so touchy about them. But that's what we're here for," says Kerri. She'll have you floating out on to the street as if on a cushion of air. — Graem Sims



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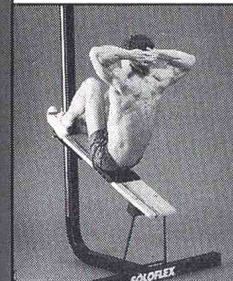
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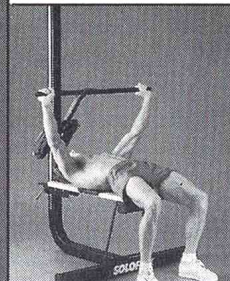
30-DAY UNCONDITIONAL MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

MONDAY

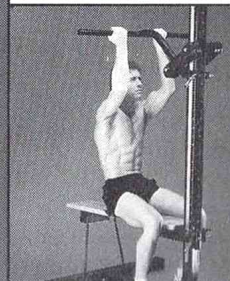
1. INCLINE SITUPS



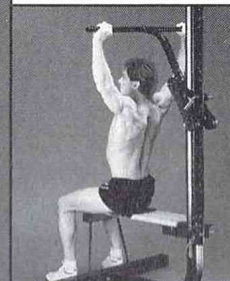
2. BENCH PRESS



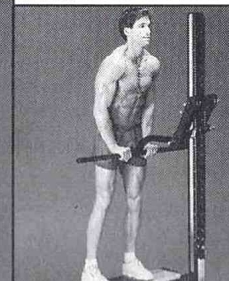
3. BICEP CURL/LAT PULL



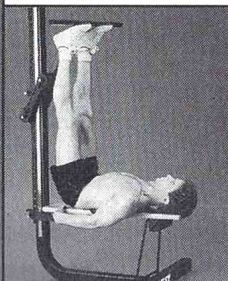
4. BACK OF NECK PRESS



5. TRICEP PUSHDOWNS

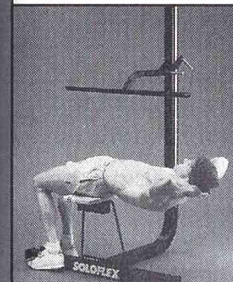


6. LEG PRESS

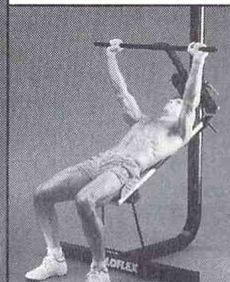


WEDNESDAY

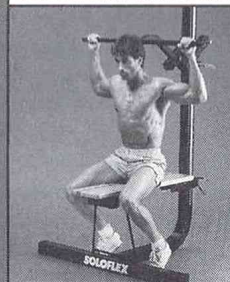
7. ROMAN CHAIR SITUPS



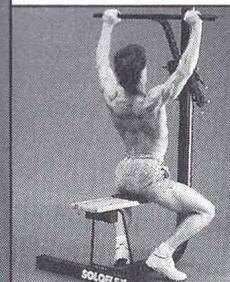
8. INCLINE BENCH PRESS



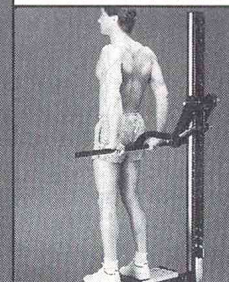
9. DORSI BAR PULDDOWNS



10. MILITARY PRESS



11. TRICEPS EXTENSIONS

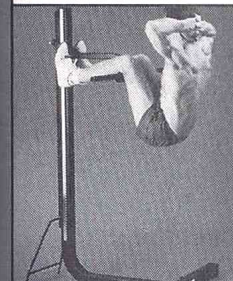


12. SQUATS

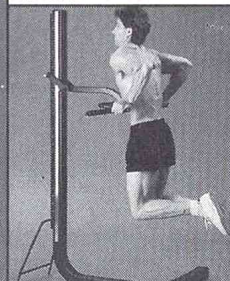


FRIDAY

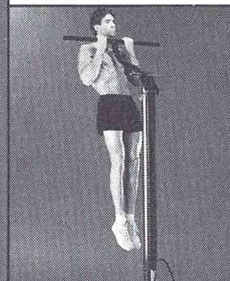
13. VERTICAL SITUPS



14. DIPS



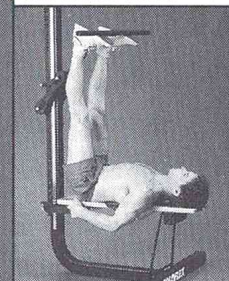
15. CHINS



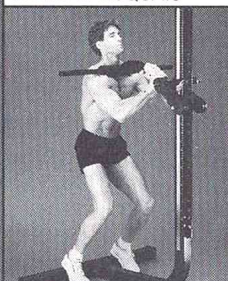
16. UPRIGHT ROWING



17. DONKEY PRESS

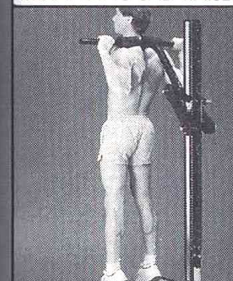


18. FRONTAL SQUATS

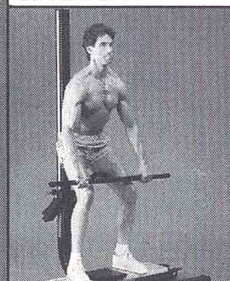


OPTIONAL

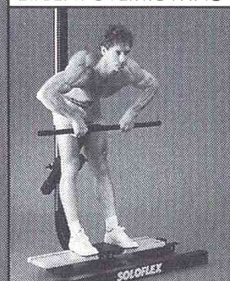
19. STANDING CALF RAISES



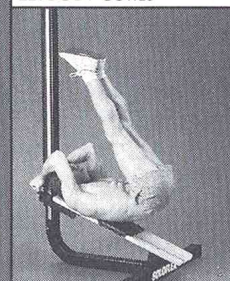
20. DEAD LIFT



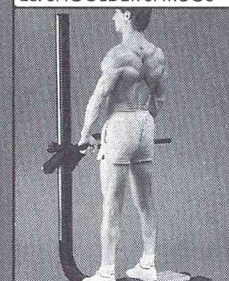
21. BENT OVER ROWING



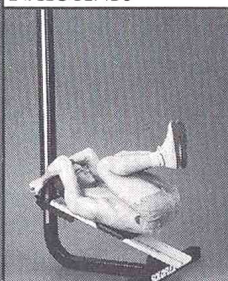
22. BODY CURLS



23. SHOULDER SHRUGS



24. LEG BENDS



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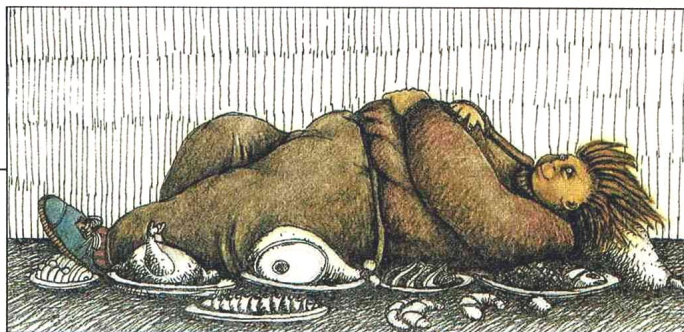
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GLUTTONY



HUNTER CUISINE

Gastronomy in the Hunter Valley of NSW used to mean a charred steak you'd cooked yourself over at Tulloch's winery. As the Ukraine is to the USSR, so the Hunter acted as the bread basket of Sydney. You had more access to Muswellbrook grain-fed beef and Port Stephens prawns living in Darlinghurst than in Cessnock. Five years ago, to wheel out that most earnest of World War II movietone cliches, the tide began to turn. Nowhere more so than in the two luxury guest houses at Pokolbin.

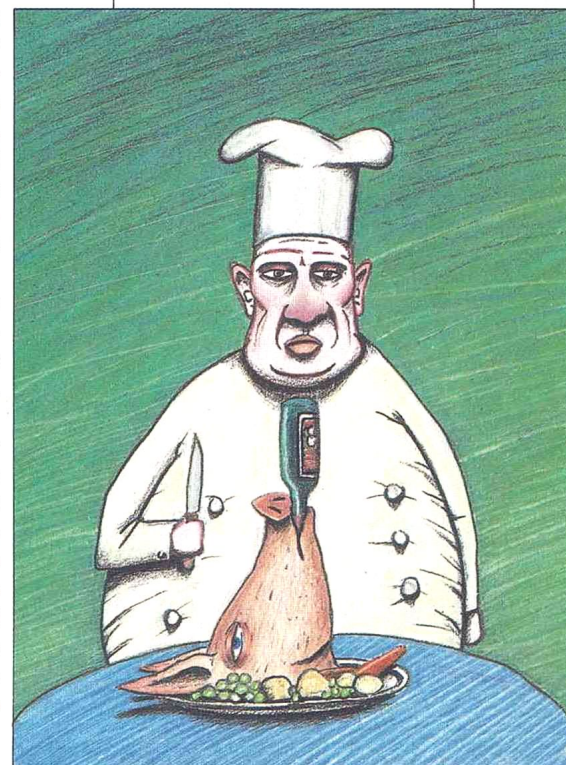
Throughout the Seventies, Peter Meier built up a gargantuan reputation for the Bacchanalian feasts he orchestrated at Rothbury Estate. In 1982, the time came to branch out on his own. The Casuarina restaurant began when Meier leased a property and an old tractor shed from Brian McGuigan of Wyndham Estate. Casuarina now occupies a bright terrace level of handsome dusty pink buildings, and despite increased competition, remains one of the major culinary forces in the Hunter Valley.

Meier's cooking is very personal — a mixture of Asian, European and modern Australian. "I'm very sensible. I never try to force my ideas on people. It's no good persisting with terrines and quenelles if they don't sell. In Australia, people often prefer things like chilli prawns and sates. We don't have to stick to one cuisine like parochial Europe."

Thai cooking is a favorite and Meier makes three or four trips a year to Asia. He insists on making his own spice mixtures. "There's only one rule for spices — freshness." Thai dishes like prawn and chicken "Evil Jungle Prince" and chilli lobster and prawns sit easy beside

boned loin of lamb stuffed with spinach, raisins and pinenuts, fettucine with prawns, baby squid and basil or grilled Queensland lobster tails in a lime butter sauce.

A devotee of variety, Meier carries eclecticism over to desserts. But it's really the combination of ingredients that sets him apart. Profiteroles with hot fudgy sauce gain from the addition of fresh strawberries in liqueur. Mango puree sets off a light and dark chocolate mousse. Casuarina apple and rhubarb crumble with old-fashioned vanilla ice-cream is the essence of our dreams of what the old-fashioned offering should be.



In March, Meier opened an adjoining guesthouse to the restaurant. The new project comprises only eight spacious suites. Cost of accommodation is \$100-\$120 a night. The verandah-ed building takes the capital investment in Casuarina

past the \$1.25 million dollar mark. The Meier masterplan was the creation of an Australian *relais* — a country oasis of fine food and accommodation.

Michael Stening, the General Manager of Peppers, another Hunter guest house, claims that the \$10 million luxury guest house attracts three categories of clients: those who come to work themselves into a sexual lather, site unseen; the hideously athletic; and those who come to eat and lie around. The last category have scored trumps with the advent of Jean-Marc Pollet, a young French chef whose searing blue eyes suggest hard work and high-strung pleasures.

Weekenders are officially welcomed before dinner by a champagne cocktail party. Around 7.30, the crowd moves into the dark green dining room littered with scrubbed pine tables, pink cloths covered with Liberty prints, and modern art. The menu, which changes every three weeks, promises and delivers much.

Born in Calais, Pollet reached the Hunter via Geneva, Germany and Kables, at the Regent.

The latter is the style that shows — part French, part Asian, part Australian modern. The menu leans on the superb meat and game from Maitland and Cessnock, whiting, schnapper and John Dory whisked up from Manettas in Sydney, crab, Balmain bugs and prawns from Port Stephens.

Pollet supervises 17 cooks and hands in the kitchen and averages 93 diners a night. Not so's

you'd know it. Entrees like marinated sashimi with fresh coriander, lime and red pepper, or char-grilled brochettes of quail on an *emince* of savoy cabbage come out as if they were made solely for you in a dining room of one.

Poetry in motion down your throat describes main courses like roast king squab with white grapes and sherry sauce, deboned saddle of hare with pinenuts and spinach and lightly pan-fried Tasmanian salmon on leek noodles with watercress sauce.

Breakfast is the way I like it — overabundant. Not just steak and eggs here, mate, but fillet *dahling*. Hot meats, cold meats, every cereal you can think of, ham, cheese and walnuts, superb homemade croissants and rolls and individual pots of freshly made plunger coffee. Lunch is light because "people don't want to sit around for hours." Those who do can hoe into crab and asparagus wonton, beef tournedos with green beans and choron sauce, finished with Coupe Monte Carlo — fresh strawberry and vanilla ice-creams wrapped with toasted almond and raspberry sauce.

In the near future, Pollet plans to put on a six-course *menu degustation* (tasting menu), matched up with the wine waiter's 100 percent glove-fit selections. Of course, he makes his own chutneys, wontons and noodles. "I want to be sophisticated but accessible." He succeeds, working 16 to 18 hours a day.

Peppers is the perfect escape. Each room is individually furnished with antiques. The heated pool, spa and sauna complex boasts a masseuse and beauty parlor for both sexes. Those who can't live without doing something have the choice of tennis, billiards or bush walking. \$114 a night (room only) for two is a give-away price for superlative food, total comfort surroundings and the whole damn thing whatever your physical inclinations. — Elisabeth King

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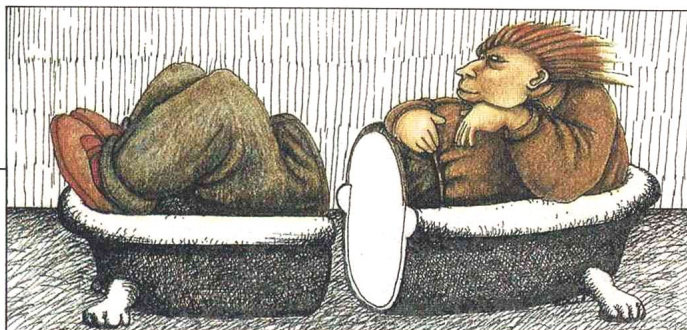
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SLOTH



I'LL TAKE MANHATTAN

In New York City, life is grabbed by the throat. But that's not all. Life is then lifted by its Adam's apple and mercilessly rattled to see what falls out. If the throttling is fruitless, its ass is kicked out the door.

Everything you've ever heard about this city is true. You can probably multiply everything you've heard by about ten. Maybe then you're getting close. You'll love it or you'll hate it. Maybe both. But you will not be unaffected.

"Scuse me mate," you ask some black dude at traffic lights on Day One, using your best Aussie accent. "You wouldn't have the time on you, would you?"

"What do I look like? Fucking Big Ben?" He checks his watch for himself and continues to search through the crowd for whoever it is he's expecting. You realise that there is maybe some novelty about being Australian in other parts of the States, but not in New York. *Nothing* is novel in this city.

Rule number one: Have money. Without it, you have no business here. But there's something more. You might have heard that New York City lives, breathes and is ruled by the dollar. That's not exactly true. It is actually ruled by the quarter dollar.

The point comes home when you go to ride a bus, taking careful note of the sign that says the fare is one dollar: "Exact change only." You hand the driver a dollar note. He kicks your ass out the door. You didn't know that "exact change" actually means four quarters. *Change, asshole.*

The point is rammed home by the number and persistence of beggars encountered in even the most casual of strolls. Against the

backdrop of the glamorous Fashion Avenues and megabuck Wall Streets is the passing parade-of the destitute. Many ask if you can spare a quarter. It is the currency of the subway, of every slot machine, of phones, tips and the conscience. Ensure you carry them always.

But don't get the wrong idea. The slothful lifestyle is what it's all about. You might have heard that New Yorkers work hard and play hard. Holidayers just play hard.

Rule number two: Pursue every vague contact you can rustle up. Friends of friends of friends will do. Don't be shy about asking if anyone can put you up. It's worth

dered by the initial onslaught, you could be forgiven for thinking that it serves as some kind of personal mantra — as if the more they repeat it to themselves, the more chance they'll have of actually convincing themselves that they believe it. But after a while, you realise that it's actually bloody true. The buildings, the skyline, the hum of the streets. This whole Woody Allen ethos is not fiction — it's real. Tap into it. They'll leave any tourist guide for dead. Without contacts, the most exciting city in the world can also be the loneliest.

In NYC, sleep is a dirty word. You head out for a night on the town, say the Village, heading for a nightspot at around 11pm. Nothing remarkable about the crowds. You think all you've ever heard about this city never sleeping is a lie. Wrong. Things start *warming up* around one or two in the morning. In some parts of the city, three o'clock in the morning on any weeknight is like New Year's Eve at the Rocks multiplied by three or four. Scenes like this are happening all over.

There's a lot of people, and between them there's a lot of hard living. Something like eight million people live on the island, while five million more swell on to it every day. It's easy to forget it's an island, which is why you've got to bite the bullet and brave the queues to get to the best vantage points every once in a while. But don't go thinking that if you get hot strolling the streets you can just pop over a fence for a dip in the river. If you fall into the

water, it is a medical emergency. You are rushed to hospital to have every orifice swabbed.

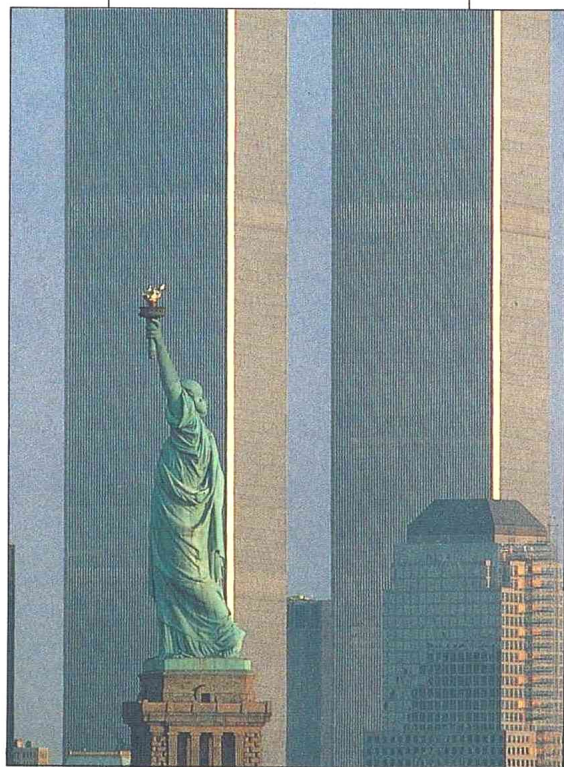
New Yorkers may have given up on their waterways, but they haven't given up on their parks — or rather, park. It seems even the lowest forms of life, the Central Park muggers, while routinely mashing skulls for loose change, will not dare to touch a *leaf*.

Make sure you've got yourself a good pair of walking (or *running*) shoes — and that you're prepared for the extremes of climate. Develop an interest in baseball. If you want to start a conversation in any bar, in any part of town, ask a question about the ubiquitous game on the tube, whether naive or informed.

Pick a hotel mid-town (the Roosevelt On Madison is recommended). This puts you well placed to strike just about anywhere at any hour. Yes, beware of muggers, thieves, shonksters... but you can get a crick neck looking over your shoulder. There comes a time when you just have to say to yourself that you can be *too* paranoid. Ask which streets are okay to wander down at night: a waiter, doorman or bartender. They'll let you know when to catch a cab. But don't sweat it too much. Stay with the crowds, but bury your wallet on your person — and enjoy.

So, what do you actually *do* on your first day with no immediate plans? Sleep in, have a long leisurely brunch, and walk. I was about to say stroll, but no-one strolls. Pick a museum or gallery. That's where you can dawdle. Find a bar. Browse some shops. Go straight to the top of the Empire State Building for the half hour either side of dusk. Pick a restaurant, pick a show, concert, film, pick a late night bar or cafe, then take a wander. Just feeling the buzz of those streets at night and what it does to your neurons will make it an unforgettable experience. Find yourself sitting in the Empire Diner at four in the morning, down in the Village.

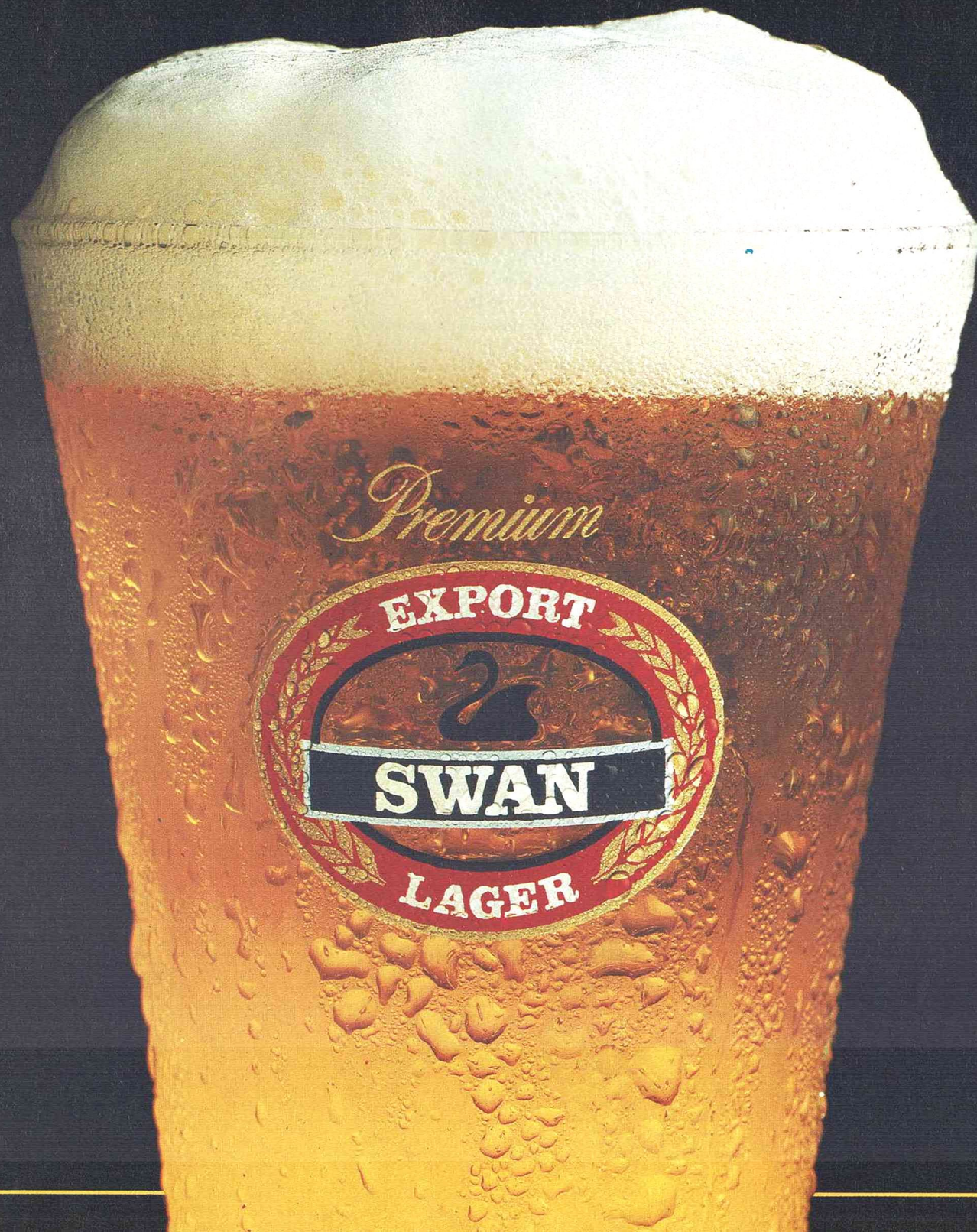
Then sleep, if you can bear to miss anything. — *Graem Sims*

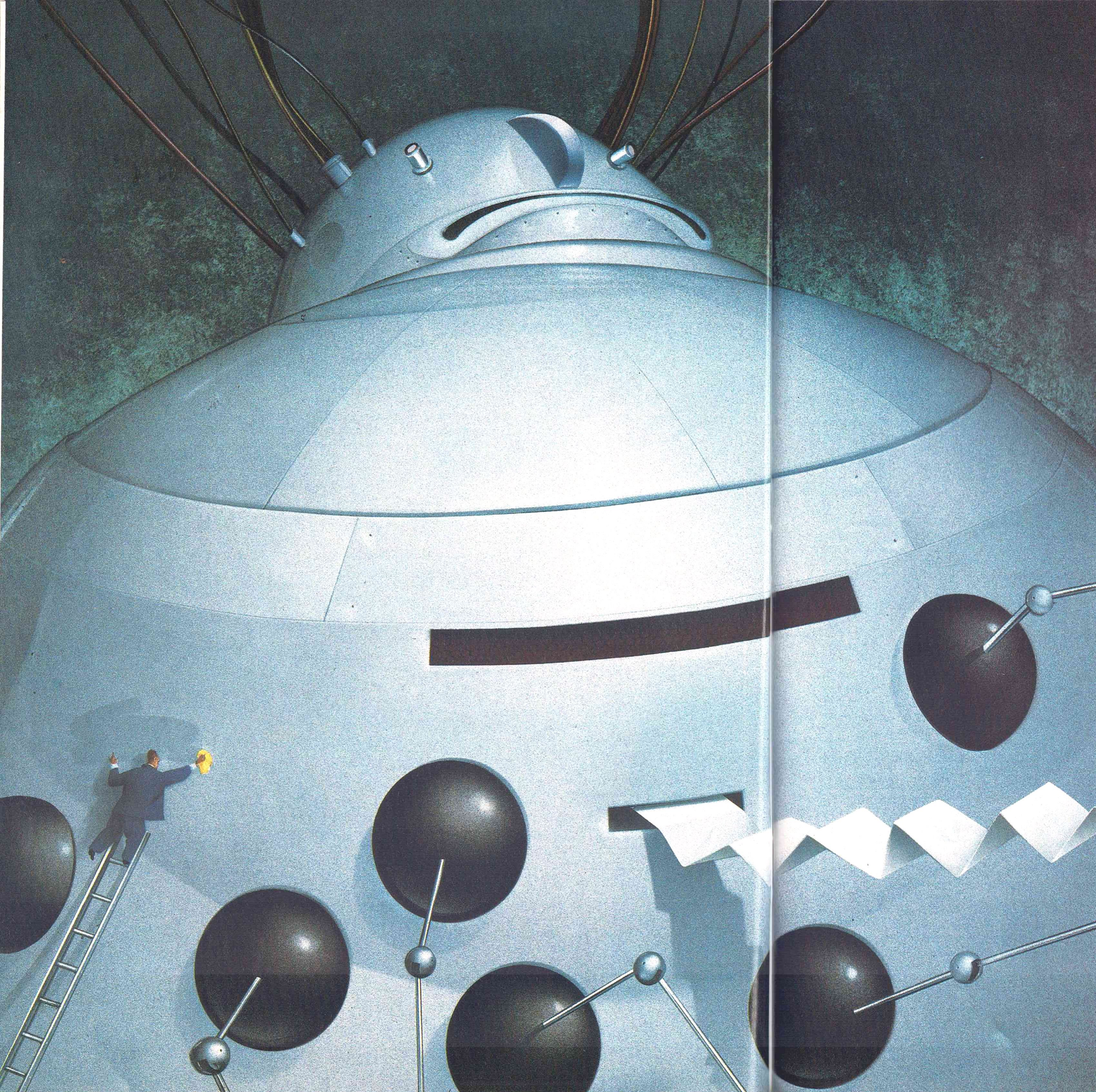


it. Accommodation costs start at around \$110 to \$120 a night, \$US. New Yorkers know this is outrageous, and seem to try to help.

They're so goddamn proud of their city, they want others to share it. Everywhere is that slogan: I♥NY. While still bewil-

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Will you
be redundant
in 2010?

FUTURE TECH

BY SUE ROBINSON

Let's admit it — most of us are worried, if not terrified, by technology. We've got good reasons to feel that way. Technology eats up jobs, makes everything complex even as it appears to make everything simple, and removes the milk of human kindness from our lives. If, in the long term, technology completely takes over production, communication and the exchange of money, all our traditional values — the work ethic, the consumer society, the desire for upward mobility — could disappear. If the notion of working for a living becomes redundant, what will we do with our time? We face a vacuum.

Even within a few years from now, technology will determine who works, where we work, how we work, how we play and how we regard ourselves, others and the brave new world we inhabit.

In this four-part series, Penthouse examines the likely future effect of technology on work, leisure, and society in general. In the first instalment, we begin where technology begins: at work. The author, Sue Robinson, has been a business journalist, management consultant, computer consultant and software developer. Her recent book Building Bridges analyses the impact of computers on company life.

It is the year 2010 and you are the managing director of a multinational company. Your job involves intervening in the trading policies of various countries in order to keep your profits rising and shareholders happy. By offering lower interest rates and taking over national debts, you have virtually acquired three or four small Third World countries, and you are busy specialising their crops and organising the processing and distribution of their exports.

This morning you're in your office, ready to deal with the day's tasks. You take your secretary out of your pocket and ask it to run through the appointments with you. (You quickly put off a video conference with the Prime Minister in favor of a boozy lunch with one of the Bond heirs). Your secretary, which has already sorted the daily mail, is showing you those letters you have to answer personally when it in-

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

FUTURE TECH

interrupts itself with a loud beep.

It's the chairperson of the board. She tells you, frowning, that a hurricane in one of your new acquisitions is going to devastate the first crop. She wants to call an emergency board meeting to deal with the crisis.

Annoyed, you take your secretary off your knee and tell it to set up the board meeting. Within three minutes they're all there, up on the screens in your office, ready to talk. Your fellow directors are a hard bunch — all professional board men and women with fingers in several companies. Jack seems to be floating in mid-air — he's in the middle of an inspection tour of your low-gravity manufacturing plant in orbit. Amanda is in bed — it's night time where she is. Old Bill is in the bath; you wince and wish it could have been the chairperson instead.

After some heated discussion, they call for a shareholder vote and take a short coffee break while the votes come in on the computer. Sighing, you wander over to the cafe bar and drink your mud-flavored coffee from its poly-styrofoam cup (some things never change). By midday, the decision is made: you sell the country's debt package to a young and optimistic rival, making a tidy profit on licensing rights to the processing plants, and put on your suit ready for lunch.

You have not actually spoken face-to-face with anybody yet. Your office is manned by machines; your factories are largely automated and in other countries. Your board members and shareholders are scattered all over the world and communicate with you via satellite-video-link. Ninety-eight percent of your friends are unemployed.

Being a job holder is a tough and lonely life. True, you're rich — but you have no real power. Shareholders, other board members and the constant stream of information you have to deal with all combine to curtail your actual decision-making. You remember the good old days when managers were leaders. You only know one well-respected leader now — she's the coach of the local football team. Business nowadays is more like playing chess over the telephone than grappling with the sweaty realities of life.

All of the events in the above scenario are already possible except one. There isn't yet an "expert system" able to do a secretarial job that's small enough to fit into a pocket — but give it a couple of years. They'll be around long before 2010.

Gadgets And Their Effects

A bloke named Kurzweil in the US is already developing a dictation typewriter. Talk to it and it types out what you say. Electronic mail (whereby you type a message on your computer and send it directly

and privately to the recipient's computer) is replacing couriers and post offices for many companies. IBM's system is so extensive that any IBM employee anywhere in the world can contact any other at any time. If an employee is going out to a meeting, he simply leaves a contact number with the computer where a would-be caller can find it.

It's been ten years since we developed the technology for people to work at home, keeping in touch with the office via computer and modem — a device which allows you to send messages between computers by telephone. And as computers have become smaller it's become possible to work wherever there's a phone — you don't even have to stay home. With satellite communications you can see as well as hear the person at the other end of the phone — the prophecy of *The Jetsons* fulfilled. TV viewers were treated to a telephone vote over the Lindy Chamberlain

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robot machines
instead of human beings.
They're having our
adventures
for us
”

case more than a year ago.

It all sounds wonderful. Sadly, though, most of us seem to have missed the point when it comes to technology. Sure, we recognise that machines can replace people in some jobs. But we don't worry too much about it, assuming that only unskilled workers will be replaced. We smugly reassure ourselves that there'll always be a place for good old human ingenuity, courage and creative thinking. We still judge people by what they do for a living and some of us cling to the old idea that the unemployed are all dole bludgers who wouldn't work in an iron lung.

Consider this: the US is working on robot tanks to handle the risky jobs in war. And we're already exploring the solar system, but there aren't any actual people sailing out past Neptune and no-one has set foot on Mars — we use robot machines instead of human beings. They're having our adventures for us. So much for courage.

Although artificial intelligence is still a long way off, computers can now do skilled jobs requiring experience, knowledge and judgement via "expert systems." To design an expert system you find a human ex-

pert — or better still, several experts — and you put their expert knowledge into a computer. You ask questions until you get algorithms or equations for making decisions, you insert a logic path, and Bob (or 7xb2) is your uncle. The Bushfire Brigade has one for predicting the behavior of fires. They used two knowledge bases for it — one from the chemistry of various natural substances and their combustibility, and one from a man who'd been predicting bushfire behavior successfully for years. Other expert systems are put to work in architects' offices, engineering firms, computer programming companies and even as medical diagnosticians.

Computers don't just do the dirty, monotonous and dangerous jobs any more; they can work with specialists, become colleagues. In the old days you might have needed a whole team of technicians to handle a task. Now you can do it with one bloke and an expert system. Add artificial intelligence, and you won't need any human ingenuity and creative thinking; you won't need human beings at all.

Technology isn't just about computers either. As the use of facsimile machines grows, companies will rely on them rather than couriers. As people start to work from home there'll be fewer and fewer offices — so much for the building trade. And the transport industry will be affected too. And the people who make business clothes and attaché cases for carrying papers abroad. The photocopier didn't do the carbon paper industry any good and desktop publishing isn't making printers smile much.

There are already smart credit cards available in Europe. These let you do your banking and shopping and pay your bills and receive your wages without receipts, invoices, cheques or paper money. Good news for the European forests, bad news for the forestry industry. If this takes on (and there's no reason to believe it won't), then giving somebody a loan will mean pressing their credit card next to yours and typing in the sum required. Your credit card will have a record of the loan and who you gave it to.

The paperless society is possible now. The only thing that has stopped it from becoming a reality is the human fondness for paper. Surveys in the US reveal that the most browsed shops are hardware stores and stationers. People like putting things on paper — it seems official. And until the computer becomes fool and accident-proof, people don't feel safe unless there is a paper copy of something. However, employers will soon realise that they can save a lot of money on printers, power, paper, ink and time if they just keep paper copies of the really important stuff and bung the rest on tape or disc.

Similarly, if people can work at home, why don't they? There seem to be two reasons. Leon Noone in his book *The Social Manager* explains one of them. We



"You can put your shirt back on—I think I've found your problem."

FUTURE TECH

like personal contact with others. We get our best ideas during discussion. The gossip and politics of work are part of what makes the job worthwhile.

The other reason is to do with companies. If an employee is working at home you can't supervise him very closely. You don't know how many hours it takes him to give you his quota. You can't see if he's sinking tinnies, smoking funny cigarettes or watching TV while he's supposed to have his nose to the grindstone. However, as technology becomes cheaper and more efficient, the financial advantages in having employees at home will eventually override the problems caused by lack of control.

And as for the first reason — well, you could go to the office three days a week and stay at home the other two. Most people would gladly sacrifice a bit of social contact for the chance to avoid the nightmares of rush-hour travel — as long as they didn't have to give it all up. With part-time workers, companies can arrange office-sharing schedules and still save money on facilities.

In other words, our natural resistance to the changes already made possible by technology will inevitably crumble. In all likelihood, we won't have much choice about it.

On The Job

Let's accept the fact that a dole crisis is coming. (Where will governments get money for social welfare when so few people are earning enough to pay taxes?) It may not come for a while, and you may not end up as one of the many unemployed. But in the mean time, technology is insidious and it will do a lot more than just put people out of work — it will change the way we work as well. It will change the job itself as well as the pattern of industry.

Take the dictation typewriter. It works on a standard vocabulary. If you use a new word on it, you have to stop dictating and type that word into its dictionary. This means it's easier and faster to use if you stick to standard words and syntax. Professor Warren McFarlane of Harvard University predicts that this will lead to a sort of "business speak" — a standardised way of communicating at the office which could bleed over into leisure time and actually limit the way we communicate with other human beings.

Computers are already changing the way companies deal with customers. One finance company in Australia offers its clients an easy-pay type of loan system. Leave it to them, they say, and they will automatically deduct your loan repayments from your bank account. The problem is that the system still has a few bugs. If the computer fails to make its automatic deductions (this happens quite often), it

will still *automatically* send the customer a threatening letter and institute court proceedings if the customer doesn't correct the mistake for it. The company knows it will lose the court case, but its policy has always been to sue non-payers and the top people haven't adapted to the failures of the new technology. The beleaguered staff in that company find most of their dealings with customers involve cringing apologies and private warnings not to trust the firm's special offers.

Another company (insurance this time) automated its enquiry system. The people who answered the phones were timed and rewarded according to how many phone calls they got through each day. An electronic scoreboard displayed their results. The problem was the bloody customers. If someone phoned up with a complicated complaint, it would take too long to answer and the staff member's score would go down. So most staff would cut off the callers with such problems and the conscientious ones, who really wanted to help customers, would find they first had to

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The real power
paths revolve around
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not on them you're
going nowhere

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calm them down and apologise for the "faulty switchboard", then solve the problem. Those people got really low scores on the scoreboard.

See the message in the above two cases? The companies changed all right, but the technology alone wasn't what changed them. It was a combination of technology and management's failure to adapt to it that caused all the problems.

Technology has given us instant information, at our fingertips, whenever we need it. Lots and lots of information. All the time. Managers don't need inspired guesswork to predict sales figures, absentee rates, numbers of factory rejects, or anything else. What they do need is 25 hours a day to plough through all the statistics available to help them make predictions.

If your company has computers, you can bet you will have to write and read more and more reports as your software becomes more sophisticated. If this keeps up, the inspired hunch will become obsolete.

The Paper War

Even though computer storage can ultimately replace paper filing systems, the short-term effect has been to increase the use of paper. In an old-fashioned book-keeping system, you could look up the figures you wanted, then put the ledger away when you had finished. Now you get a printed computer report. (It's just as quick and saves you the bother of having to jot down your figures.) People don't like to just throw such reports away when they've finished them — so they put them in a binder and keep them.

Now your telephone bill has pages of information on how Telecom arrived at the conclusion that you owed it so much money. You are encouraged to keep it all "for your records."

Word processing has made it so easy to write a report instead of just telling someone something that most managers would think an employee wasn't really trying if he didn't put his suggestions down in writing. Of course, you have to keep a copy of your report for your files and the boss keeps his or her copy too. And why not follow up your telephone calls with memos? It only takes a minute to do it.

With desktop publishing, every company, no matter how small, can have its own staff newsletter and one for the customers as well. Better keep your copy just in case you need some information in it later.

Now giving a presentation is unthinkable without visual aids. You can make transparencies with just a photocopier and some paper, and while you're at the photocopier, why not take copies of the speech for the audience to take away and put in their files?

Can't anybody just remember things any more?

The problem, once again, isn't technology itself. The reason hapless employees are currently drowning in paper is because people haven't switched their ideas of "safe" storage over from paper to tape or disc.

Knowledge Is Power

One of the results of this information explosion is that there is too much for a manager to get through in the normal working week. If you want to survive as a manager without developing ulcers you have to find some way to filter the information before it gets to you. This means getting your employees to sift through and make sure you only get the important stuff.

The adage "information is power" has never meant more than it does today. One executive in an Australian company told me the Managing Director still made decisions based on the information he received. But the information was all in the computer, and he was too busy to learn how to go looking for it. So he relied on the technical people to tell him what was important. They would often censor the facts

...anyhow* have a Winfield Super Mild 25's



Five
smokes
ahead of
the rest

The best super mild
smoke in Australia.

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to make sure he made the decisions they wanted.

Climbing The Ladder

There used to be several ways to get to be a manager. You could start your own company (if you had the money). You could take on a university or tech course (but experience is needed to get into a senior position). Or you could work your way up through the firm. The last was probably the standard dream path. Companies found they could keep bright young things working hard in boring junior jobs if the sweatshops knew they would eventually earn promotion.

The system worked like this: you started off as a worker; then you got to head a small team of workers; then you might supervise a section of team leaders. If you hadn't either blown it or proved yourself too useful at that level, you could end up as a division head, and so on. Sometimes you would be moved around from section to section so you could get more overall experience of how the company functioned.

This system worked very well. Every step up the ladder gave you more skills in managing people, negotiating, planning and playing politics, because each time you moved up you needed less specific technical skill and more management skills

in order to do your job. By the time you reached the top it didn't matter that you'd forgotten how to make out an invoice as long as you could handle the Board of Directors.

People who found they didn't want the hassle of management could stay where they were. The boffins who were good with equipment and research could take a side-step into technical areas, and the lazy or incompetent would stay at the bottom until some supervisor got sick of them and decided to get a bit of experience in firing people.

Technology has changed the whole set-up. The ladder of success just isn't the same. There are rungs missing. Say you've started on the factory floor. A modern automated factory won't have enough workers to require both team leaders and supervisors. And while you're working a machine you can't get the management skills necessary to become a supervisor.

What's more, there aren't as many bottom-of-the-ladder jobs available as there used to be. How can you get work experience in the Personnel Department when the Personnel Department is one person and a computer? The real power paths in such companies revolve around either sales or knowledge of the technology. If you haven't stepped on to either of those paths then you're going nowhere fast.

Companies that can't find suitable pro-

motion material from within their own ranks are falling back on formal qualifications or pirating managers from other companies.

One Australian company called in consultants to deal with the shocking morale problem they had on the shop floor. People were resigning. They were going slow. They were calling stop work meetings over trivial, easily solvable problems. They decided to give the workers a few training courses to get them back on board. During the courses, the consultants encouraged discussion and discovered the real reason for the problems. The company had decided that to be promoted up from supervisor level, you had to have a university degree.

Men who'd spent years working their way up through the factory ranks suddenly found the top of the ladder had been cut off. What's more, increasing automation had reduced their status. Being a supervisor once meant you were in charge of 50 workers. Now it meant being a sort of glorified janitor for a bunch of machines. Once the machines were in, the company couldn't promote the supervisors — they'd been given no chance to get experience negotiating with large groups of people, preparing complex shift schedules, running lots of safety courses, and so on.

A large Australian bank once ran assertiveness training courses for its accountants. The courses worked well. By the end of them, the accountants could say clearly and easily what was bugging them: they weren't eligible to become bank managers any more. To be a manager you needed experience handling people. All the accountants got to supervise was an endless set of figures marching out of the computer. At least before the computers came in, they had a chance to supervise junior clerks and the bank had a chance to see if they were talented at it.

Another problem is visibility. Managers nowadays are so busy sifting through printed information that they have less time to actually notice what their workers are doing. How are you going to impress the boss if you never see him and he never sees you?

Politics

The ways of measuring status in companies have changed too. Remember when you knew you had made it because you were in your own office and had your own secretary? Now it's more cost efficient to put in a word-processing department, and new developments in noise-masking technologies have made the open-plan office cheaper. Remember when the big desk was a sign of power? It's just not the same with an ergonomic work station.

Remember when the boss had to tell people off? It usually meant calling them into the office (no point causing a scene) and having a heart-to-heart. To be good at this, managers had to develop tact and firmness; they had to be able to show

someone they disapproved of a specific action without making that person feel totally rejected. Now, of course, it's often pointless to think of calling someone into your office — even if you have an office. It takes too much time. It's so much quicker to send a general memo or use electronic mail.

One manager I know had a classic knotty staff issue to deal with. Her employee had a nasty habit. Whenever she went into a manager's office she would indulge herself in a silent but savagely pungent fart. Clearly this woman had a problem. Maybe she resented the bosses. Maybe she was eating the wrong foods. The bosses had a problem too. They often dealt with customers in their offices, and scheduling their meetings so the clients wouldn't be greeted by the acrid remnants of flatulence was beginning to get difficult.

In the old days, this would be a tricky exercise in diplomacy for the manager. With today's technology it is easy — she sent a memo by electronic mail saying: "Quit farting." She knew this employee would be the only one to see it and she avoided the issue of having to actually talk to her about it. The woman quit farting but the manager still doesn't know what caused her to start in the first place.

Big Business

The general pattern of industry is changing as a result of technology. Remember when most of the people in a company actually worked at producing something? Now the machines do the real producing and the people act as middle men and women, paper shufflers and information conduits. Our system of moving things about, marketing them, and spreading information had become so huge and complex that most workers don't actually produce anything lasting at all.

A local analyst, Bob White, has been studying this pattern. He took the coal industry as an example. Only five percent of the cost of coal (the cost reflects the overall effort involved) actually goes into digging the coal out of the ground. The other 95 percent is spent on transporting it, recording its movements, insuring it, marketing it, selling it, invoicing for it, keeping accounts, filling all the information about it and managing the people who do all the above.

Head offices are growing. They set up policies and procedures, organise payrolls, design forms and handle recruitment, succession procedures, training, banking, personnel and marketing, and shunt around all the information a modern company runs on. As they grow, companies need an increasing number of people to manage all the people working in the head office.

One company recently discovered that 50 percent of its staff were hired to manage the people in the head office which ran the actual business. All these people were passing information to each other, pro-

cessing forms and doing paperwork. And all of them were one step removed from any actual contribution to profits.

The message? If you want a sense of achievement you'll have to play politics, because unless you stay on the factory floor, promotion is about the only concrete thing you can possibly achieve.

When a company has bought the huge computers with umpteen gigabytes of memory and the capacity to process it at lots of megahertz, working faster than dozens of workers and with no need for coffee breaks or indeed breaks of any kind, and when satellite communications give it the chance to have branches all over the world, all able to instantly communicate with head office, then there's little point in that company staying put. If your technology can run an operation twice as big at no extra cost, why think small?

Enter the multinational. And once one company in a given industry starts expanding, its competitors have to grow as well, or

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The end
result of dazzlingly
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mediocrity
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the giant with its huge volumes can undercut them at every turn. Those that don't grow go under or get merged, taken over or mortally wounded in a price war. The result? Fewer and fewer companies — oligopolies, in fact.

This system carries with it the seeds of terrible mediocrity. Large companies become so unwieldy, so bureaucratic that they are unable to adapt quickly to changing consumer needs and market conditions. They simply can't innovate.

IBM is worth as much as some small countries. When Gene Ahmdal, a computer architect with IBM, came up with a radical improvement for their huge computers, he found he would have to wait a few years for the necessary adjustments in the complex production schedules and the retooling of the manufacturing plants. He walked out of IBM and set up on his own. He had found the money, set up the company from scratch, started the factory and was selling his own computers before IBM was able to produce comparable machines for the price.

An Australian discovered the rotary en-

gine, an advance in car design that was cleaner, cheaper and more reliable than anything else on the market. He tried to sell the concept to the two or three major auto companies in Detroit. No dice. The giants gave his idea to their research and development departments to look at, and the researchers rejected it. The reason? They would be admitting their own lack of innovation if they agreed that his idea was as good as it looked. Those companies were just too big and unwieldy to come to terms with new ideas from outside — even if those ideas would have meant huge profits.

Now the US computer software industry is predicting that soon there will be three big companies in their industry and nobody else that really matters. All are busy expanding and jostling for a place in the big three. When this happens, what will they do with the backyard operators who produce new and creative programs? Well, maybe they'll buy them out and make them part of the bureaucracy. Maybe they'll wait till they put their products on the market and then drive them broke by mass producing a cheaper copy-cat version. Maybe they'll swamp them by cutting off dealer networks and distributorships. Whatever they do, there is one certain outcome: there will be fewer people out there producing new and constructive ideas.

Isn't it ironic that the end result of dazzlingly innovative technology is a new and refined form of mediocrity?

Seeing The Wood For The Trees

Technology is changing the present and will change the future. It is changing the distribution of earnings because fewer people are earning. It is changing the nature of work: more paper, more information, less people. And it is changing the nature of industry: fewer companies with more power and more money producing less quality.

When the Western world discovered high technology, scientists and science fiction writers alike saw a glittering future. Technology could be the answer to all the world's problems. People could be freed from the drudgery of making a buck, enabling them to put their minds and their time to more important things: the exploration of the universe, making a better society and a more beautiful and balanced world, coming to terms with the meaning of life — finding God at last.

This early promise can still be met. But a new world may have to be built on the scattered ashes of the old one. Technology is ripping apart our economy — and by not recognising its effect, we are slapping band-aids on gaping wounds and hoping that gangrene won't set in. ☐

Next month, in Part II of this series, the author considers the startling effects of technology on the way we spend our leisure time now and in the future.



IN THE SWIM

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

Debbie Savo has just one wish. At the age of 24, she feels her life is full in all respects but one. She is set up comfortably, she's independent, she's creative, and she's completely happy — well, almost. In affairs of the heart, she is just one man short of total contentment . . .





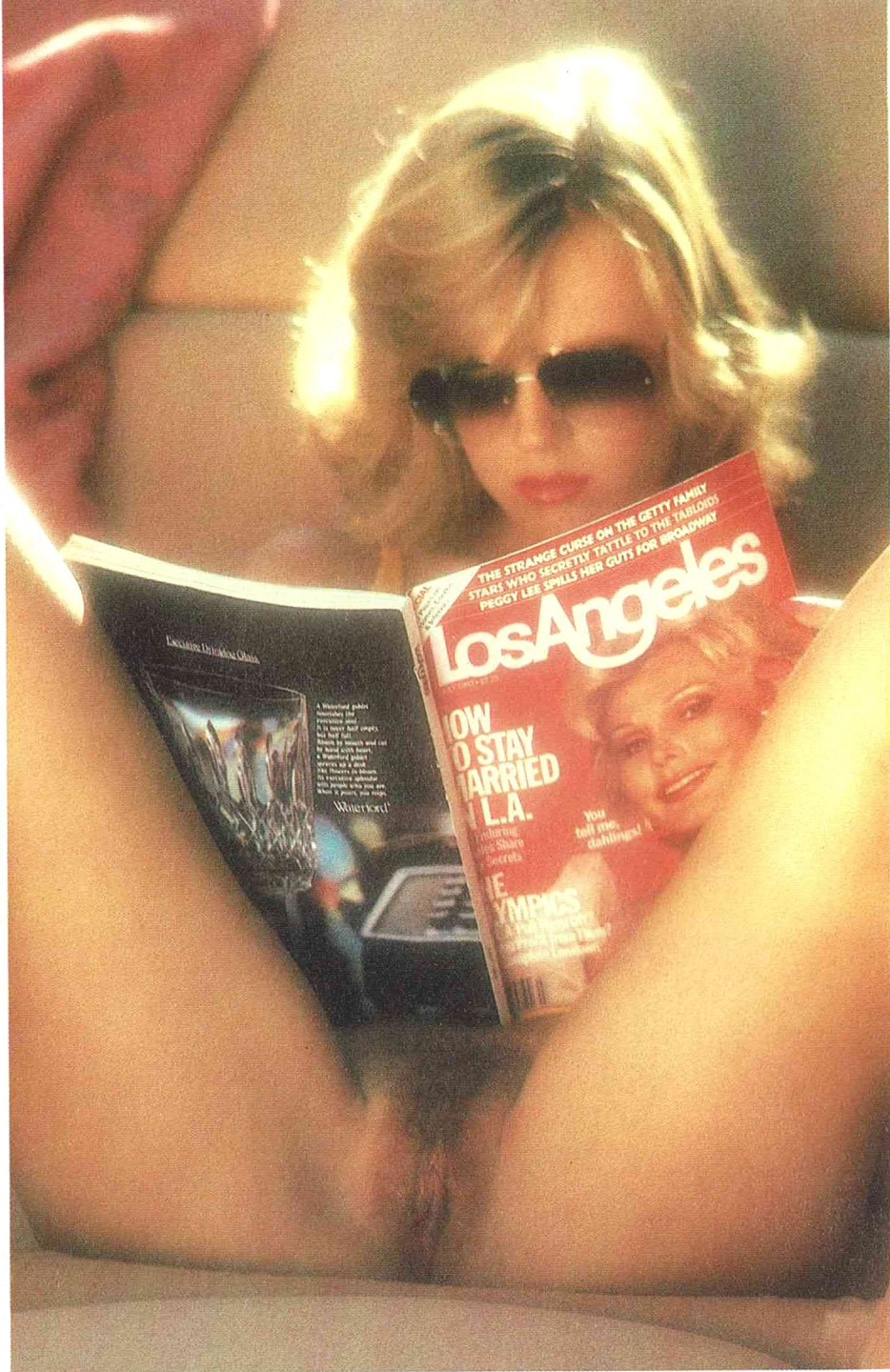
"I know being single is not going to kill me. It's actually quite easy to do these days. But I'd imagined that women appearing in *Penthouse* have men coming out of the woodwork — so that's why I decided to appear."







But Debbie makes a qualification. If guys start fronting her believing that all she wants to do is jump into bed, they'll have another thing coming. "Okay, so I've shown myself nude for everyone to see. I can understand that that makes men excited. But just because a guy's excited doesn't mean that I'm going to be excited . . ."





BY DAVID HALPIN

"This notion of all being equal before the law is, in my opinion, absolute rubbish. . . Only the rich, the courageous or the insane should go near the courts at the moment."

— Former NSW Premier Neville Wran

L~E~G~A~L VULTURES

Many Australians today regard the law as an ass and many of the lawyers who make up our mongrel legal system as ass-holes. If this seems a harsh judgment read on, for there is much to be led in evidence against the legal vultures.

Take one Jock Arbuthnot, of Melbourne, who took his newly-acquired solicitor's practising certificate and began work on April Fool's Day, 1976. Within six months, the temptation to rifle the trust fund had become too much, and on October 5 of the same year he disappeared from the office with over \$100,000 from the firm's clients. He left this note for his unfortunate partner: "By the time you have read this I will have left town leaving you holding the baby. The key to the filing cabinet is inside the magazine on the desk."

Nothing more was heard until 1981, when he featured on the front page of the Sydney *Daily Telegraph* smiling brightly and talking about his new antique shop. The local gendarmes also saw it, and arrested him. After much delay, he was extradited to Melbourne to face fraud charges.

Many important questions arise about the role of lawyers. Do we have too many lawyers in our parliaments, our boardrooms, our public service, in suburban practice, in our courts and tribunals? Are they worth the vast sums they often charge, at least at the top level, and do they exacerbate more disputes than they solve? Is our community paying too high a price for our judges, magistrates, solicitors, barristers and the large supporting staff who run our court systems by what seem to be archaic and medieval methods?

There is a hoary legal joke which seems to show that lawyers themselves agree that nearly 30,000 people in all branches of the legal profession in Australia doesn't do much to ensure the smooth resolution of our community disputes. The joke is this: "Put one lawyer in a country town and he starves; put in two and they both thrive."

Would we be better off without the plague of legal

ILLUSTRATION BY DANNY BURKE

men and women who appear to clutter and unnecessarily complicate our social, economic, political and financial relationships? Would justice be better served, with fewer delays and less expense, if our community had fewer legal practitioners, if the wigs and gowns were tossed into history's dustbin, and if the majority of our disputes were settled without the present throng of expensive lawyers battling other expensive lawyers, operating from expensive legal chambers under expensive old-fashioned rules which cost us a collective QC's ransom?

Discussing these sensitive questions with lawyers is like deciding on the direction of the economy by talking to economists — put all their opinions together and you won't reach a conclusion.

But some lawyers are frank about their fellows. One Sydney solicitor with wide experience has a cynical view of his colleagues, and expresses what he calls his "consiglieri" theory, after the term made familiar by the Mafia: "The line between giving proper legal advice and getting involved in what your client is doing is a grey area," he explains.

"To act strictly in accordance with legal tradition, the lawyer is supposed to give advice on what is legal or illegal in a given proposition. It is the role of a largely impar-

tial counsellor, or should be, but increasingly, I believe, some lawyers are stepping over the boundary of propriety and becoming *consiglieri* — that is, helping clients to beat the law by giving them advice on clearly unlawful actions.

"The lawyer in this instance then becomes part of the gang, moves improperly away from being an advice-giver on matters legal, and instead shows people how to set up rackets and crooked organisations, and how to beat legal investigators."

With Australia's libel laws as repressive of free speech as they are — and remember these laws were partly made by lawyers, and are interpreted and judged by other lawyers — this lawyer wouldn't publicly name the colleagues he was referring to. But he was caustic in private about many well-known Sydney solicitors.

One of them is now in jail, and was a front-page name not long ago; but under a High Court ruling in the Darcy Dugan case many years ago, even convicts can sue for libel. These lawyers, according to our lawyer informant, act as Mr Fixits in deals with crooked police, magistrates and government officials. In recent years, illegal police phone taps have recorded hours of their deals, and a few have been dealt with by the courts.

Many others, however, survive and prosper as organised crime thrives on the easy-money mentality fostered by the

fluctuating stockmarkets and the general atmosphere of Big Money running the country.

Some members of the NSW Labor Lawyers group, which includes many of those who have been most critical of the media's role in the Lionel Murphy and Morgan Ryan scandals, now concede that the events of the past few years have lessened the general public's respect for the legal profession: "They're not quite down the scale as far as used car salesmen, real estate people or journalists, but there is no denying that lawyers as a class are way down the list of public popularity, well below doctors, for example, and there are just as many rip-off and crooked doctors," commented one Sydney lawyer.

"Whatever your final view of the Lionel Murphy affair, the average Aussie lost a lot of respect for the legal institutions, the lawyers, magistrates and judges out of the Murphy case.

"With a High Court judge facing two trials, two Senate hearings, and being convicted once by a jury [a conviction which was overturned on appeal], and refusing to enter the witness box during the new trial, how could the average Australian still believe the justice system is the same as it was 20 years ago?"

What this Labor Lawyer did not add, of course, is that another group of lawyers in Federal politics banded together to attempt one of the most outrageous cover-

ups in our history by trying to impose \$100,000 fines and severe jail terms on anybody — not just journalists or politicians — who revealed the contents of documents pertaining to Murphy or the allegations against him.

There was a public and media outcry, but the Labor Government, led by such legal luminaries as Bob Hawke, Gareth Evans and Lionel Bowen, seemed determined to force this Draconian legislation through the Parliament.

The public amazement at this example of politician/lawyers protecting old lawyer mates was exacerbated by the announcement that the government would pay Murphy an ex-gratia sum of more than \$750,000 on the spurious grounds that Murphy had only been charged by the Director of Public Prosecutions because of his high public position.

What the Murphy Affair demonstrated to the taxpayers who pay for all the ex-gratia payments, and the lawyers' and judges' enormous fees, is that the Lawyers Club is immensely powerful both within government and public service circles and in the world at large.

The revelations of the Murphy case came at a time of greater public recognition of society's more sordid machinations due to media exposure of the extent of organised crime. The public knows how lawyers, politicians, police and public officials are involved in it. This has led to a new critical analysis of the legal profession and how well it serves our society.

As with doctors, many of whom are increasingly recognised as money-grubbing medical technicians, lawyers generally are no longer looked up to as wise servants who serve us from birth to death, through divorce and house purchase and commercial undertakings, drafting contracts, giving sage advice, appearing for us untiringly in the courts, protecting our rights and generally smoothing our way through life. Like the old suburban GP, the all-round suburban solicitor has given way to specialists to the point that few now have the expertise to draft a will one day and appear in a criminal or traffic matter the next.

With the growing complexity of the law has come a concomitant growth in complaints about lawyers, ranging from startling over-charging of fees to general inefficiency in office routine such as losing documents, fouling up court appointments, making mistakes in conveyancing, appearing in court badly briefed, doing deals with other lawyers against the clients' best interests, or prodding people into taking court cases which lead only to heavy court costs and more employment for lawyers.

Delay, indifference and fee-hunting appear to worry clients more than embezzling from trust funds or racing off women they appear for in Family Law cases, but it ap-

pears that nearly everybody you speak to about lawyers has a favorite tale of legal bastardry or sheer incompetence.

And most journalists who have extensive contact with lawyers are often shocked by the stories they tell around the bar.

Many lawyers' bar-room yarns concern sex with clients. Some are coy about it, others robust in their own defence of relationships which would seem to laymen to be nearly as bad as doctors getting it off with patients whose defences are vulnerable. And they don't seem to fear possible reprisals from their Law Societies, which are combined trade unions and disciplinary bodies.

It sometimes seems from these yarns that lawyers' offices are a combination of "A Touch Of Class" and a Kings Cross massage parlor, with nubile young secretaries being torn away from their typewriters by amorous solicitors, or borne off

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This pudgy
practitioner had
spent thousands of dollars
at the massage
parlor near his
office
”

to drinks, dinner and sexual desserts by brawny barristers fresh from performing their legal theatricals before a jury.

Last year, a suburban solicitor with a large litigation practice was revealed to have an expensive libido when the NSW Law Society eventually struck him off for embezzling millions from clients' money in his trust fund.

It seems that this pudgy practitioner had spent thousands of dollars at the massage parlor near his office, buying French champagne for the working girls, and spending more time over willing bodies than drawing up wills. His dipping into the trust fund to finance his other activities now looks like landing him in the Big House at Malabar — where fewer sexual options will be available to him.

Then again, in view of how deals are done by lawyers and magistrates and even judges in good old Sydney town, this fraud may end up with a bond working quietly without a practising certificate in a mate's office.

One of Australia's experts in illegal legal behavior is the dapper gadfly Richard Ackland, who publishes the magazine

Justinian from his garret-office in Sydney. After working as a legal journalist for the *Financial Review*, following many years in Canberra observing the rash of lawyers who infest politics, Ackland has a skeptical view of the profession whose peregrinations he traces in witty prose every month.

The inadequacy of trust account regulations is one of his major concerns, given that lawyers have access to millions of dollars from their trust accounts: "It's like a sub-economy, really. For many years before the credit unions came into existence, groups of lawyers were virtually running small building societies.

"There's a fine line about how lawyers use the millions in their trust accounts, and how clients have no real protection. There was, for example, Eugene Daley, who was taking the clients' money and gambling it, either on the horses or the tables at the Cross. He kept paying the interest to the clients from the dwindling sums in the account, but eventually it caught up with him."

Ackland used his inimitable style in *Justinian* to explain Daley's financial frolics: "What absolutely amazing allegations about Eugene Daley on the *Four Corners* program. . . *Justinian*, of course, had published in July 1983 the fact that Daley had issued trust account cheques to pay his gambling debts. But there the actual cheques were on telly. Apparently the Law Society had assisted in this fascinating bit of TV and provided the *Four Corners* team with the actual negotiable instruments.

"His favorite way of losing was at the blackjack table. Often Daley would go from losing at the dogs to a heavy night of losing at the illegal casino. One of the former employees of this establishment said she never saw Daley win at blackjack. As one observer said: 'When Daley arrived you could hear the ripple of fins'.

"For getting his trust account into such a mess and carelessly losing \$2 million of clients' funds, he got himself a stretch at Cessnock. At one stage the receiver of Daley's practice was thinking of bringing action under section 65GA of the *Legal Practitioners' Act* against Daley's book-makers and other recipients of his trust account's cheques. Why this action was never pursued is shrouded in mystery."

Another case which Ackland has pursued diligently over the years concerns a Sydney solicitor, Zdenek Weiss, who appears to have had an extraordinary run with his clients' money even though he has been a bankrupt since 1978.

In that year, the Law Society cancelled his practising certificate on the grounds of his bankruptcy, but he was allowed to practise pending his appeal against the decision. In October 1980, *Justinian* reported that Mr Justice McGregor of the Federal Court had rejected an application by Weiss for discharge from his bankruptcy because the judge said there were



too many unresolved affairs not only in relation to proof of debt, but also his commercial and professional conduct.

As Ackland wrote: "The major unresolved matter is whether he can continue to practise as a solicitor. He has remained in practice for two and a half years without a practising certificate. Despite the fact that the Law Society has a substantial interest in Mr Weiss' affairs, the Fidelity Fund having paid out over \$72,000 to his former clients, it seems it made no attempt to oppose his application for a discharge."

The Weiss saga was still going in September 1986 when *Justinian* again criticised the Law Society for its "stuff-up of the Weiss conduct case." Ackland also revealed that the NSW Attorney-General Terry Sheahan had filed a "surprise no bill" in relation to charges against Weiss alleging the making of false statements in relation to the affairs of Twin Willows Turf Farm, where shareholders lost, according to Ackland, "\$1.6 million in the rort." The Attorney-General, as usual, gave no reason for filing the no bill, but some aspects of the case were referred to the Law Society and the Director of Public Prosecutions.

The *Sixty Minutes* TV program won the Law Society's Golden Gavel Award for its reporting of Weiss' extraordinary conduct as a solicitor over the years, but even this wide publicity, as *Justinian* noted, had the "Law Society sitting on its hands throughout most of these high jinks."

"The Law Society must have winced horribly when the outside judges chose this program as a winner, particularly as a large slab of air-time was devoted to a savage attack on the Society's bumble-footed handling of the Weiss matter," Ackland commented.

Laymen must be astounded to see the Law Society standing by for so long and watching such damage to the public image of the profession. When *Penthouse* tried to find out what the Society was planning to do about Weiss, we were told by PR man Mr Michael Bach: "We don't confirm or deny that people are under investigation for obvious reasons. We did assist in the making of the *Sixty Minutes* program." He described *Justinian* as a "scandal sheet."

This attitude is understandable when you talk to former employees of the Society, who describe it as "incredibly hide-bound, moribund, like some ancient institution run by committees... committees on everything, even two committees on public relations."

Said one ex-employee: "The Law Society of NSW operates under a basic conflict of interest because on one hand it's the lawyers' union, trying to protect them, and on the other it's also charged with a disciplinary role by the State Government."

It's just one incredible bureaucracy, moving along in a dream. No wonder the Weiss case, like so many others, just drags on and on."

One of the most vexed areas of legal life surrounds the question of what our legal chaps earn for their special skills. These days, a QC of reasonable calibre charges about \$3000 a day, and sometimes demands a junior to hold his hand for two-thirds of this fee, which is why average people are reluctant to chance their hand in the courts — and also why large corporations, the major employers of these high-priced silks, can afford to do outrageous things against ordinary people in the sure knowledge that few will pursue them into the courtroom.

In a recent defamation case involving the Fairfax press, it was disclosed that an aborted 16-day trial, involving solicitor-client costs and disbursements, cost \$98,000, and if the case came to a new

They "double-book" themselves with clients, and then drop the unfortunate client paying them the lower amount

hearing, the total costs could reach a staggering \$240,000.

While solicitors have greater opportunities to rip off their clients through trust funds and over-charging for anything from conveyancing to appearing in lower courts, barristers have a few rorts as well.

One of them is to juggle their cases to ensure they never have any "down" time in hearings. They "double-book" themselves with clients, and then at the last minute, drop the unfortunate client paying them the lower amount.

This, of course, is one of the reasons why NSW courts are up to four years behind schedule in a variety of jurisdictions with innocent people languishing in prison waiting for their trials to be heard. Often they get to court, and then the judge finds the sentence he hands down has already been served, often with time over, so the lawyers' behavior exacerbates the dreadful delays building up in the system.

One of the few solicitors willing to go on record about his peers is Mr Andrew Haesler of the Redfern Legal Centre, who believes the legal profession doesn't do enough to give advice to working class

people about ordinary matters such as housing debts and eviction problems, credit matters, traffic offences, or problems with neighbors: "We set up our legal centre for the people who can't afford lawyers. It's a different approach to the law, providing people with access to lawyers, which gives them power and control over their lives," he explains.

"The vast bulk of the population can't afford lawyers, who are primarily concerned with property and money, and who won't act for people without property or money. The rich can afford access, the poor can't. We have to create a different perception about legal work. We give clients a lot of the work to do to save costs."

Haesler doesn't believe the average lawyer gives value for money, especially in the fixed fee areas such as conveyancing: "To sell a house for \$50,000 takes no less work than a house worth \$1 million, yet the fee difference is enormous. Lawyers have priced themselves out of business — out of their true function, that is, of giving general advice to the public."

"Ordinary people can't afford \$100 an hour for a solicitor to advise them, and that's the cheapest fee."

"I have met a few poor private solicitors who earn about \$30,000 a year, but I'd say that most are earning at least \$40,000 a year after five years. Further up the ladder, the top solicitors working for Dawson Waldron and the like would earn hundreds of thousands a year, or the top barristers in the Workers' Compensation area would get \$400 a case and they might do four or five a day. Few barristers can afford to go on to the Bench, which is supposed to be the professional pinnacle. The big attraction of the Bench is the long holidays and security."

Haesler believes that few lawyers are altruistic, and recalls his days at Law School when most of his fellow students told him they were doing law for security and financial well-being, and not out of a burning desire to help people.

"We find it difficult to get lawyers to work for us after they've had five years out of law school because we can't afford the \$50,000 they would be earning by then," he says.

Haesler says the most common complaint he receives about lawyers is that clients cannot complain to the Law Society about the way their solicitor behaves towards them unless it is serious enough to amount to professional misconduct. "Most suburban solicitors just can't communicate with other human beings yet they are presumably trained as communicators. They can communicate with other lawyers, but not with their clients."

"And barristers are badly insulated from client contact. Some of them don't even want to see their client, but want to handle

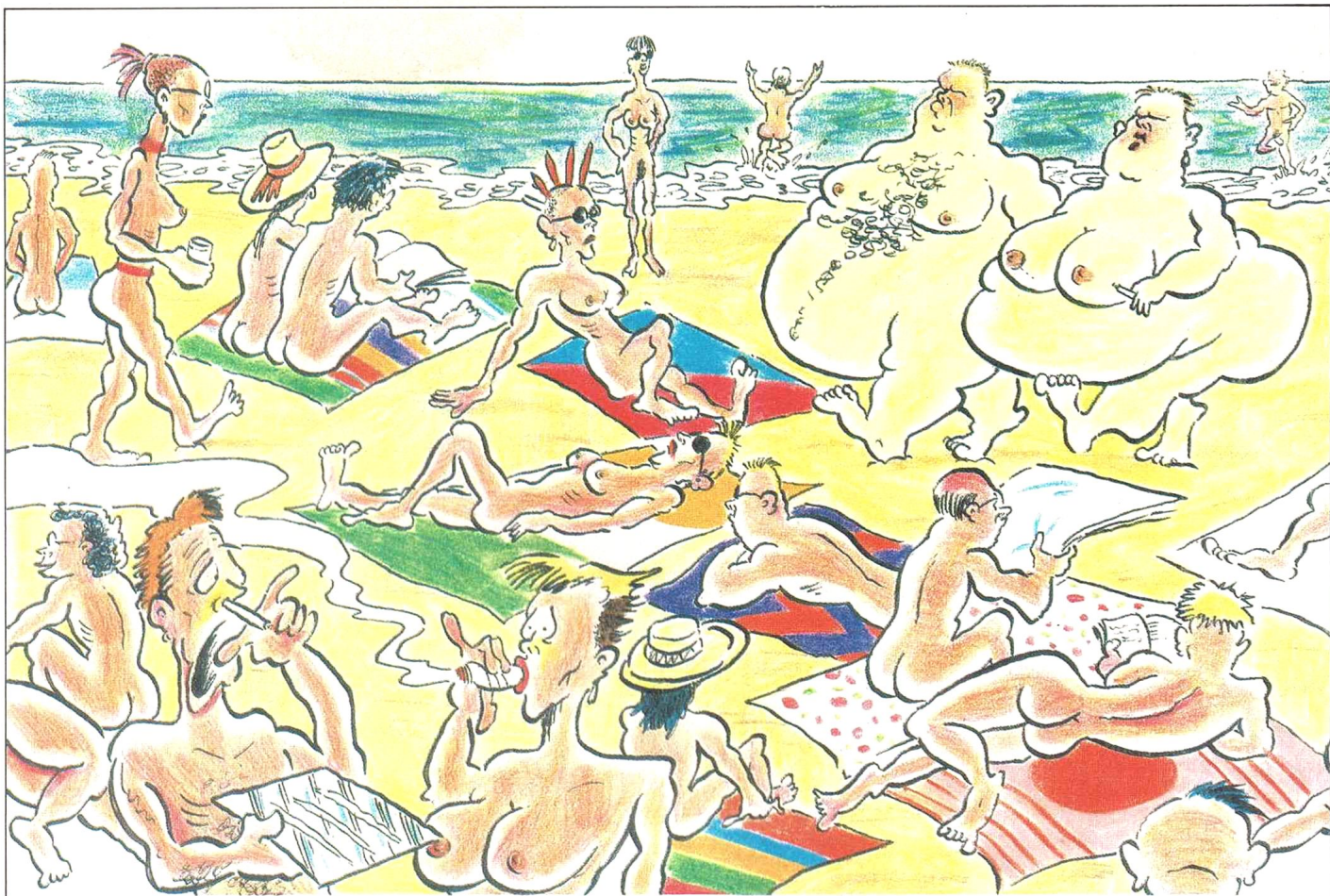
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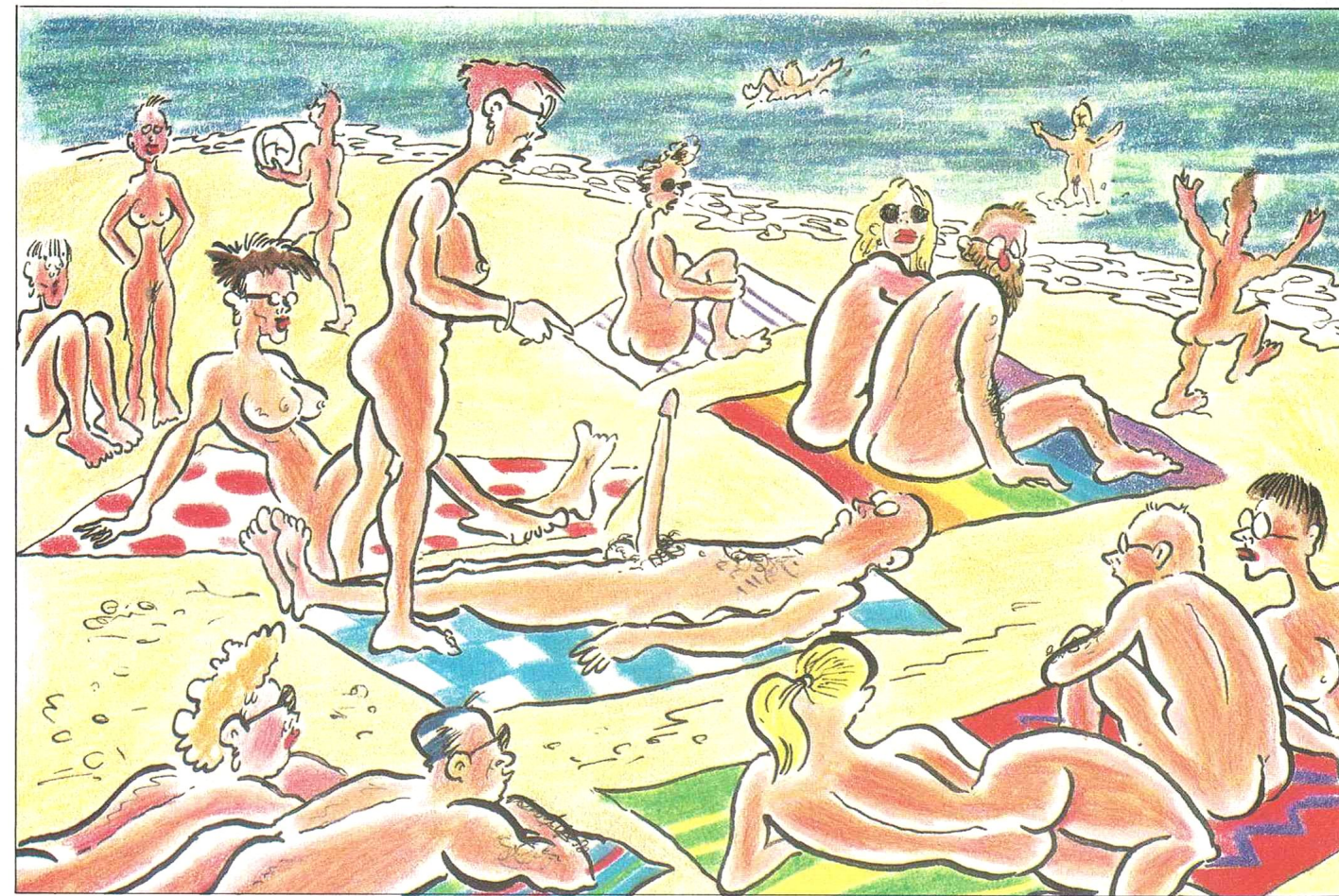
Join the jigglers for a day
at a nude beach

SUN STROKE

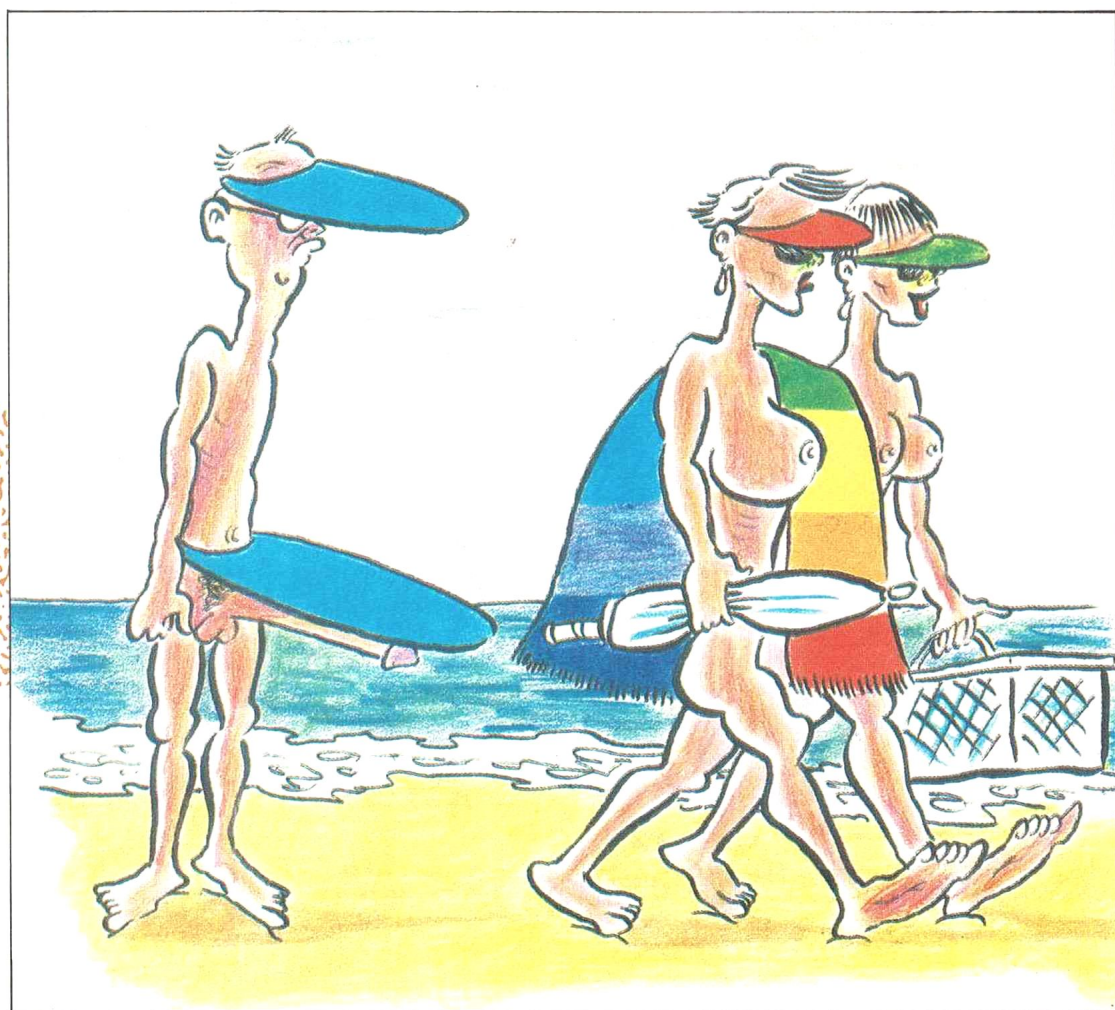
HUMOR BY MARK CORNWALL



"Jesus! Cops!"



"Good God. Is that the time?"



"I don't believe it, Barry. This one's got a straw."

THE UGLY AUSTRALIANS

He'll drive his
passengers to
distraction

NUMBER FIVE

THE TAXI DRIVER

HUMOR BY ROBERT ENGLISH

It is 3.10pm and Keith spots his first fare of the night shift standing outside the Rag And Famish in downtown North Sydney, casually extending an arm while he talks animatedly to his friend. They are both dressed in tastefully tailored suits and Keith's guess is that they are in advertising. This does not make him a genius.

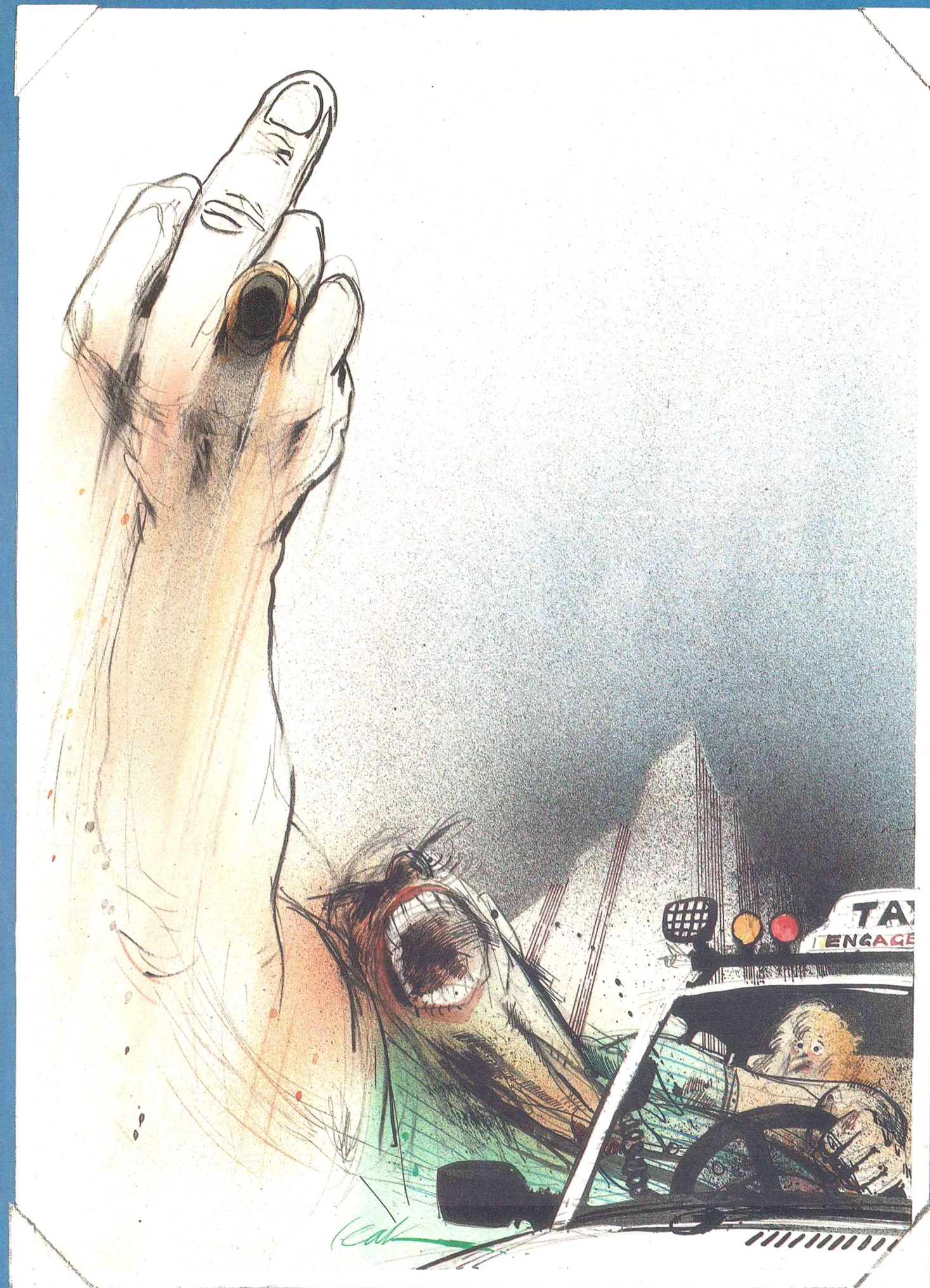
As they get in the back one of them gives the order "East Sydney" and they continue their conversation. Now, Keith doesn't usually listen too closely to passengers in the back seat. There's always too much else to do: work out how to get on the right expressway;

listen to the radio for a possible job back across the bridge; avoid hitting pedestrians or cars in front that brake suddenly or turn right without notice; and so on. But these two are straight out of Hollywood. Keith didn't think ad people talked like this any more.

"... And as you well know, Simon, if you don't wear a belt your trousers fall down... okay?" And a little further on, the other one comes out with this little gem: "All I'm saying, Jason, is that if you start to part your hair on the other side, someone's going to notice."

Keith can't believe it! Are they doing this especially for him?

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL LEAK



THE TAXI DRIVER

Joining the interminable queue snaking towards the toll gates, he half turns and asks them, "Are you guys in advertising?" They look at each other as if he'd just asked them for the combination of their private safes. After a while one of them says, "Yes." They can't believe their rotten luck. A taxi driver who wants to talk.

"I'd like to get into advertising," Keith says, picturing their mental groans.

"Oh, really?"
"Yes, I have a few ideas for TV ads . . . You know what I mean?"

"Not yet," the other returns.

"Yeah, like that ad where this guy is at the racetrack . . . The champagne ad, you know?" (Both passengers nod and gaze out of their respective windows.) "The one when he spots this beautiful girl in the big sun hat but she's on the other side of the track but this doesn't stop him . . . He buys a bottle of champagne with two glasses and hops the fence just as the horses are thundering down on him. But they freeze the frame so the horses stop and he's able to cross the track in front of them and catch up with the beautiful woman who by now thinks he's bloody marvellous and they smile at each other as they drink the champagne . . . You know the one I mean?"

One of them shrugs — the one with the biggest peak collar Keith has ever seen.

"It's mine," he says, almost in self-deprecation.

"Really?" Keith says, now enthusiastic. "Well let me tell you my great idea for that one."

He can see in the rear mirror that they both look as though they want to get out at the toll gates and trust their luck from there. "Yeah, what I think would be a smash is if when the smarmy guy is crossing the track with the champagne, you don't freeze the frame and the horses keep coming and trample him to death . . ."

"Oh, really?"

"Yeah, and the beautiful woman sees all this but it doesn't worry her much because another spiv has come back from the bar with another bottle of champagne and two glasses and they both smile at each other and sip the champagne and occasionally look over to the carnage on the track. And the camera zooms in for a close-up of the particular brand of champagne . . . How about them apples, eh? Everybody in the lounge room would be pissing themselves laughing but I'll bet they wouldn't forget the name of the champers. You see, I can't even remember the brand from the original ad."

Keith's passengers don't say anything. They're just gazing out of their respective windows.

It's late at night and raining hard. Keith is sitting at Mosman rank, and as there is no

business around he's being philosophical and wondering why he detests women who need to shave. He's wondering why he has never been partial to facial hair — on women, that is. Nothing wrong with it, really. Faggots kiss other faggots with beards! So why the revulsion? And under-arm hair: it's not as if it's a bed of fleas or lice. Men have it and women don't get off their bike and ask them to shave. And finally, leg hair. Keith reckons it's okay as long as they don't put panty hose on and let you see the long black tendrils twisting around and around in a hideous web-like pattern. Jesus, he hates that.

He is startled from his reverie by someone smashing a fist on his front window. He winds it down and is confronted by a woman who, even in the darkness and the rain, looks as big as the cab — both upwards and sideways.

"Why is your cab locked?"

"When I'm on the rank, Madam, I lock it because I don't want any crazy slipping in the back seat and holding a knife at my throat because he wants to buy presents for his kids at Christmas."

"What the hell are you talking about? I want to go to Marrickville . . . and don't give me no shit about not wanting to go across the Bridge."

Keith is tired and his eyes are burning from eight hours looking into the headlights of a million cars. He doesn't really wish to be impolite to this woman. He just wants an easy fare home . . . and a triple Scotch to let him down before going to bed.

"Listen, Madam," he says. "I'm sorry you're out there in the rain while I'm warm and comfortable inside but I don't drive overweight toads with bad language anywhere — especially Marrickville, wherever that is. You see, the one bad thing about this cab is its shocks, and if you got in the back seat we'd scrape all the way until the cab cried uncle, so why don't you go and ask the gentleman on the rank behind me to take you home . . . and just hope he hasn't got an aversion to transporting elephants . . ."

He rolls up the window to cut off her final fling. "You fucking coward . . . I'm going to report you . . . I know my fucking rights."

She kicks the car hard twice as he starts up and moves off the rank. As she apparently has legs like a couple of sequoias, the body-work people will have to work over the weekend to push the car back into shape. In the rear mirror he sees the guy behind him letting her in the back door. A bloody hero!

And desperate. Like all of them.

Without exception, all cab drivers are liars. Even worse than fishermen. It's just a professional trait. They all need a badge of courage. Or should that be the plate-armor of dignity? Most nights a few of them meet

Continued on page 126



Hair, makeup and styling by Susan Daub; Beauty Treatment by Pampurrs, Neutral Bay; Clothes from Paddington Market by Faith Lightfoot, Stall 31A and Barry Pliith; Jewellery by Cindy Smith, Stall 5CB.

MARTINA

Twenty-two-year-old Martina Walter knows about travel. Even for her tender years, there's not much of the world she hasn't seen. But engaging in a little time travel was a different story — though a welcome one — for Martina. With *Penthouse*, she stepped back into an era when romance was the keynote, when faithfulness wasn't generally seen as a chore, when to love, honor and obey meant just that . . .

G · L · O · R · Y DAYS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BROKENSHA



I'm a very romantic girl," admits Martina, "and very faithful. But some people seem to think that these qualities mean you must be weak — but that is far from the truth."





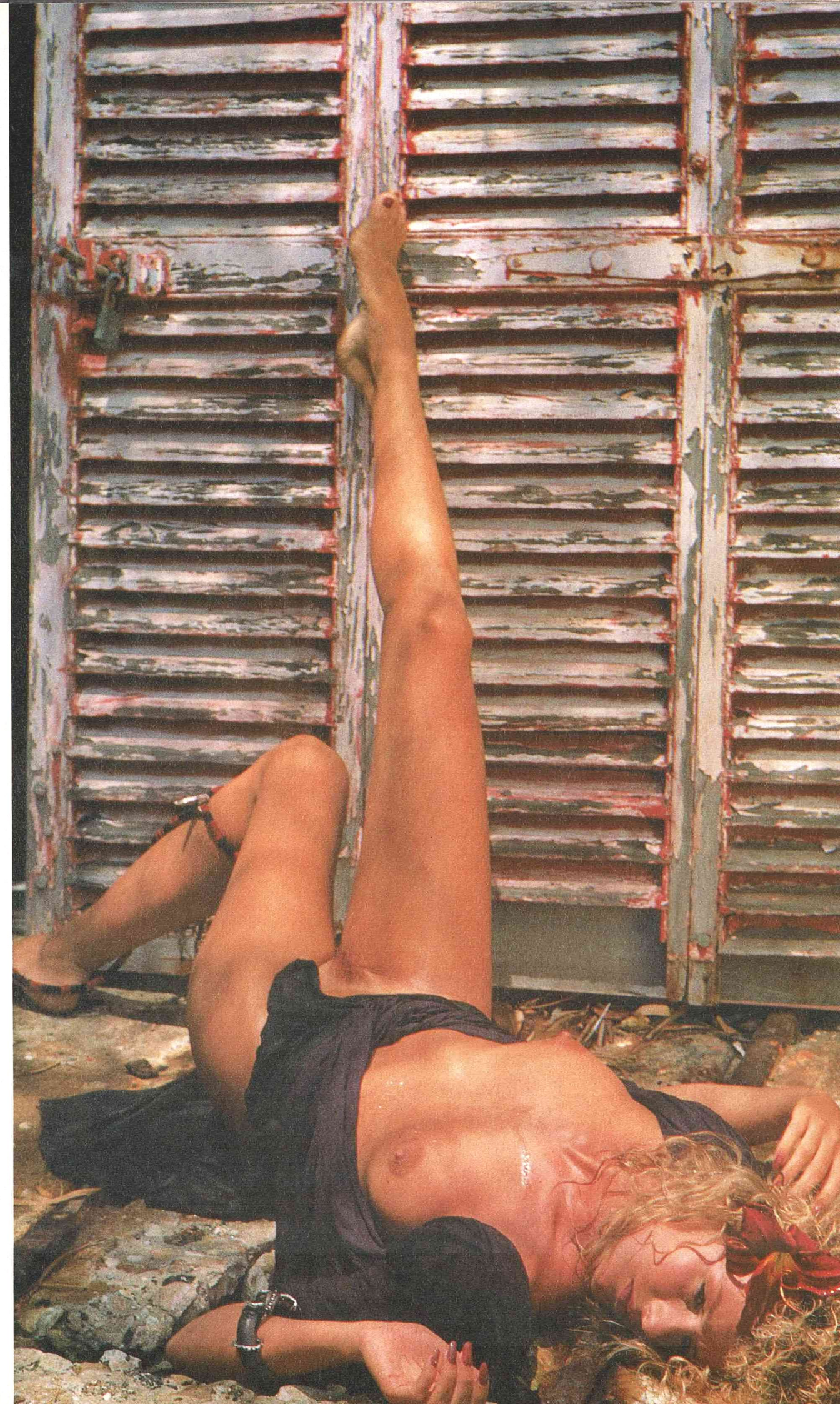
Martina's worldly-wise nature has been cultivated from her far-reaching travels working as a top model in many exotic locations. In Sydney — "The most beautiful city in the world" (and she should know) — Martina's inquisitive side led her to *Penthouse*...

I'm a strong person, so there is no problem for me to pose nude — though I must admit I got a little nervous riding the horse naked in that park. All these cars kept stopping by the side of the road."





Potential suitors have to meet fairly specific standards to figure in this one's life, though. Martina says she likes only blond-haired, blue-eyed musclemen — and that one particular guy meets all requirements. "He's the sort of man who'd pick one flower himself rather than buy 20 expensive roses — and that's what I like about him."





BY BEN HARRIS*

*Psychic fraud
for fun and profit*

So you want to win friends and influence people. Who doesn't? You could perhaps do it by reading the book of the same name (not recommended except for car salesmen), or by learning how to play the organ in six easy lessons (Be the life of the party!), or by attaining Enlightenment (which may take longer than you've got). Experience shows, however, that in this New Age of rampant superstitionism, the quickest, simplest and most effective way to win friends and influence people is by becoming a psychic. And if you're really good at it, you could even start your own religion, gathering about you a flock of devoted followers who pamper your ego while you laugh all the way to the bank.

How's it done? Well, by the time you've finished this article you'll know how to make extraordinary predictions about people, how to use your mental powers to move compasses, stop and start watches and bend metal, and even how to predict the outcomes of major sporting events — a useful array of basic skills for any aspiring psychic. But first you need to understand the nature of the lie you are going to promulgate and why people will be only too willing to believe it.

Psychic phenomena have been seriously studied since the formation of the Society of Psychical Research in 1882. Since those days, many other organisations, private individuals and universities have expended thousands of man hours and dollars in search of evidence of psychic power (or PSI). Experiments have ranged from guessing the outcome of thousands of tosses of coins to predicting

MIND BENDING MADE EASY

*Ben Harris has been a professional magician for the past ten years. A resident of Brisbane, he has lectured around the world on "magical principles" and "anomalous phenomena", adopting a sceptical view based on his professional knowledge of the processes of deception. In 1979 he wrote *Gellerism Revealed*, one of the first books to detail Uri Geller's fraudulent methods.

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR



the fall of thousands of rolls of dice and attempting to detect what mysterious force could cause steel to bend apparently by sheer concentration.

After 105 years of research, there is not one shred of evidence to suggest that any form of psychic power exists. But how can this be true when we constantly read and hear about the Earth-shattering performances of super-psychics such as Uri Geller, Peter Hurkos and their ilk? The popular media inform us that we all have a certain degree of psychic power. This power can supposedly be developed so that we too can become supermen. We're hard pressed to pick up a copy of *New Idea*, *Woman's Day* or any similar mag without being hit by yet another psychic fad. Why does Kevin Arnett, Australia's foremost freelance psychic popularist, continue to write about disproved claims and proven frauds as if they were fact? Why do the popular magazines keep purchasing his and other people's regurgitations of long-shattered claims?

The answer is simple: we live in a troubled time. A nuclear holocaust may be just around the corner. Research clearly shows that psychic fads blossom during troubled times. People are turning to the pseudo-sciences in desperation. Popular authors like Shirley MacLaine are making it

fashionable to have a "spirit guide" and to seek the unknown. ESP, owing to its apparent ability to be demonstrated *outside* the laboratory, is an easily marketable commodity in the current climate.

It is true that certain "psychic" phenomena are readily performable under loose conditions that do not preclude trickery. Tight conditions, such as one would expect in a scientific lab, have completely eliminated any genuine positive results. Sure, positive results have been *claimed* by different psychics and experimenters, but in all cases these turned out to have severe loop-holes that did not rule out trickery. We cannot be expected to rewrite science to include PSI as a fact if we cannot be sure that all other avenues leading to an explanation have been exhausted.

People are searching for something to believe in. It's human nature to want something mysterious in our lives. Although proof of PSI has not come out of scientific study, the big shots in the field continue to demonstrate their marvellous powers via the use of a variety of tricks and an absurd set of psychological ploys. These ploys are designed to soften the observer, play on his emotions, and suppress the suspicion of trickery.

You too can demonstrate apparently psychic powers to your friends and acquaintances by utilising the following tricks direct from the repertoires of some of the world's leading psychics. But first, here

are the ground rules:

1. At all times be *sincere*. Explain that you don't really understand *how* you do what you do, and that you're not sure where your powers come from. To avoid ridicule (remember, you're just doing this for fun) do not claim that your powers come from the spaceship *Spectra* which is orbiting the planet. This is Uri Geller's source, and he's in the big time. Don't be greedy.
2. Explain that you will try an *experiment*. Do not refer to your feats as "tricks." This is to ask for trouble. By calling what you do "an experiment", you are allowing for a failure. This way, if you flop you can always say: "I'm sorry, the powers are not with me today." This lovely ploy has gotten many a super-psych out of a tight squeeze.
3. Always act as if you are unsure of the experiment's outcome. If you are successful, look *surprised*. If you fail, explain: "It was only an experiment." Under these conditions you can blame the audience. Explain that *they* were not concentrating hard enough. Substantiate this by adding the common psychic claim: "We all have psychic powers; they just need to be developed. I want you to concentrate harder."
4. Get your audience involved. Ask them to concentrate. Pamper them. Let them believe that they are responsible. This way, they are allowed to claim credit for any successful experiments and will then be in a favorable frame of mind to buy your psychic book. Naturally, this should be called *Develop YOUR Psychic Powers or Love, Sex And Riches Can Be YOURS Through Psychic Energy*.
5. If someone is watching you too closely and you think they may be on to you, call the experiment off. Announce that there are too many negative vibrations and you cannot feel the power coming through. Look around you, ask if anyone else feels *it*. (You're being totally ambiguous here, but someone will say "yes" no matter what it is they're feeling, so you'll be off the hook.) No self-respecting psychic can perform if there are "negative vibrations."
6. Try to be as vague about as many points as possible. Always allow your audience to propose theories and to fill in the gaps. *Pamper* them for their keen psychic insights and always act as if you're impressed by their powers.
7. It's a good idea to sprinkle your words with scientific-sounding jargon. This gives the impression that someone, somewhere is taking the whole thing seriously.

Now that you've learnt the basic rules of the presentation of psychic phenomena, all you need are tricks of the trade. It's important that you don't use anything that looks remotely unusual, like a magician's prop. This would be a dead give-away. Who ever saw Uri Geller do the one with the ornate red box, three pink dice and a length of yellow silk rope? Your props must not look like props. You must stick with everyday normal-looking objects. Uri

Geller followed this rule and his prop list is a good guide. You'll simply use objects like keys, spoons, pens, pads, a magnetic compass, coins, bills and the like. For a truly scientific-looking test, a few dice can be used.

Let's start with a few warm-up experiments that you'll use to test your audience to see if they are receptive to your work. Then we'll move on to a couple of blockbusters that could, if you play your cards right, inspire others to follow you to the ends of the Earth.

1. THE NUMEROLOGY TEST

We'll use this as a demonstration of the pseudo-science of numerology — that is, the belief that numbers rule our lives and that these numbers can be juggled to predict the future.

Look at the Scientific Numerology Chart (Diagram 1 overleaf). I made a prediction before this article went off to the publisher. (It's all in the numbers!) I took the circulation figure for *Australian Penthouse*, divided it by the inverse of the radiant drop-out of my aura (here's the pseudo-scientific jargon I mentioned) and came up with one symbol that is represented on the chart. This symbol matches the *Australian Penthouse* reader who is of *above average* intelligence (this is the pampering ploy).

Here's what I want you to do. Simply count the number of letters in your entire name. That's your christian and surname, as well as your middle name(s) if applicable. You should arrive at my predetermined number somewhere between ten and 50.

Now, place your forefinger on the STAR symbol at the tail of the chart. Count this as "1" and then move to the next symbol, counting it as "2." Continue moving your finger and counting in this fashion, working your way around the upper circle of the chart in an *anti-clockwise* direction. (This direction is vital because of the blue shading revealed in my aura complex test just prior to writing this article.) Continue counting until you reach the number predetermined by the letters in your name. This may take you completely around the circle of symbols. That's okay — just be sure to ignore the tail once you've initially moved off it. So, you now have your finger on the symbol corresponding to your magic number. Keep your finger in place, count this symbol as "1" and then move around the circle in a *clockwise* direction, moving your finger and counting until you again reach your magic number. This second revolution has doubly enforced the harmonic vibrations, and your finger should now be on a symbol apparently chosen at random. In fact, your finger, if you are an above average kind of guy, will be on a *STAR* symbol. If it is, congratulate yourself. You are definitely gifted and show true psychic potential.

Of course, this is all hogwash. The "experiment", known as the "Q-Test", is just a

mathematical curiosity that works with any number between ten and 50. The chance that the number of letters in your complete name would fall between these two figures is obviously very high.

To perform the numerology test for a friend, make your prediction by drawing a star on a piece of paper and place it in an envelope. Put the envelope on the table before you start the experiment.

2. FURTHER PROOF OF NUMEROLOGY

After completing the above warm-up test, your subject will have a number firmly in mind. This was the number of letters that formed his entire name. Have him write the number down on a piece of paper as you explain that you will show him further proof of the mystical powers of numerology and more specifically, the *Magic Number 9*, which rules the lives of all truly gifted individuals.

You're allowed
to juggle events
and causes around as
much as you like. There
are no set rules in
psychic fraud.

Assume that your subject writes down the number 17. Ask him what he believes his "own personal magic number to be." Assume he says "6." Have him add this digit to the end of his first figure to arrive at 176.

Now ask him to rearrange the three digits in any order he likes to arrive at a new number. Claim that although he may think he is doing this at random, in reality his destiny has been forecast by the gods of "Lama-de beh" many centuries ago. These gods first postulated that the number 9 was the very rate of vibration for psychic individuals.

We'll assume that our friend has rearranged his digits to form 761. Now have him subtract the smaller amount from the larger. In this instance, the result will be: 761 - 176 = 585.

In order to find his harmonic number, he must now add the resulting digits together to arrive at a single digit. So, 5 + 8 + 5 = 18. But that's not a single digit. Again they must be added: 1 + 8 = 9. Wow, the prophecies of "Lama-de beh" have proved correct, and your subject is indeed attuned to the harmonic vibrations of the universe!

Again, this is a simple mathematical trick performed under the guise of pseudo-science. It works with any series of numbers as long as the first number has no repeating digits. In other words, 345 will work, whereas 322 or 232 will not. If your subject forms a number that does repeat, simply claim that the number is harmonically out of balance due to the double digits and have him alter it.

Instead of using these as examples of numerology, you can pretend to be influencing the subject by psychically "planting" the correct numbers in his mind. Or you could claim to be clairvoyant. In other words, you've "predicted" the outcome in advance, using your special powers. In this business, you're allowed to juggle events and causes around as much as you like. There are no set rules in the game of psychic fraud.

3. MOVING A MAGNETIC COMPASS

It's now time to show your audience that their psychic power can be developed to a very high degree and physically demonstrated. To do this you will perform a "test" or "experiment" that was popularised by Uri Geller but has been used for years by supposed psychics on both sides of the Iron Curtain.

You are going to project your mind-power at a magnetic compass in an attempt to cause the needle to waver. You place the compass in the middle of the table. Roll up your sleeves to show that you have no magnets concealed, and concentrate. Ask everyone to concentrate along with you. Ask them to "will" the needle to move. After a period of intense concentration, the needle is seen to deflect. You and your audience have proved that you can project psychic energy!

You've probably seen a psychic do this on TV. If you've seen Uri Geller do it, you'll have noticed that *just* as the needle starts to move, he ducks his head into the scene so it is right up near the compass. It is *only* then that the needle deflects. Once he moves his head away, the needle returns to its previous position. What is it with this man's head? He claims that his powers emanate from the middle of his forehead, and that's why he has to move up close. (Oddly, in other circumstances he and other psychics claim that their powers are not affected by distance.) In fact, the only reason he moves his head up close to the compass is to bring his concealed magnet within range. The magnet, naturally, deflects the needle. Where does Geller conceal his magnet? Up his nose. No self-respecting host is going to ask to check up the man's nose on live television.

A much more elegant way for you to perform this feat is to acquire a strong magnet from within a magnetic door catch and tape it to the side of your knee. Your trousers cover it. That way, you can sit at the table and when you wish to create the needle movement you simply raise your leg



beneath the table. This goes unseen and is a lot more professional than jerking your head up to the compass at the last possible minute. Try it with your friends and you'll be astounded by how readily they'll be prepared to believe you have psychic powers.

4. STOPPING AND STARTING WATCHES

We are now entering major-league territory. Time has always fascinated people, and the notion of controlling it may contribute on a psychological level to the impact of these particular demonstrations. They have proved to be a strong weapon in the hands of a gifted performer.

One basic method for stopping a watch is to secretly pull out the winder. Some watches, especially battery-operated chronological models, will turn off when the winder is snapped out. It's a way of conserving the battery life. This is easily done as you fondle the watch in your hands in preparation to performing the experiment. (Always try to get the dirty work done *before* your audience believes that you've even started. That way you're less likely to get caught in the act.) The winder, with a little practice, can be popped out with the right thumb-nail as you hold the watch in that hand alone. The entire action should

happen in an instant, and always in one hand. A casual gesture covers the popping out action. Once you've stopped the time-piece, you can display it as stopped by simply and casually concealing the popped-out condition of the winder with your thumb. Of course, you will have gone through much psychic pretence before actually reaching this final display. It is vital for you to live the part. Allow beads of sweat to form on your brow and ask everyone present to "will" the watch to stop. Ham it up — you're expected to.

Some watches will not stop unless you pull the winder out and then wind it *backwards* for a fraction. This action again is performed with one hand and is ideally covered as you ask everyone to remove their watches and to join you in the experiment.

If you cannot stop the watch, don't despair. There is always something known in the profession as an "out." It means that you'll suddenly change tack to bring about an unexpected result. This is a fully allowable ploy, for the psychic doesn't have total control over his supposed powers.

The tack you'll take will be the "moving the watch-hand" ploy. This will create the effect of mysteriously sending the time on the watch either forward or backward by an hour or so. And, being a super-psych in training, you'll go all the way and actually perform the effect in a spectator's hand. He'll swear that you never even touched the watch.

Take the watch and secretly flip out the winder with your right thumb nail. Remember, this is a one-handed action. Cover the popped-out winder with your thumb, and have someone confirm the time displayed by the hands. Now ask the owner of the watch to hold his right hand out, palm up in front of you. As you're directing him to do this, give the winder a quick flick or two, thus whirling the hands around. You're simply "rolling" the fob with your thumb. Again, it's a one-handed action, and you must not look at your hand. Once the spectator has held out his hand and you've done your deed, enclose the watch in your own hand, allowing the action to pop the winder back home. Because the watch is inside your fist, any sound created by the action will be muffled. Explain that you want the spectator to hold the watch in a likewise manner in his fist. Remove the watch from your hand, and keeping the face towards yourself, place it across the spectator's hand. Handle the watch gracefully by the ends of the straps *only*. People will later believe that you never touched the watch in such a way as to have tampered with it. Ask the spectator to close his hand around the watch.

Now, go into your act. Have everyone "will" the watch to stop. After a short while — five minutes is about right — have the spectator open his fist. Everyone will be shocked to see that the hands have moved. Sure, you didn't *stop* the watch,

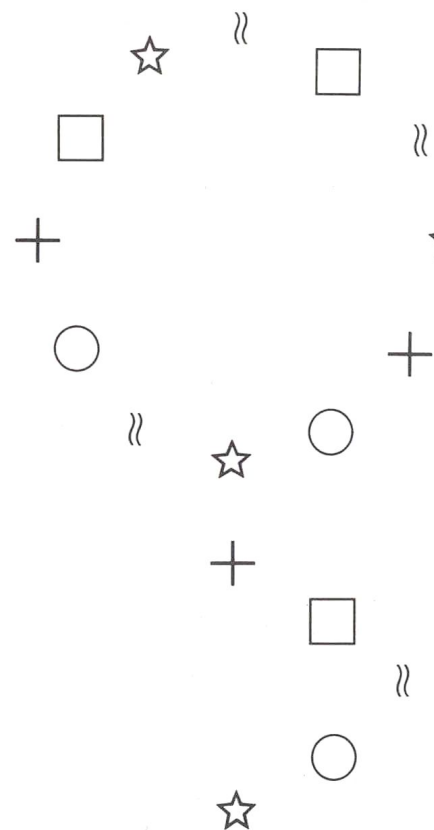


Diagram 1: Scientific Numerology Chart

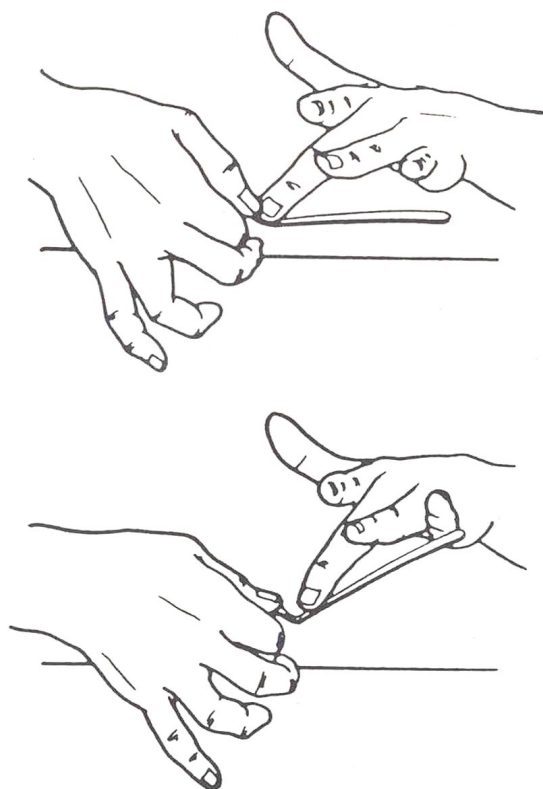
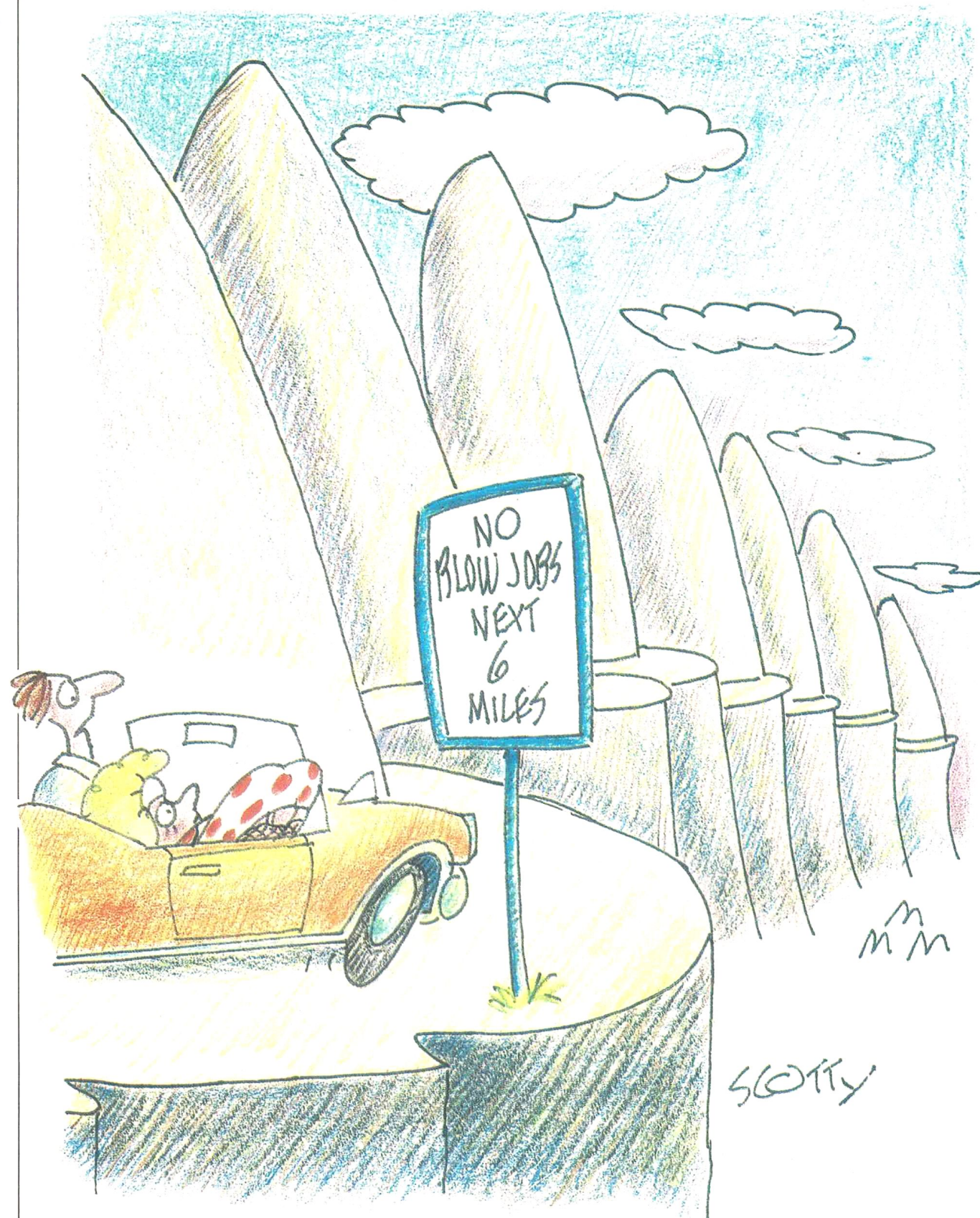


Diagram 2: Pivoting the pre-bent spoon upwards to create the impression of its visibly bending upwards against the rubbing motion



SCOTTY

but that's soon forgotten. Play it up, explaining that you didn't even touch the watch. When the people present retell the story, they'll claim that it all happened in the other guy's hand.

As a psychic, you must be prepared to accept responsibility for *everyone's* watches. If someone says their watch is running slow, *claim* responsibility! Apologise. Mention that you cannot always control the "power." Likewise, if the clock at the office plays up, or the photocopying machine skips a beat, get on it! Every other psychic does. Remember, the only place where psychic powers are not readily demonstrable is the scientific laboratory. Everywhere else is fair game.

5. BENDING METAL

The most popular items for metal bending demonstrations are keys and spoons. They happen to be readily available in most parts of the world. We all have a cutlery draw full of easy targets. Why not have a look at your spoons and forks now? I bet you'll find at least one or two items that are already bent. Everyday use tends to inflict minor kinks and bends in everyone's cutlery. However, it wasn't until Uri Geller came along that we ever bothered to check. Now you'll see how Geller creates his "in-home" effect. He performs on TV or radio and asks people at home to check their cutlery. What do they find? The already abused utensils.

Keys fall into the same category. If you get half a dozen friends together and have them examine their rings of keys, you're bound to strike a few that are mildly bent. When a psychic asks his auditorium full of eager believers to concentrate on bending their own keys, he'll strike quite a few people with the required warped ones.

Keys and spoons are quite easy to bend in your own hands too. Most people, though, have not tried. The secret to bending a key is to grasp it firmly between the hands, thumbs on top and fingers below. By giving it a firm, quick tweak you'll find that you can bend it quite easily. With practice, it is even possible to do this instantly with one hand. Brass keys are easier than steel ones. Really tough keys can be easily bent by inserting the tip of one into the eye of another; by pressing downwards you can use the eye as the fulcrum point. Other methods include pressing the tip against a table top or the edge of a chair. (Geller has even been sighted bending a key by standing on it.)

Naturally, you'll need a distraction. Key and spoon bending is performed in three stages. The first stage is *inflicting the bend secretly*, the second is *concealing the bend from view*, and the third stage is *revealing the bend* to your audience. Stage two is required to allow your audience to forget that you handled the object in a way that could have physically been responsible for the resulting bend.

Distractions are rife in psychic-land. Uri

Geller, for instance, developed a reputation for having a weak bladder. He was always asking where the toilet was and rushing off for obvious reasons. Often he asked for running water to be supplied so the bending could take place. Naturally, these requests led to wild goose chases that allowed plenty of time for the sneaky work to be performed.

A much neater distraction is to ask your audience to hold their keys tightly above their heads and get them to check the keys for psychic bends a little later on. While they're checking, and especially if someone has developed a bend, you'll have plenty of time to "tweak" your own key. Once you've inflicted your bend, conceal the body of the key in your hand as you pretend to concentrate. After a while, slowly bring the balance of the key and the psychic bend into view. Act surprised and pleased at the outcome.

After you've had a little practice, you can

‘
The secret
is quite simple.
Firstly, you must pinch
a spoon and then
duck off to the
toilet.
’

even ask a spectator to hold on to the head of a pre-bent key. You continue to rub the body, concealing the bend until you eventually leave the bent key in the spectator's hand.

These are just the basics. There are much more sophisticated methods of creating the illusion of a visible bending.

One of these, a beautiful trick that Geller used on his second tour of Australia, was done with a spoon. He'd already inflicted the bend during the required misdirection. He then grasped the spoon at the bowl end in his left hand. The handle of the spoon was kept in a horizontal state as the bent-up bowl was concealed by the left fingers. To all intents and purposes, the spoon looked perfectly straight. He now rubbed the handle with his extended right forefinger as he simultaneously pivoted the bowl downwards, which forced the handle upwards, creating the illusion that the spoon was bending *upwards* against his downward stroking. Diagram 2 shows the action.

One of the most spectacular stunts you can do with a spoon is to cause it to become so soft that it flops around and then

"melts" into two pieces. The secret is quite simple. Firstly, you must pinch a spoon and then duck off to the toilet. Lock yourself in a cubicle and then flex the spoon sharply back and forth until it weakens at a point just below the bowl. Keep bending until the spoon is *almost* ready to break in half. Straighten it as much as you can so it looks normal (although there will be a kink at its neck), and then return to the dinner table. Secretly slip the spoon back on to the table and allow some time to pass. When you're ready to demonstrate, pick up the spoon, concealing the "work" between your fingers, and introduce the subject of "psychic metal bending." Keep the prepared portion concealed (pinched) between your right forefinger and thumb. Grasp the tip of the handle with your left fingers and start to work the spoon back and forth. The spoon will appear soft, and will eventually break at the weakened point. Allow the spoon to flop around a little by firmly pinching it at the break point and gently shaking your hand. Let out a little "yelp" as if the spoon has suddenly become hot, and allow the two pieces to fall to the table. This is an excellent thing to do in an expensive restaurant. If the owner thinks you're a famous psychic, you could get all your meals for free. Believe me — I've been there.

PREDICTING THE OUTCOME OF A MAJOR SPORTING EVENT

You've now acquired some of the secrets of the psychic superstars. All you need now is a "capper" — something you can rely on to prove your powers conclusively.

An ultimatum has often been levelled at psychics: "Well, if you've really got such powers, why don't you predict the winner of this Saturday's football final?" Or: "Why don't you predict the winner of the Melbourne Cup?" These things can be done — or can appear to be done.

The trick is very simple: you cover all the bases. Two teams are playing in the final; either team A or team B will win. Take out a classified ad in the personal column of a major newspaper. Word it along these lines: "I, Super-Psychic John Smith, predict that team A will win tomorrow's final." In your city's other newspaper, or a major paper in another capital city, insert a second ad worded along the same lines but predicting the other team. After the event you can draw attention to your correct prediction and claim success.

As childishly simple as it seems, this method has been successfully used by many a top-flight psychic over the years. It works particularly well in the United States because there are so many newspapers no-one would go to the trouble of checking the others out to see if the psychic had cheated. The same principle can be used to predict the outcome of the Melbourne Cup. You simply run ads in more papers.

May your crystal never reject your aura, and may your keys always bend effortlessly. Have fun. ☯

T A O O F S E X

PART II

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GORDON FITCHETT

Ancient Chinese sexual techniques
to improve your staying power

BY JOHN MASTERS

This is the second article in a series which introduces the ideas on sexuality of a cultivated and thoughtful people — the ancient Chinese. The first instalment, published in last month's Penthouse, gave an overview of the Chinese understanding of the relationship between sex and health, and included specific techniques for overcoming the problem of impotence. In Part II John Masters explores techniques used by the Chinese to cure a second very common male sexual problem: premature ejaculation. The author is an acupuncturist who has been practising in Australia for 15 years and has taught and lectured on his art during the past ten years in Australia and the United Kingdom.

Premature ejaculation is, for modern Western man, an ego problem and a potential relationship problem. For the ancient Chinese it could be a matter of life or death. In the oldest Chinese medical book, *The Yellow Emperor's Classic Of Medicine*, there is a discussion between Wang Di (the Emperor) and his chief medical advisor Chi Po. Wang Di was puzzled about why men's sexual energy failed while they were still young, and why they died prematurely.

Chi Po's explanation was this: "People these days are too often intoxi-

cated and live a life of abuse. They have intercourse while drunk, exhaust their semen by gratifying their desires, waste their energy on self-indulgence, and become victims of their emotions, living their lives in an irregular way contrary to the true happiness of life. Thus they only live half their potential lifespan, because they cannot hold full."

Semen, from this perspective, is precious stuff and not to be sprayed around at will. Two important ideas recur in all of the Chinese literature on sex and health. The first is that frequent and prolonged intercourse is necessary for all normal human beings;





the second is that while pursuing sexual fulfilment it is important to preserve the energy generated by sexual excitement. There are techniques for achieving these goals that involve learning to reach orgasm while conserving the semen. "Holding full" is a direct reference to the Taoist technique of reaching complete orgasm without ejaculating.

Of course, this idea hasn't received a lot of credence in the West. The standard argument is that there's no scientific evidence that conservation of semen is crucial, to which I'd respond: just how much research has been done into the subject? Medical research is basically run as a business, and it would be very difficult to patent and profit from the results from this sort of investigation. Apart from that, medical knowledge has a "half-life" of about four years. This means that if a doctor graduates from a medical course today, about half of what he's learned will be superseded or simply found to be wrong in just four years.

Attitudes to the role of ejaculate loss in our general health will soon change in the light of intensive investigations into factors contributing to immunodeficiency syndromes. Recent

experience with the AIDS epidemic highlights this point. One notable opinion beginning to surface from the analysis of cases is that it is possible for frequent ejaculation to weaken the immune system. With each ejaculation a male loses about two milligrams of zinc. This trace element is essential for the formation of male sex hormones and sperm, and for the proper functioning of the body's defences against disease. Some AIDS victims have been reported as having up to seven ejaculations a day (that is, a loss of 14 milligrams of zinc). Profound zinc deficiency leads to illnesses strikingly similar to some of the opportunistic infections that occur in the terminal stages of AIDS.

Read again the advice that Chi Po gave the Yellow Emperor. If you consume large quantities of alcohol or caffeine, the amount of zinc that is lost in the urine is increased. If your diet is irregular the amount of zinc you replace is decreased. Then subtract another two milligrams each time you ejaculate. You end up running your sex life on nutritional credit. Eventually you'll have to repay the debt or have your account closed by sexual failure or even disease. Or you can simply avoid the whole problem by having a better lifestyle and learning the skills of seminal retention.

If it's true that semen should be conserved, then the problem of premature ejaculation — already a difficult one to deal with — takes on another dimension. Not only is sexual fulfilment at

stake, but so too is health in general and perhaps even longevity.

HAIR TRIGGER TYPES

Premature ejaculation, like impotence, is a symptom associated with weakness of the area around the sexual organs. This weakness leads to lack of control of the functions of this part of the body. The word "symptom" is used deliberately because this problem is only the end result of some other disorder affecting the whole body. The cause of the symptom might be dietary, physical, emotional or even environmental.

The fundamental approach of the Chinese in combating premature ejaculation is to analyse the complete psycho-physical state, lifestyle and environment of the sufferer. It's the sort of difficulty that *will* respond to clinical treatment, but a long-term solution requires changing those factors in your life that can be identified as causes.

Obviously, if your problem is being hasty, then any foods that excite your nervous system even more are not a great idea. Caffeine and other stronger stimulants will make the problem worse. Even some spices, such as chili — which increases your metabolic rate by about 25 percent — will make the responses of your nervous system more sensitive. The Chinese call these "heating foods", which explains our term "hot-blooded."

Physical causes can range from chronic ill-health to simple muscular weakness. A pot-bellied man with a protruding backside has weak muscles in the pelvic region — the area that must be strong to enjoy good sex. Women intuitively know this, which is why a taut bum is high on their list of attractive physical attributes.

Certain types of people can be identified as being more prone to premature ejaculation: those who have "type A" personalities (the aggressive over-achiever); people who exercise over-vigorously; sensitive, highly-strung types; and the young and sexually inexperienced. All of these categories have the trigger levels on their nervous systems set far too high. This shows up not only in their sexual problems but in other areas. Large groups of sportsmen are well known for their excitability. To state the obvious, they simply get too excited too quickly.

For some people, maintaining this edge can mean the difference between success and failure. There are a great many sportsmen who abstain from sex before the big event. Sexual vitality is

an extremely potent force to draw upon, but if it's not put to appropriate use the level of tension builds to exploding point. When such a man has sex he is overwhelmed by the urgency. Putting "the force" to appropriate use means, to the Taoist, having intercourse but also practising exercises that strengthen the sexual organs, allowing you to have orgasms without ejaculating, and promoting your staying power.

EJACULATORY CONTROL

With all men there is a point of ejaculatory inevitability. It's important to become more aware of the sensations that indicate when you are approaching this point. Only then can you learn to control the intensity of sexual stimulation.

There are some very simple techniques that can be used. These don't need any particular secret knowledge, involve delaying the climax, and are most useful as an interim tool while you are doing the special exercises that lead to methods of control that don't interrupt your pleasure.

The first is for both partners to bear down as if having a bowel movement. Hold your breath while doing this. You'll feel your genitals bulge. This has the effect of temporarily suppressing the sexual sensations. Another easy method relies on reversing some of the physical changes that precede orgasm. Normally, as ejaculation approaches the testicles are pulled up tightly against the body. If you pull the scrotum down, the sensation of approaching orgasm declines. As you feel yourself nearing climax, you or your partner can simply grasp the scrotum between the body and the testicles and pull gently but firmly down. You only need to use your thumb and index finger for this; the object is merely to stretch your testicles away from your body, not remove them completely.

A third method — one that has very little appeal — is the cold water dip. Have a bowl of cold water by the bed. As you feel ejaculation approaching, withdraw and dunk your penis in the water for a short period. It might be worth a try if you can both stop laughing for long enough. There's also the counting method, in which you stop thinking about what you're doing and count slowly to 100.

Methods one and two provide useful and simple techniques that you can apply straight away without too much disruption. Method three looks dodgy from all angles, while the fourth one

seems to miss the point entirely. The goal of sex is mutual enjoyment, so to achieve long-term pleasure from intercourse you need to concentrate on what you're doing.

A slightly more advanced Taoist method of ejaculation control involves pressing on a special acupuncture point, called *Hui Yin*, at the moment of orgasm. The point is found half way between the anus and the base of the testicles (see diagram in Part I of this series). This practice may prevent the actual premature *ejaculation* from happening by causing the semen to be retained in the body during orgasm, but it will not cure the underlying problem — that is, reaching orgasm too soon. To get a lasting correction, the fundamental cause (weakness of the muscles surrounding the genital organs) must be dealt with using some of the techniques below. (Pressing *Hui Yin* does, however, have the fortunate side-effect of considerably increasing the amount of sensation that your orgasm generates. You will also be able to maintain an erection after orgasm, allowing you to continue intercourse.)

Another way of delaying the onset of orgasm involves getting to know your body a bit better and learning to relax key areas at the right moment. By making a simple change to your posture you can delay orgasm as long as you wish.

You'll notice that as orgasm approaches, the muscles in your legs and buttocks begin to tighten up. This has the effect of tilting your pelvis forward and up, increasing the internal pressure on the nerves that trigger climax. By relaxing your upper legs and buttocks you can reduce this pressure. To learn how to do this, try a variation on a basic *kung fu* exercise called the Horse Riding Stance.

Stand with your feet about shoulder-width apart and parallel to each other. Bend your knees slightly so that your posture resembles that of a jockey riding. Just stand like that for a minute to get the feel of your body. Try to have the pressure of your weight evenly distributed between the heels and balls of your feet.

Now breathe in. As you do, rotate your hips forward and up. At the same time, tighten the muscles around your anus as though you were trying to control an urgent need to go to the toilet. You will get a tight sucking-up feeling in the buttocks and around the anus. Hold that position for as long as you comfortably can. Now breathe out. As you do, relax the muscles around your anus and relax your buttocks, so that your hips tilt backwards and your backside sticks out slightly.

Repeat this as many times as possible without undue fatigue. It's vital that you concentrate on the different feel-



ings in your lower body while you do the exercise. Identify the different muscles involved in each phase of the method. Once you learn to feel the muscles that tilt your hips forward and up, it's a simple matter to control your posture during intercourse. When you feel your ejaculation approaching, take a deep breath. Then breathe out as you relax the muscles in your buttocks and around your anus. You'll find that the urgent desire to come will diminish without the need to interrupt the action with anything more dramatic than a change of pace.

(Note: Some men find it difficult to reach orgasm during sex. Psychologists often attribute this to an unconscious desire to punish women by withholding the "ultimate gift" of semen. If this is your problem, practise the above exercise. When you come to apply it during sex, do the opposite to the method described above. That is, breathe in as you tighten the muscles of your legs, buttocks and anus. Tilt your pelvis forward and up. Keep tightening your muscles harder. The problem should take care of itself.)

This method for dealing with premature ejaculation will delay the orgasm indefinitely if done properly, but the real purpose of sex is to obtain fulfillment while your partner does likewise. You're not there just to impress her, are you? It's important that you experience orgasm as well, so the next level of sophistication in controlling your ejaculation involves a bit more homework.

CONTROLLING YOUR ENERGY

By practising certain exercises it is possible to reach orgasm without ejaculating and without having to press acupuncture points. The exercise introduced in Part I of this series, the Deer Exercise, is important. If you've been doing it for the last month then you should already be feeling the benefits. Here is a slightly more complex pattern of exercises that achieves the same results. These are based on a method called *Qu Gong*, which means "controlling your energy."

1. Kneel up straight with your knees comfortably apart on the floor. Have your heels raised so that the toes rest on the floor while the soles of your feet face backward.
2. Relax your body. Rub both hands together until your palms are warm. Cup your scrotum in your left hand with a gentle pressure.

3. Shut your eyes and gently exhale until you're almost empty of air. Slowly inhale through the nose and direct your breath to the lower part of your abdomen.

4. When your breath is full, stop and hold that breath. Now press the *Hui Yin* acupuncture point with the middle finger of your right hand. At the same time, clench your teeth and press your tongue to the roof of your mouth.

5. While you do this, strongly contract the muscles around your anus, pull in your stomach muscles and lean slightly forward. Lower your buttocks until they are about six inches above your heels. Keep your back straight.

6. Hold this position for about five seconds. Then release your testicles and exhale through your nose as you completely relax your muscles. This completes one cycle of the exercise.

Relax for a minute or two, then repeat the cycle. Ten cycles constitutes one practice session. Even though the exercise is described in six separate steps, work towards doing all the steps as one smooth movement.

After doing this exercise for a couple of weeks you will notice some physical responses to the movement of contracting your anal muscles. When you wake with a morning erection, grasp the shaft of your penis in your right hand. Breathe out slowly. As you approach the end of your breath, contract your anal muscles. You will be able to feel your penis pull in and simultaneously expand in your hand.

Once you can do this, turn it into another exercise. Simply repeat the contractions 36 times. It should take you about five minutes. Soon the contracting motion will become almost a reflex, requiring virtually no effort. As with any exercise, you have to practise regularly to get much benefit.

The ultimate test of your mastery of this method comes during intercourse. At the moment of orgasm, strongly contract the muscles around the anus. This will result in an extraordinarily strong sensation of orgasm, while the semen is retained in your body. You may notice some other unusual sensations but don't worry — these will be discussed in later articles. As with the more primitive method of pressing the *Hui Yin* acupuncture point, your orgasm with this method should not diminish your erection, enabling you to continue the love-making.

The more sophisticated exercises above can be used by any man to increase the length of time he can maintain an erection, and can be used to overcome the problem of premature ejaculation. *Any ejaculation that happens before you and your partner desire it is premature*, but in severe cases it can occur before insertion, on insertion or

within seconds of beginning. This may cause great suffering for both partners.

HANDS-ON LEARNING FOR BEGINNERS

Remember that almost every inexperienced youth is a premature ejaculator. Ignorance of what is happening leads to an inability to control the outcome. A similar lack of information and knowledge of simple methods of control is usually the cause of the problem in more experienced men. It's very much like learning to drive a car. Initially, you're confronted with a maze of new equipment to learn about and new skills to master. Imagine the confusion without a driving instructor. Even with one, it takes a lot of practice to get it right. Sex is exactly like this, but more fun. You must learn to appreciate and maintain your equipment, learn the rules, and then practise, practise, practise.

To continue the analogy, masturbation is a useful way of getting to know your body before you take it out on the road; it's a sort of hand-operated driving simulator. If you continually masturbate to the point of near-orgasm, then try some of the techniques described above, you will very quickly be able to transfer the skills you've mastered to the real situation. Anxiety doesn't cause premature ejaculation — lack of training and practice does, which then leads to anxiety. Learn the skills, be confident that you've had the right training, take it slowly and enjoy the journey.

Here's an exercise that might increase that enjoyment. The Ancient Chinese evolved specific sexual positions to help heal the body of many disorders. These will be discussed in detail in the fourth article of this series. For the moment it is worthwhile learning about that position which is designed to help male sexual problems. This position is used for impotence, premature ejaculation and difficulty in achieving orgasm.

The woman lies on her side and twists her hips so that her pelvis faces upward as much as possible. The man is on top, supporting his weight on his arms, and penetrates with his penis. Begin with nine shallow penetrations followed by one deep one. Then eight shallow and two deep, seven shallow and three deep, six shallow and four deep, and so on until you do one shallow and nine deep penetrations. Do this exercise twice daily for 15 days. It's important to work up to two complete sets each day.

DIAGNOSES — THE CHINESE WAY

Sometimes people get their health into pretty poor shape. If, after trying the exercises, changing your diet to include more zinc and fewer stimulants, and generally getting your health in order, you find yourself still suffering, then consult a professional acupuncturist or Chinese herbalist. If premature ejaculation is your problem, then generally you will fit one of the categories described below. (Remember that it is possible for these groups to overlap.) You will note that the premature ejaculation problem is only a symptom of a more complex disorder affecting the whole person.

The first category is called "*Kidney Qi Deficiency*." This person may be aging, have a history of chronic illness, or have pursued a lifestyle that has weakened the body seriously. Symptoms include fatigue, aching back, weak and tired legs, buzzing in the head, hair loss and loose teeth. It's also possible for this syndrome to be complicated by "*Kidney Yang Weakness*," which means that your body will "run cold", leading to a dislike of cold and shortness of breath. The other complication is called "*Kidney Yin Weakness*" and this case you'll feel hot, have hot hands and feet and suffer from night sweats.

The second important syndrome associated with premature ejaculation is called "*Damp Heat Affecting The Liver*." Do you feel irritable, feel somehow congested under the ribs, have a bitter taste in your mouth? Maybe you sometimes get a bit of pain when you urinate or suffer from an itchy crotch. This suffering is mainly self-inflicted, with alcohol, rich food, stress and repression of emotions being the main causative factors. (Note: You lot are also more vulnerable to herpes.)

Overwork and physical exhaustion, irregular eating habits, worry and too much sweet food can lead to *Heart and Spleen Weakness*. Tiredness, clammy skin, spontaneous sweating, pale complexion and palpitations of the heart are typical symptoms of this third group. Such a person must avoid sweets and cold or raw food, eat more regularly and balance their work periods with adequate rest.

MAINTAINING THE MAGNETISM

So far in this series we have dealt with impotence and premature ejaculation — very common male sexual problems. But probably the greatest sexual disorder in Western so-

ciety is simple dissatisfaction. You may not be impotent, anorgasmic (unable to reach orgasm) or a premature ejaculator, but you're not happy. Sure you love your wife, but the buzz just isn't there any more. Maybe you need a new lover?

"The sweet girl, just eighteen years, Her breasts so soft and white — Yet below her waist she's armed with a sword

That can behead all unwise men.

Although you never see Their severed heads fall, She will imperceptibly drain their bones

Of the last drop of marrow."

The *Quin-ping Mei*, China's most famous erotic novel dating from the Ming dynasty, was written as a warning against striving after wealth and worldly honors, especially excesses in the pursuit of sexual pleasure. In time the dissolute hero, Ximing Quing, dies from an overdose of aphrodisiacs. But the real lesson here is about sex and power, and the roots of sexual dissatisfaction.

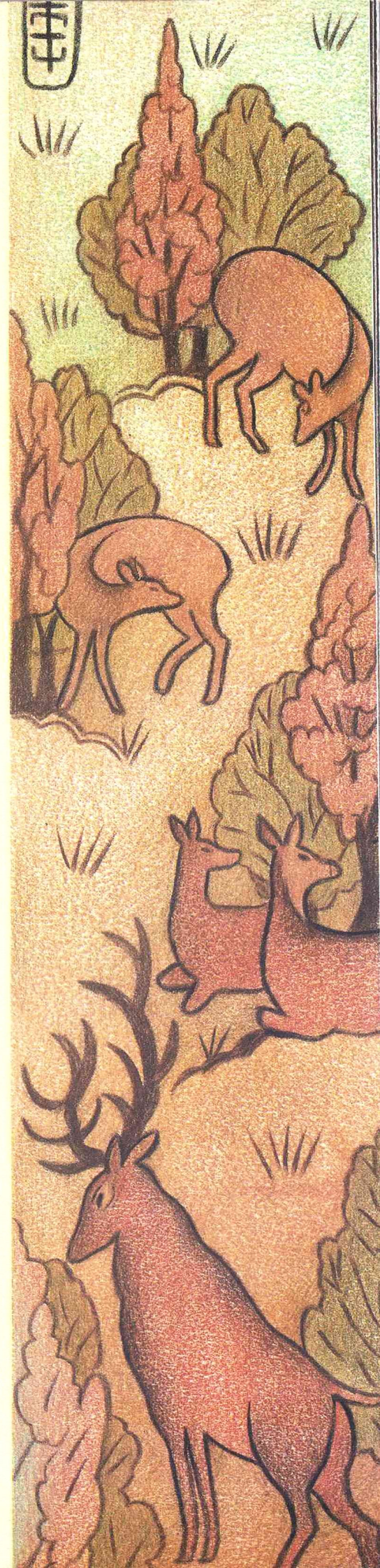
All of the changes in life, according to Chinese philosophy, are the result of the interaction of opposites. Day only has meaning when contrasted with night, heat only exists as a contrast to cold, light is a relief from darkness and male and female are the polar components of humanity.

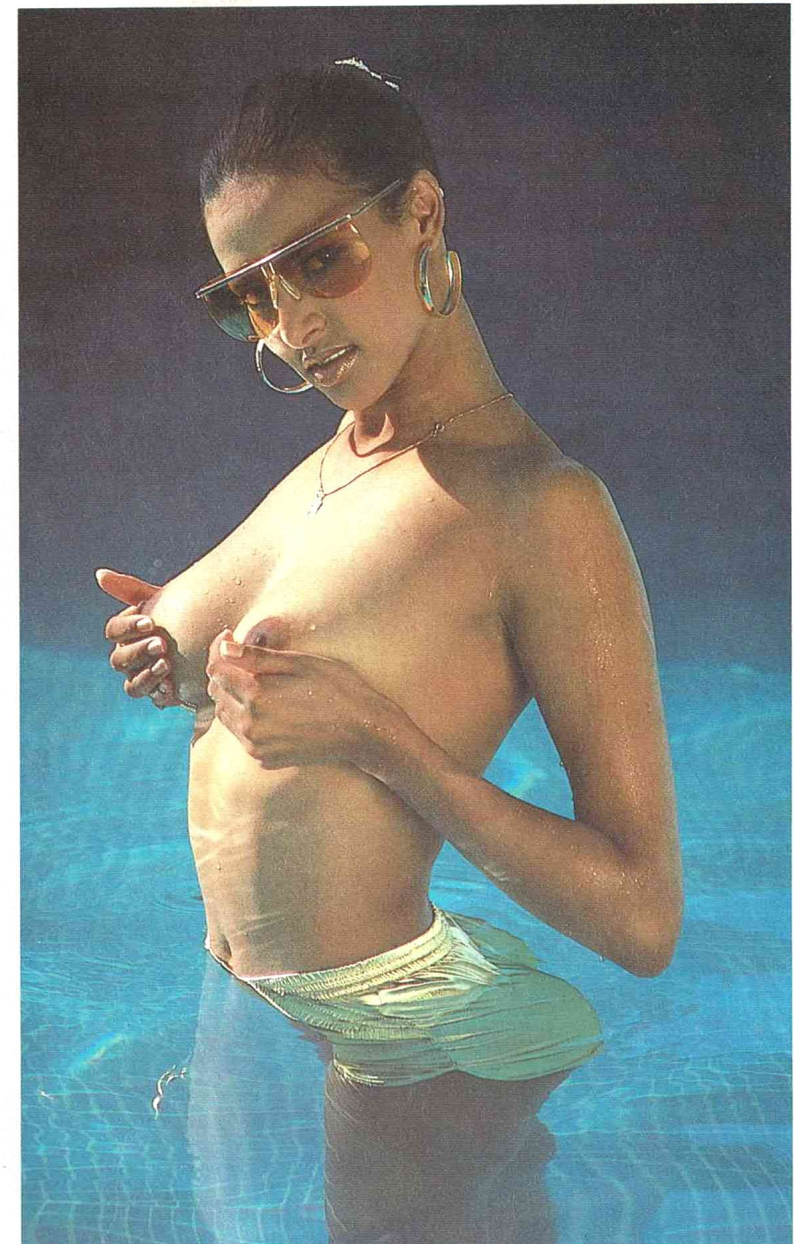
When things become similar the essential tension that creates change is lost. When dark and light mix you get grey, heat and cold together become lukewarm. When day mixes with night you get a sunset and when male becomes less male and female becomes less female you get boredom.

The essential tension generated by sexual difference fades and is replaced by indifference. Our answer has been, in the past, to either forget about sex entirely or to regenerate the sexual tension by seeking out a new partner — one who is probably younger and still capable of bearing children, and who therefore symbolises that element of difference which generates excitement.

Certainly, the woman in your life has lost some of the female energy she once had. Menstruation and childbearing have long been identified by Chinese philosophers and doctors as causes of the weakening of a woman's body. But the problem lies equally with the male partner; he too has lost a lot of his magic. A weak male magnet accompanied by a weak female magnet produces a mutually weak sexual attraction.

In the next article in this series, the Chinese Taoist techniques for keeping sexual excitement at a high level will be introduced. ☯





Some people are born spectators, while others seem destined to take charge and create their own excitement. And taking charge is just what Anita Silver has been doing for most of her young life. "I've never been one to sit on the sidelines," she says. "I'm a doer, not a dreamer."

TAKING CHARGE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WALTER FERRIER





Anita credits her exotic good looks to her unusual British/Portuguese ancestry — while taking care of her exquisite figure is a top priority.





According to Anita, the key to a successful sex life is spontaneity. She remembers the time she made love in a nature reserve. "We were hot and sticky after a long hike through the rainforest . . ."



"Suddenly, like
a mirage, there
appeared this
postcard-
perfect
waterfall
cascading over
the rocks. I'll
never forget
the feeling of
that water
pounding
against my skin
while my lover
sent me into
orbit."



FICTION BY SUSAN GEASON

heaven sent

Private investigator Syd Fish is on the trail of a girl who plays with angels and devils

He came in wearing a stupid grin and a brown suit, neither of which seemed to fit.

"Billy Cleat," he said, offering a hand the size of a Christmas ham. The name conjured up thousands of man hours lost in front of suburban TV sets on Saturday afternoons. Billy Cleat was a rugby league legend gone to fat and more recently to hell, and now it looked as if he were my client.

Someday I'll meet one of my heroes before he hits bottom.

"Luther Huck told me you find people," he said. "Luther's a friend of mine."

I found it hard to believe Luther Luck had friends. Or a mother, for that matter. I'd got to know him when I was a press secretary looking for the runaway wife of my boss, a state politician. I'd tracked her to a gambling joint in the Cross, where Luther bounced for fun and profit.

I'd found the wife and lost my job, which is why I was sitting in a decrepit broom cupboard in Darlinghurst pretending to be a private detective.

Billy Cleat's monotonous voice dragged me back from an erotic reverie about the lost wife's twin sister. "I want you to find Devon."

"What? Where?" I asked.

"It's a her," he said patiently. "My lady, Devon Kent."

A narrow escape. You don't make mistakes with brain-dead brunos like Billy Cleat: they might get irritable and kick a goal with your head.

Billy told me he was chauffeuring for Larry Azzaro, a drug boss who had made guest appearances in at least two Royal Com-

ILLUSTRATION BY GLENN FORD



heaven sent

missions to my knowledge. Azzaro was slick and vicious and operated out of a well-fortified Italianate mansion in Bellevue Hill. Devon Kent was one of Larry's hand-me-downs, and she'd gone missing. Privately I thought she must have been getting rather frayed round the edges to take Cleat on.

Billy didn't tell the story quite like that, of course. He was in love.

"What's Devon do?" I asked. "Where does she hang out?"

"She's an exotic dancer. But I don't think she's been working much lately."

That meant another source of income — hooking or dealing or both.

"Why not?"

"She's been sick," he said. Smack, I thought.

"So when did you see her last?"

"A couple weeks ago. She was up at the house."

"Azzaro's house?" Were they still friends or just business associates? "What for?"

He hesitated. "They keep in touch."

Billy wasn't telling me much. He didn't want me to get the right idea about his girlfriend.

"Why do you think something has happened to her, Billy? Doesn't she ever drop out of sight?"

"Yeah, but she wouldn't now. I mean, I

uh... was getting something for her. She said she'd come and pick it up."

I had to ask. "Drugs?" I hoped he wouldn't take offence and drop kick me to the moon.

"Shit, no," he said, shocked. Billy had a strange sort of innocence — or maybe it was just too many knocks on the head.

"Well?"

Finally he squeezed it out: "Money."

It was serious. Ladies like Devon Kent might miss their mother's funeral, a court appearance, or even the entire Bicentenary, but they always turned up for drugs or money.

"So she dropped in on you, visited your boss, then went up in smoke. Have you asked Larry about it?"

"Yeah. He said she left around midnight and he hasn't heard from her since."

"And you believe that?"

He gaped at me. "I suppose so, yeah."

"But you didn't see her leave?"

"Nah. I sleep out the back with the cars. I can't see people going in and out."

Of course not.

I had a sudden flash of Billy's life: *Boys' Own* hero reduced to a room over the garage, a color TV and Larry Azzaro's cast-off tarts. It made my life look glamorous.

"Did Larry go out that night?"

"If he did, I didn't drive him."

"Could he have taken one of the cars without you knowing?"

"He can't drive," said Billy.

So however she left the house, it hadn't been in the boot of one of Larry's Mercedes. She might, of course, have left in a taxi. Or on the 387 bus. Or maybe she hitched a ride to Queensland to start a new life.

I made one last stab at dragging something useful out of him. "Tell me about Devon, Billy. Who does she owe? Who are her friends? Who'd want her out of the way?"

He seemed helpless. "She knows everybody, Syd."

"Give me somewhere to start, mate," I pleaded.

He racked his brains, which didn't take long, and told me Devon shared a flat in Elizabeth Bay with Grace Ho. I asked for the phone number.

He avoided my eyes. "Ah, I don't know. Devon always called me."

From the way that depressed me, I could tell I was beginning to like the poor dumb bastard. I was also picking up Devon's spoor, and she smelled like a user. Lots of people might have wanted her out of their lives.

As I was seeing him out, he said: "Be heaven sent with Devon Kent."

"What?"

He repeated it. "That's how they used to advertise Devon's act," he explained slowly, as if I were an idiot. It would stick to my brain like a burr.

I said I'd get back to him, and he shambled off, a gentleman to the last, protecting a lady's name. The Christian Brothers would be proud of him.

If Devon's friends weren't talking, I'd have to sniff out some of her enemies. By the time I'd done that she'd probably have turned up from a weekend at the Gold Coast with a Japanese businessman, a long binge in a filthy flat somewhere in Bondi, or a short sojourn in a psych ward.

After a couple of sausage rolls and a Coke, I called my best friend, Lizzie Darcy. Lizzie is a journalist who lives on gossip and knows all the bit players in the Sydney milieu — their records, aliases, feuds, even their poor little old Irish mothers down in The Rocks. We arranged to meet that night in the Great Western on Broadway.

I thought about Lizzie while I sat waiting in the pub, eating stale peanuts and listening to a couple of sub-editors moaning about cadets (some things never change). Lizzie was small, dark and intense, with an evil laugh and a mind like a laser.

She wasn't beautiful, but she had a force field that lit up a room. I lusted after her intermittently, but she'd long ago turned me into a friend, and when I'd got over my punctured pride I'd been glad, because so far I'd outlasted all the lovers.

"Tell me about Devon Kent," I said after we'd organised some beers.

"She's a hooker and a junkie, and she's got a big mouth," said Lizzie. "That's the short answer."

"Indiscreet?"

"Devon is indiscreet like Russ Hinze is plump."

I was liking this case less and less.

Lizzie told me Devon had worked her way up from stripping through dealing drugs to Azzaro's constant companionship before her habit took over. When Azzaro kicked her out she started talking too much — to the newspapers, some said to the police. There were even rumors she was having it off with a narc, whose name Lizzie supplied. People were getting very nervous. She was dealing again, and there was talk she owed big money. Billy was right — a cast of thousands.

"You seem to know a lot about her."

"I did a series on the Cross and interviewed Devon," Lizzie snapped. "Don't you read the papers any more?"

I realised I had seen it, but at the time Devon had been just another relentless self-promoter. "She must have had something going for her if a big harmless dope like Cleat is in love with her," I said, hoping to deflect Lizzie's fire.

"Billy's in love with some role Devon plays for clapped-out footballers who'll lend her money, put up with her bullshit and frighten the other goons off. She's manipulative and very street smart. And she looks pretty good for someone who's been on the game on and off for 15 years."

She surveyed herself sourly in the grimy pub mirror: "I don't know how they do it."

I told her she would always be beautiful to me, but she wasn't listening: "To be fair, there was something special about Devon. Till the smack took over, she used to be very glamorous in a sleazy sort of way. Very dashing. But lately she's just very... very, if you know what I mean."

We drank on in glum silence. "What about Grace Ho, Liz?" I asked, remembering what I'd come for.

"Amazing Grace? Is Devon still living with her? Grace should have kicked her out ages ago."

She told me Grace was a model who'd got sick of having to starve and screw photographers to make a living and had moved into couriering drugs from Thailand.

"Is she still in the business?"

"I imagine so," said Lizzie. "It would be hard to give up that sort of money. But she certainly isn't a mule anymore. What with equal opportunity and all, she'd be a senior executive with one of the Chinese syndicates by now."

"Why the nickname?"

"Amazing Grace?" She smirked: "You'll find out soon enough."

"Give me a break," I said. "What's she like?"

Lizzie pondered for a while, then grinned at me. "Grace Ho is very... Chinese."

I had to confess that I couldn't get hold of Grace's phone number. Shaking her head at my incompetence, Lizzie looked it up in her contact book.

As we got up to leave, she said:

"Devon's either gone underground for her own good, or been put there for someone else's. I'd put my money on the latter." She smiled gently: "The latter means the last one."

I went off in a huff, her nasty laugh like bullets in my back.

"You'll love the apartment," she yelled.

Amazing Grace wasn't at all interested in seeing me till I said, "Lizzie Darcy thinks Devon Kent is probably in the Harbor without her water wings."

We arranged to meet.

I'm not sure what I was expecting a Chinese drug queen to look like, but Grace Ho was straight out of *Vogue*. The French edition.

"Are you buying, Mr Fish, or just looking?" she chirruped.

She was tall for a Chinese, and highly polished, like very good jade. Clothes from Double Bay; eyes rounded off to the near-

"Lizzie Darcy thinks Devon Kent is probably in the Harbor without her water wings"

est \$5000.

The apartment was neo-deco, with high ceilings, parquet, glassed-in conservatory with a jungle and real birds and views to the Heads. Very stylish, and not what you would automatically associate with Devon Kent, stripper and junkie.

"Nice apartment," I said.

"Thank you, Mr Fish. It has already doubled in value. And I own three others in this building."

I could have sworn I heard the click of an abacus. "Do you collect shoes, too?" I asked, po-faced.

She frowned. "Ah, a little joke."

She made tea and watched expressionlessly while I put milk and sugar in mine. "Perhaps you would also like a fortune cookie, Mr Fish?"

It was hard to concentrate while up to my neck in a silky leather couch and wraparound harbor views, but I was able to ascertain that Grace hadn't been particularly worried about Devon, who often disappeared for weeks at a time.

"Are you sure she wasn't in trouble?" I asked.

"There is always danger in the streets,

Mr Fish," said Grace, sipping tea, impenetrable as the *I Ching*.

"Did she have any enemies?"

Devon knew so many people, Grace said. It was just possible some of them did not care for her.

Grace Ho wasn't giving anything away. I was surprised she wasn't charging me by the minute for the view.

"So you've got no ideas?"

She smiled without warmth: "There is no future in ideas, Mr Fish. Especially big ideas." Dropping her eyes, she retreated into the overacted inscrutability I'd last seen on Anna May Wong in *Shanghai Express*.

But she did tell me she hadn't seen Devon since the night she'd visited Azzaro.

"What was she wearing?"

Grace led me to her friend's bedroom. Devon was closer here: it was all frills, spilt makeup and photos of Devon in various degrees of undress. The girl's energy and recklessness leaped out of the pictures. She was small, blonde and curvy, not really beautiful — her pale blue eyes protruded slightly, and there was a gap between her front teeth — but the little defects made her look vulnerable. She became real to me for the first time, and I began to hope she wasn't dead.

Grace opened an enormous walk-in wardrobe. Now I don't know much about women's clothes, but Devon's looked gaudy, even to me. She was as overdressed as an opera singer. Certainly Amazing Grace wouldn't be caught dead in any of this gear.

She rifled through the racks and said: "Red leather skirt, red silk shirt."

I decided I was being conned. "Shoes?"

Grace looked down. "Red, of course." She smiled in triumph: "Snake-skin sling backs, high-heeled."

When she caught the look on my face she said, "Devon's shoes were always the same color as her dress, Mr Fish. She was, I think you could call it... a monochromaniac?"

That too, I thought.

She raised an eyebrow and pointed to the 50 or more pairs of shoes. "As you can see, it was Devon who collected shoes, Mr Fish."

I noticed that Grace had started using the past tense.

Vanquished, I was shown the door. I felt as if I'd been beaten to death with a paper fan.

But I was still curious. "Tell me, Ms Ho, exactly where did Devon Kent fit into your scheme of things?"

Grace was beginning to realise Devon was dead, perhaps murdered, and the mask slipped a millimetre. "Devon was my friend, Mr Fish. How can I explain, except to say she was very..." Her hands fluttered as she tried to convey Devon's essence. "Very alive."

And now, I thought, very dead.



Our eyes met. The door closed gently in my face.

I might have felt sorry for Grace if I hadn't felt sorrier for the bundles of rags lying in Kings Cross alleyways dying for her merchandise. They probably had friends somewhere, too.

My next move was to call one of my friends who had the thankless task of doing public relations for the police. I needed to know where Devon's policeman was when she disappeared. He wasn't all that keen till I started to reminisce about his horticultural pursuits in the late Sixties.

That night I got Azzaro's unlisted number out of Billy, and fortified by several beers, rang the house. A surly minder answered. I said I wanted to talk to his boss, and he asked why. I was trying to find Devon Kent, I explained.

"What do you think this is, shithead?" he screamed. "A fucking travel agency?" Then he hung up. I started getting nostalgic for my old job with Barry Cromer. I was obviously going soft. Next I'd be sentimentalising my stint on the Melbourne Truth.

To comfort myself, I went to one of the last real cafes, near Central, ate fish in thick yellow batter, chips, frozen peas, several slices of white bread, apple pie and ice

cream and a pot of stewed tea.

There were two messages on my machine when I got home — Billy wanting to know if I had any news, and the soft staccato voice of Grace Ho: "I wondered, Mr Fish, if you knew Angel Gloria was at the house the night Devon went missing." I kept calling Grace's number, but only got a recorded brush-off.

Who the hell was Angel Gloria?

One person in Sydney was sure to know. Lizzie was still at work, and didn't want to be bothered.

"Piss off, Syd. I'm waiting for a call."

Lizzie was having a bumpy affair with a devious political apparatchik who lived on planes and thought every Labor government in the country would fall if he took an hour off. "From Machiavelli?"

"Are you quite finished?" she asked through clenched teeth.

"Just tell me who Angel Gloria is," I pleaded.

"Meet me at Coluzzi's at 10 o'clock," she ordered.

My phone rang, very late. The lady declined to give her name.

"I hear you're looking for Devon Kent." The voice had laughed and smoked and drunk through thousands of late nights.

I didn't know whose side she was on, so I was noncommittal.

"Everybody knows," she said. "Just like they know you're not going to find her. Alive, that is."

"How do they know?"

"Devon burned Larry Azzaro for ten thousand bucks a couple of weeks ago. She was calling in a lot of old debts before she disappeared. Or trying to."

"Did she raise the money?"

"No. People were getting pretty sick of Devon towards the end. She ran out of credit."

"What's your interest?" I asked.

"I loved Devon," she said simply. "Larry Azzaro killed her, and I want somebody to nail the bastard."

I seriously doubted it would be me, but I thanked her and sat staring at the phone, wondering how many of my friends would be around if I needed \$10,000 urgently.

Coluzzi's was crowded and deafening, as usual, so we sat outside, in direct contravention of local ordinances. We had to fight it out with the flies, but at least it was cooler.

"Angel Gloria," I prompted.

"Tell me why you want to know, first."

"Grace Ho tipped me off. Said she was at Azzaro's house that night."

"Ah," said Lizzie, nodding to herself, while I mainlined caffeine and cherry Danish. "What did you think of Grace, by the way?"

"You were right," I said, watching her eyebrows and expectations rise — she was dying to hear how Grace had mauled me. "I liked the apartment."

"God, you never change, do you?" she said, narrowing her eyes. But she relented and told me that the Angel had replaced Devon in Larry Azzaro's affections, which was one way of putting it. Lizzie described her as tiny, exquisite, blonde, blue-eyed. The Angel called herself a model, though she tended to do most of her modelling without the inconvenience of clothes.

Lizzie was entranced by Gloria. "Here's this incredible looking woman who's a complete primitive, a social leper. She doesn't know the difference between right and wrong — lies, cheats, steals, whores around. She's learned to keep her mouth shut most of the time, but if something sets her off, she's utterly vile." Lizzie laughed: "A real dirty little girl, that one."

"Drugs?"

"I don't think so. She's so stupid, she's sort of naturally spaced out."

Gloria's background explained a lot: second-generation welfare family, father an alcoholic recidivist who loved his daughters a little too much, mother ten IQ points off retarded. It was a miracle the Angel got out, Lizzie reckoned.

"Only as far as Larry Azzaro's bedroom," I commented.

"Give credit where it's due," said Lizzie. "At least the bedroom is in Bellevue Hill. She could be propping up a door in Darlinghurst Road."

"If Gloria knows something, I'll have to get it out of her without Azzaro knowing, or he'll rip my arms off," I said. "How the hell

am I going to do that?"

I wasn't getting any sympathy. "Gloria works out at the Oxford Gym every day," said Lizzie, looking at her watch. "If you hurry, you'll catch her."

The Oxford Gym was full of gays working on their immune systems, housewives working on their cellulite, and a sprinkling of models and dancers gaining through pain. It didn't take me long to locate Angel Gloria, succulent in the faintest suggestion of a silver gym suit. I could see why she chose the Oxford Gym: if she'd popped her pectorals downtown at the Hyde Park, she would have caused more coronaries than the Crash of '87.

I changed into my shorts and aging running shoes and surveyed myself in the mirror. A mistake. After briefly contemplating suicide or a month at a fat farm, I pulled myself together and sidled up to the Angel, who was puffing away on the Nautilus.

I introduced myself. The vacant blue eyes sucked me in and spat me out. Insulting but understandable.

"I'm a friend of Grace Ho's," I persisted. "She told me I should talk to you."

Amazing Grace's name catapulted Gloria into the fight or flight mode. "Who the fuck are you, and what do you want?" The voice had an edge like a buzz saw. This girl should be doing ads for the Labor Party.

"I'm looking for Devon Kent," I said. "Her friend, Mr Cleat, seems to think she may have met with a misadventure." I can be mean too.

Her jaw dropped: "What?"

I translated. "Devon Kent has disappeared, and Grace Ho thinks you know something about it."

"I don't know any Devon Kent," she said, voice rising.

"But you were at the house when she came to see Larry, weren't you?"

"No. I've never met her. I don't know nothing!"

The cherubic face had clanged shut, and the blue eyes were frightened. She wasn't all that pretty now.

I hammered away. "How did Devon get back to town that night? Did Larry call her a cab?"

"No. I don't know. I told you I wasn't there!" she shrieked. "Fuck off! Leave me alone!"

Roused by the rumpus, a gorilla in a powder blue track suit padded over and escorted me firmly to the door. I went quietly. Behind me, red-faced and furious, the Angel spat obscenities.

As I massaged my bruised biceps, I wondered when Larry Azzaro would realise that his fetish for small dangerous blondes was costing too much. I had an uncomfortable feeling he'd be paying me a visit soon, so I threw some gear into the Valiant and checked into a cheap hotel.

Back in the office, Lizzie's disembodied voice informed me that Devon had been

found in the bush beside the F3. She sounded upset. When I called back I found out why — Devon had been beaten to death. With fists.

"What was she wearing?"

Lizzie consulted the report. "Red silk blouse, red leather mini skirt."

"Shoes?"

"Doesn't say anything about shoes."

She went away to talk to the police roundsman. "Gary says there were no shoes at the scene. She must have lost them in the fight or in the car. They're probably in a creek by now, or at the tip. Is it important?"

"No. I was just trying to score a point."

Lizzie laughed. "I warned you about Grace Ho, didn't I?"

Somebody should have warned me about Lizzie Darcy: she could read my mind.

"Thanks," I said. "Now all I have to do is tell Billy before he hears it on the news."

6
Finally something
connected in Billy's
brain. It was like watching
a light go on
in an empty
warehouse.
,

I decided to do it over the phone — I'm basically a coward. It didn't work. He told me to meet him at the Dolphin in Crown Street. I told him everything I knew, down to the missing red shoes.

"Devon has... had this thing about shoes," said Billy morosely.

I wanted to keep it businesslike. "Looks like I'm off the case, mate. The cops will be all over it now."

He wasn't paying any attention. "I heard you been talking to Gloria."

"Yeah, if you could call it that." I told him what happened. "Was Gloria there that night, Billy? Grace thinks she was."

"Grace said that?" He was impressed. Grace Ho's opinions carried a lot of freight on this turf.

"She probably was there, Syd. She usually is."

"Billy, how did Devon get out on the Wollongong road from Bellevue Hill? You didn't take her, and Larry can't drive."

There was a long silence, and finally something connected in the back of Billy's brain. It was like watching a light go on in an empty warehouse.

"Gloria's got a car," he said.

"But you told me nobody took the cars out."

"Gloria's car doesn't fit in the garage, Syd. She parks it in the lane beside the house."

"There's a lane? Can you see it from your room?"

"No."

"Could Gloria have taken the car out without being seen?"

"There's a gate," he said. Just like that: There's a gate.

"Where's the car now, Billy?"

"It got stolen." His voice was flat. Suddenly he looked old. Hope had fled, along with the years, the muscle tone and the adulation. He sat on in silence for a while, absently drinking, thinking of Devon perhaps. Then he got up and shook my hand, paid his bill in cash, thanked me graciously and left.

I closed up my office and went out and got drunk, had dinner with a sympathetic lady lawyer, danced my arse off at the Tool Box in Oxford Street (a bit tame since the AIDS scare), drank more, then went back to the motel and passed out. The next morning found me wounded, but not as badly as Billy Cleat, I feared.

I rang Lizzie and cried on her shoulder till she got sick of me. "Jesus, Syd, everybody's got problems. My newspaper's just been sold to Rupert Murdoch and my boyfriend's got Head Office gunning for him. At least you've only got Larry Azzaro to worry about."

Time passes. I'd regained my equilibrium by the time Lizzie called in the early hours of a Sunday morning to tell me that Billy Cleat, Larry Azzaro and Angel Gloria were dead. Apparently Billy lost control of the Merc and smashed head-on into a pylon coming out of the Kings Cross tunnel.

I was winded. The world seemed a little greyer, somehow.

"What do you think, Sydney?" asked Lizzie, a little subdued. "Would Billy lose control of a car? Just now, just like that?"

"It could happen. He hits the piss."

"But if he did it on purpose, he must have decided they killed Devon. Maybe he found some proof."

If he did, we would never know. The case was closed.

The Glebe Morgue is old, cold and eerie, and smells of chemicals and mortality. The mortuary attendant moves swiftly and skillfully about his tasks.

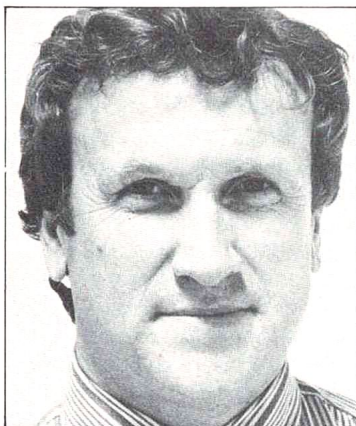
Inured to sudden and violent death as he is, he pauses to mourn the perfection of Gloria's naked body, which seems to glow in the gloom. No-one would want to look at her face now, though.

He sighs and gets on with it, labelling her things and sealing them in plastic bags. He doesn't look twice at the elegant high-heeled red shoes, which add an almost obscene splash of color to Angel Gloria's last gig. 



IN WITH THE NEW

Tom Walkinshaw's first Holden special proves there is life after Brock



When Peter Brock's business empire became a designated drop zone — an automotive Dresden — early last year, the Holden's Motor Company turned to Tom Walkinshaw to take over its image-making high-performance car and racing activities in Australia. Brock out; Walkinshaw in. That's

an over-simplification of what was a messy and turbulent period as Brock and Holden's ended their lengthy and profitable marriage. Mud was flung and some still sticks today.

Brock has always claimed that HMC elbowed him aside because it had Walkinshaw waiting in the wings. Holden insists the end came because of Brock's intransigence in the matter of the controversial energy polariser. Walkinshaw, says HMC, was signed up much later.

What is known is that after a suitable period of mourning, Holden's announced the appointment of Walkinshaw. He would set up a company called Holden Special Vehicles in partnership with HMC (which would take a 25 percent share) to produce performance versions of the Holden range. Later — much later — came the predictable news that Walkinshaw was also responsible for Holden's international touring car activities, usurping Brock's old role.

It must be said that Walkinshaw is the best possible choice. But he comes on to a stage dominated by the Brock presence. Brock has gone but he won't go away. The polariser saga appears not to have adversely affected PB's soaring popularity; his approval rating is still sky-high and out there in the hot car heartland — in Sunshine and Mount Druitt and Redcliff — Brockie's still king. This encapsulates the massive job of Holden's. Selling Walkinshaw — an outsider — to the masses.

The strange animal that is the V8-crazed Australian sporting car lover is not necessarily an auto sophisticate. He can't be guaranteed to accept the Walkinshaw product simply because it might be a better car, designed and produced as it is on a foundation of careful engineering using data from specialists in their craft in Europe and Australia.

Holden's marketing gurus do recognise the



THE NEW

problem. Already there has been a shift upmarket with the newer Walkinshaw product in an effort to jump over the more hostile (and confused) low-rent sector still strongly loyal to Brock (even though he's doing the unthinkable and racing a BMW). While Brock and his successor are each dynamic race drivers who went on to find joy and success in the business world, there any similarities end.

Brock is the gregarious free-wheeling jumping bean who peddled a rare natural driving talent into eight — or is it nine? — Bathurst triumphs. And, along the way, a business materialised. It was the end product of one man's mass appeal, and not surprisingly dominated by the forceful Brock personality.

The events of the last 18 months suggest Brock, extraordinary race driver that he is, is not a great business pragmatist. He was prepared to kill the golden goose rather than shelve the orgone energy philosophies that conservative Holden would not and could not accept (not without scientific verification). After the traumatic bustup with Brock, Holden's made clear its intention to take a partner whose appeal came from robust business practices. A charismatic persona was not high on the checklist, although the man Holden's ultimately chose ahead of ten other tenderers is hardly bereft of personality.

Built like a pub bouncer, Walkinshaw is a softly-spoken Scot who has just hit the big four-O. At first he seems cool and guarded. Stern even. After a motor race, the sweat-streaked red-faced Walkinshaw is given to wearing a towel around his neck in the manner of a prize-fighter. Symbolism.

Get him to slow down and he loosens up. A whimsical self-deprecatory wit lurks beneath the taciturn mask. He tells how at the Spa 24-hour race in 1986, when stricken with a crippling back problem, he sought help from a chiropractor attached to a rival team. Uneasily stretched out on a table, Walkinshaw noticed a steady stream of the curious checking on his progress. "Yes, Armin Hahne, that soul of discretion, had told everyone along pit row."

The chiropractor was the mysterious Dr Eric Dowker, travelling with the Peter Brock team. And thanks to Hahne, a West German race driver with truly expressive gifts of the consummate storyteller, those tent flap voyeurs believed they were seeing a strange unnatural rite performed on a submissive convert to a new faith.

The story demands a postscript: Dowker's orgone energy theories have attracted criticism and his level of influence over Brock has been the subject of conjecture. In this case there were certainly no qualms about his chiropractic skills. Dowker got Walkinshaw's formidable superstructure back in order. On other

sensitive matters — the polariser, past Brockmobiles — Walkinshaw is a zipped lip. Prudently, he won't budge except to praise Brock's driving talent.

Walkinshaw the businessman is much like Walkinshaw the driver. There's the impression of complete control, a cutting decisiveness, a determination to succeed and a disquieting absence of overt flamboyance and showmanship. He doesn't favor the trappings of some globetrotting high flyers. The suits are conservative, the hair more highlands than high fashion. Toys such as his modified red body-kitted Jaguar XJS — top speed 290 km/h — and his own HS125 executive jet are on hand for expediency and convenience. Walkinshaw is a man in a hurry.

His snap travel habits are legend among his executives. Some have left home for a day at the office and found themselves in New York. Most wouldn't dare go anywhere without their passport, a change of

6
It's the most
visually startling of
all Holdens. Form follows
function. Subtle it
ain't. Aesthetics are
not really a factor.

clothes and a toothbrush. What Holden's saw in Walkinshaw was an unrivalled business record, reflecting a sound, hard-nosed approach to every task. The word most often applied to TWR (Tom Walkinshaw Racing) is "professional." Bossman Walkinshaw employs a relatively simple dogma in the execution of his array of activities — race and otherwise — around the globe. He merely gets the very best people to do the work for him. He has activities on three continents; the annual turnover is in excess of 60 million quid.

TWR has rattled up an astonishing success rate: European championships, Spa 24-hour races, Silverstone TTs, the James Hardie 1000. Earlier this year, his Jaguar sports cars finished first and third in the team's first shot at the 24 Hours of Daytona. The Tom Cats broke an 11-year Porsche domination. Last year, the Jags won the world sportscar championship.

The association with Jaguar has been mutually rewarding. TWR has certainly given the performance image of the British marque a desperately needed polish on the international stage. In return Walkinshaw has added some silver coin to

his chest, while enhancing his own reputation as racer and businessman.

The pin-stripers at Jaguar acknowledge that the services of Tom Walkinshaw do not come at a bargain basement rate. The canny Scot is very aware of the value of excellence. But, as the Jaguar folk happily point out, a job from Tom is a job well done.

In international motor racing circles, Tom Walkinshaw Racing is regarded as the slickest race team operating outside of Formula One. In fact, TWR's Jaguar sportscar effort (this year operating on two fronts — in Europe and the United States) is not short of personnel with F1 experience. They include designer Tony Southgate and drivers Raul Boesel, Eddie Cheever, Jan Lammers and John Watson. TWR is expected to soon enter grand prix racing; it's logical. The ultimate motor racing challenge. And there's no doubt that the planning and execution of an F1 campaign will be just as fastidious and ultimately effective as any race program tackled in the past.

Meanwhile Walkinshaw is back in the international touring car cauldron in heavy duty fashion... as driver and team boss. More often seen these days in the threads of the boardroom animal (he didn't race at all in 1987), Walkinshaw retains the urge to personally kick ass on the racing circuit.

Enter the striking new Commodore Group A SS, derived from the basic family hack and created jointly by a brains trust including Holden's engineers, TWR boffins and brilliant local racer/engineer Larry Perkins. It is the most powerful, fastest, and priciest Holden ever, a street version of its international touring car king-hitter for 1988. It is also the first of the Holden hotties of the post-Brock era.

The road runner is a limited-edition motor sporting special; just 750 Group A SS models have been built. The spec is impressive and the asking price a steep \$45,000. It's destined to be a collectors' piece, just as the Brock specials have become.

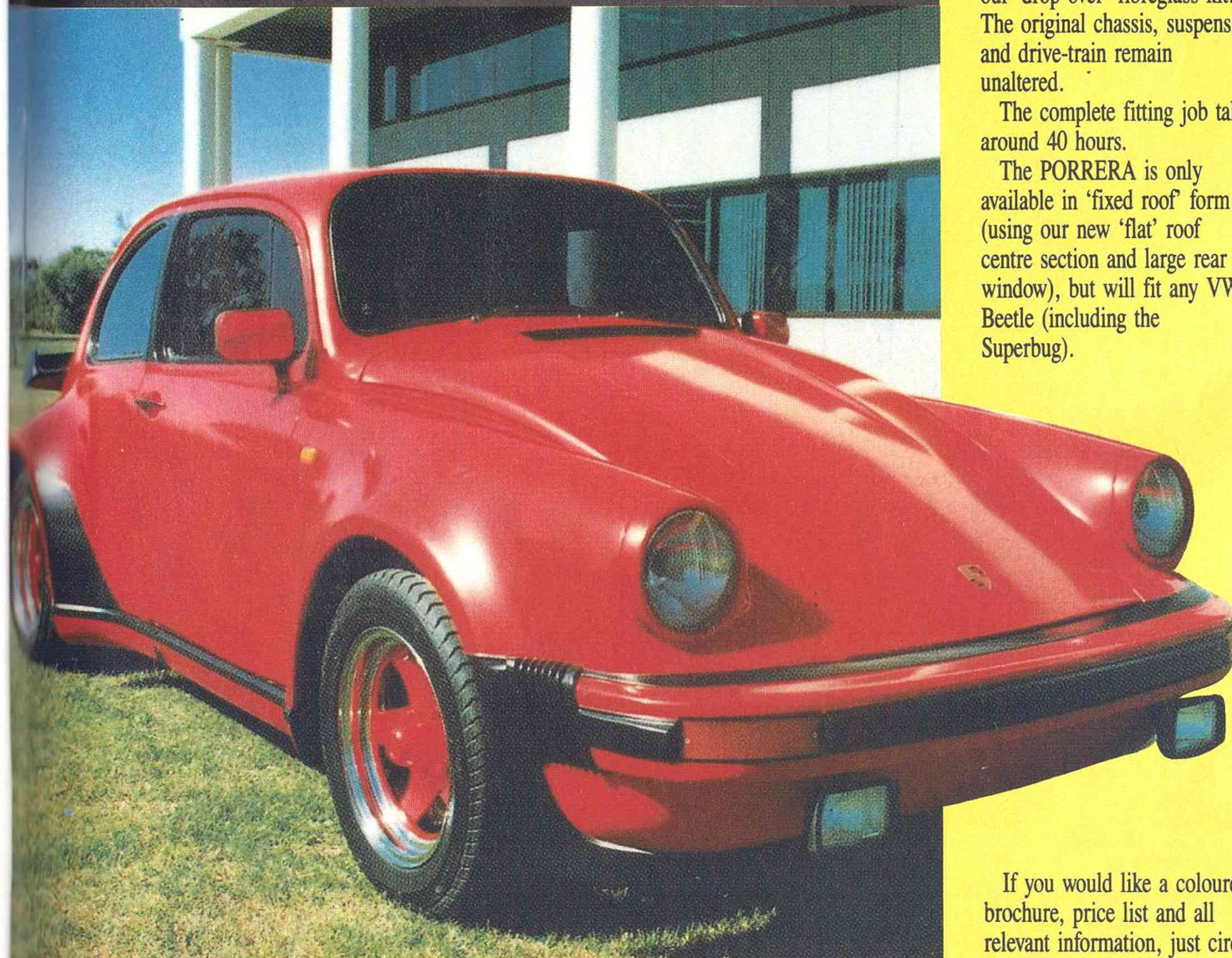
In road trim, the Walkinshaw-influenced Commodore races to 235 km/h. And it gets there rather swiftly. Zero to 100 takes a tad over six seconds. It's an extensively-engineered fuel-injected version of the long-service 5.0-litre V8, now punching out a thumping 241 horsepower.

Available in any color as long as it's silver, it's also the most visually startling of all Holdens. Form follows function. Subtle it ain't; aerodynamics are the result of laborious, terribly scientific wind tunnel testing carried out by Tom's lads in England. Ten weeks it took, but then Walkinshaw reveals that it takes 40 horsepower less to propel this car at 200 km/h than it did to push along the old car.

Aesthetics are not really a factor in the design. A massive bonnet scoop, side skirts, cow-catcher front air dam and

Continued on page 144

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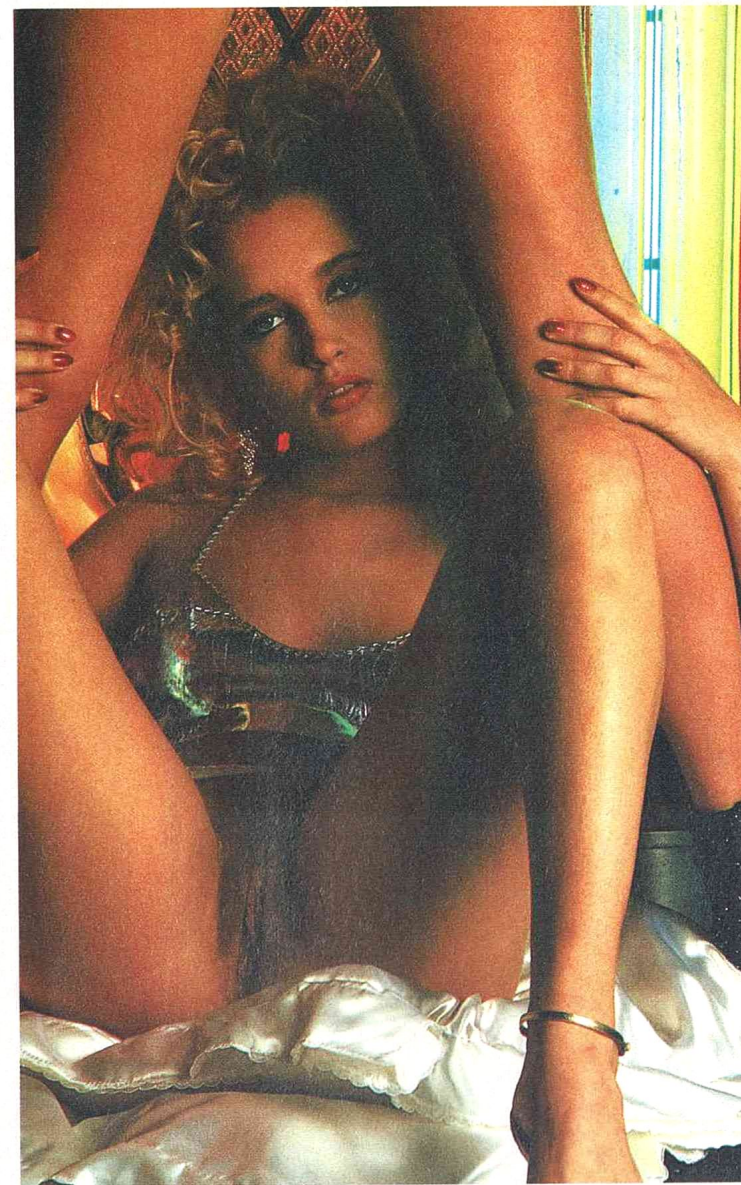
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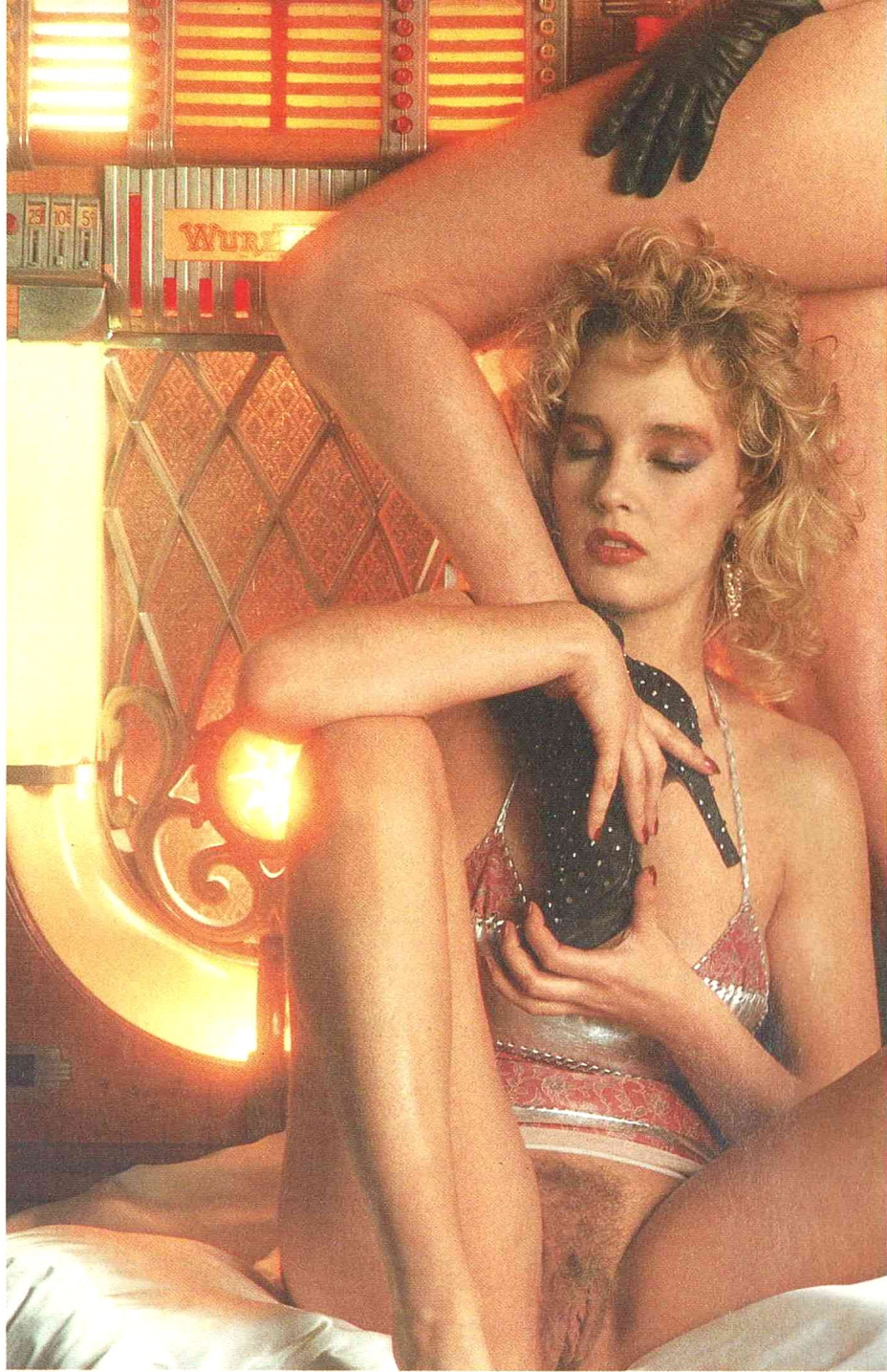
LIGHTEN UP



HARMONY

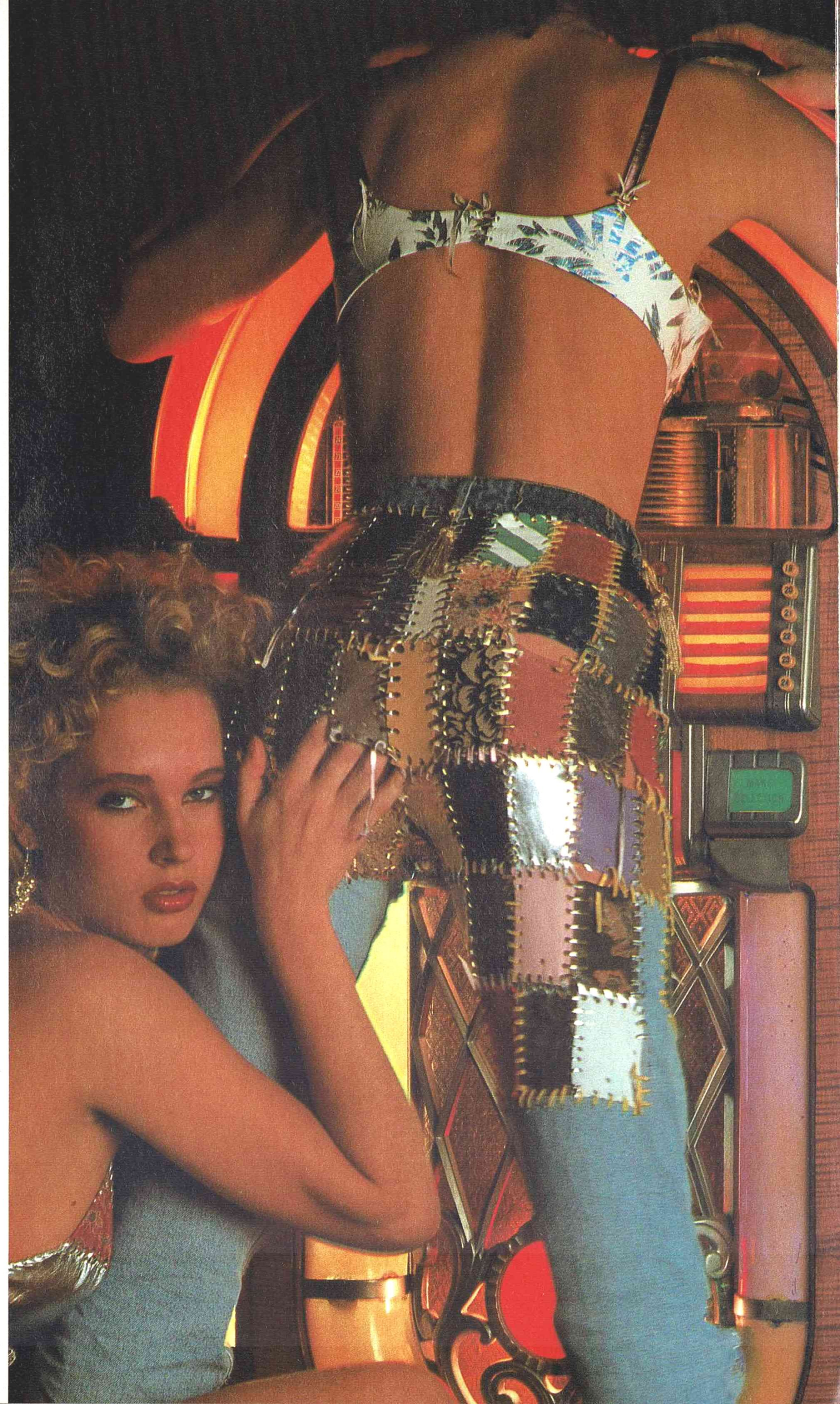
PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILIP MONDE

Brandy and Alexandra know all about harmony. Singing together as they do, people often remark what a dynamic couple they make. The girls agreed. Put them together and the brew they concoct intoxicates like nothing else.





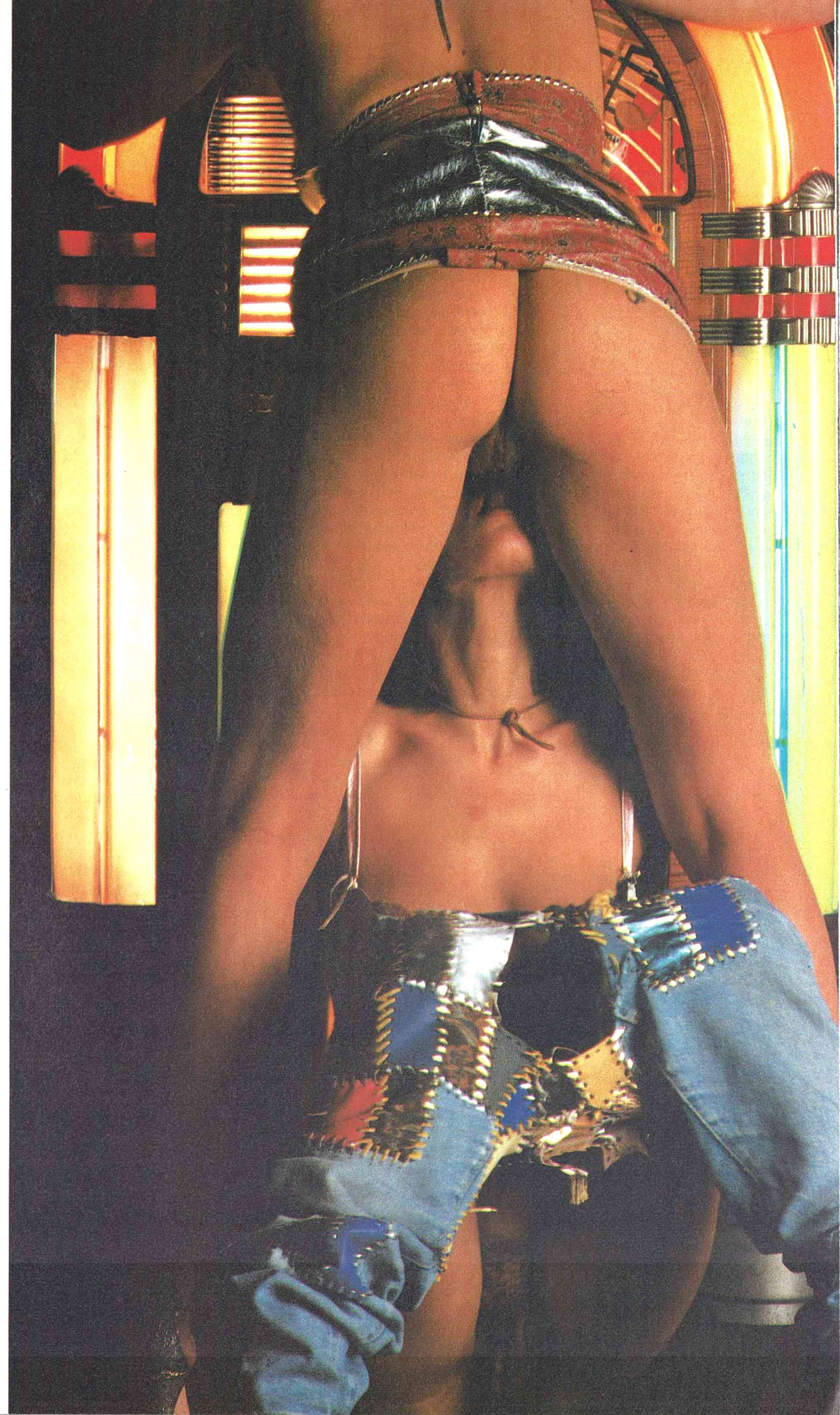
"The guys in the band get jealous sometimes," admits Brandy. "We seem to get all the attention on stage — and give each other plenty of attention at other times . . ."

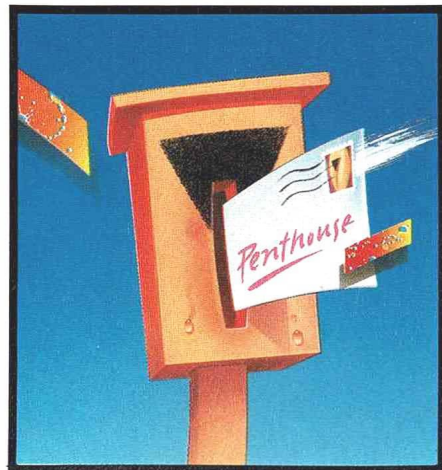






The girls have studied all the great rock performers from close quarters — and borrow their moves. Although they have quite a following, their biggest fans are each other.





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Continued from page 16

"games." She said, "Well, okay, as long as you don't..." I quickly interrupted, "Remember, you said *anything*." She thought about it for a minute and said, "Okay, you've got a deal." She figured that she was taking a chance about her ticklishness, but that it was probably safe. She was wrong.

I got her back to my place and she was trying to get me going so I would forget about our deal. I told her that I was having second thoughts, and she said, "But I thought you wanted to play games." She

got undressed, and I told her to lie still on the bed. One false move on her part, I told her, and the game would be over. I could tell she was a little nervous, as she said, "I don't want any foul play — just fuck me. Fuck me right now." Just then Tina walked in and she was furious. She was really putting on a show. Poor Beth could only lie there, her face turned beet red. Tina told me that she was going to leave me unless I did what she said. I said, "Anything. Please, we can work this out." Tina put her nose one inch from Beth's, and said, "I want you to do something to this little bitch for me, and I'll forgive you." She whispered something to me, made me promise that I would comply, and told me that she would see me in the morning.

When Tina left the room, Beth was desperate to know what she'd requested. Of course, all her worst fears were true, and she begged me not to tickle her. I explained that I had promised, and that I had no choice. Of course, my cock was bursting through my shorts, but I hid this from Beth by putting a blindfold on her. She protested, but I said that it was part of the instructions.

I didn't even touch her for about 30 seconds, as her skin broke out in goosebumps of anticipation. I started just below those lovely tits, and she breathed heavily, trying not to move. I paused again and then ever so slowly worked my way down. When I reached her soft belly, she was screaming

with laughter. I told her that when I found a weak spot, I was to concentrate on that area. I always paused after a while to give her plenty of time to breathe (and think about what was coming next). I tickled her ribs with a count of ten, 20, 30, up to 100, one side at a time. When I did both ribs at once, I thought she would bounce the bed off the floor.

Tina had told me that her armpits were the worst, so I saved the best for last. I started at her wrists, and worked my way down. When I reached her armpits, I paused, and let her think about what was to come. Just thinking about it turned my cock a deep purple.

I could take no more, and this time when I paused I slid my cock into her beautiful shaven pussy. I tickled her again, but this time all that squirming and bucking didn't go to waste. We came together, and I collapsed on her and held her, kissing those sensuous lips. After a few more orgasms, and much more tickling, I finally removed her blindfold and told her she was free to go.

Beth told me that those were the most intense orgasms that she had ever had. She said that it was the most exciting experience of her life. I was stunned when she asked me when we could do this again. Since then we've fallen deeply in love, and will be married in July, on my birthday. We're abstaining from sex until then, but nightly I dream of my next birthday present. — *Name and address withheld*

Hot cha cha

I consider myself to be a young, good-looking yuppie with an above-average body and sex drive, but I never thought I would ever have a real *Penthouse* story to tell until now. I was at the pool catching some rays when I saw a vision of a Brazilian beauty lying upon a chaise longue beside me. I was so infatuated I knew I had to have her. After a period that seemed like an eternity, I summoned up the courage to start some small talk. Her name was Delores. She was five foot six and her 40-26-36 body left nothing to the imagination. Her skin was as bronze as a Latin goddess' and her bright brown eyes sparkled with a yearning for adventure. We hit it off well and made a date for later that evening.

When I picked her up, she came to the door wearing a low-cut, tight, white summer dress that nearly floored me. We danced the night away, all night long grinding to the music. Her eyes had a hungry look all through the evening, and all I wanted was to be inside this Brazilian goddess.

We were on our way home when Delores wanted something to drink so she could cool herself off. It so happens that I work in the area, so I took her to my office and brought her a Coke from the kitchen. As we walked into my private office, she closed the door behind us. I turned around and was greeted by a deep, sensuous

"French-Latin" kiss. Delores then looked up into my eyes and said she wanted to fuck me there and then. In a state of passion, I picked her up and pulled her soaked panties off her as she grabbed my throbbing seven-inch cock. I sat her upon the edge of my desk and spread her creamy thighs. She pulled my head down to her inflamed cunt lips, and late her to my heart's content until she soaked my face with her liquid delight. She grabbed my hair and pulled me up to her mouth. After giving me another smouldering kiss, she begged me to plant my meat in her inflamed jungle of lust.

As I slowly entered her, I had to push my way into her tight, juicy grip. Her pussy walls gradually loosened around my cock to produce a perfect, form-fitting sheath of silky flesh. Our lovemaking continued in perfect rhythm, like a piston massaging the oily tubes of a valve. Our passion increased to a furious frenzy until we both lost our minds, and our love juices combined in her boiling cauldron of desire. We both tensed as I shot my load into her welcoming vagina.

I collapsed on to her sweaty, fulfilled body, scattering papers all over my office. As I withdrew, semen oozed out on to the year's accounting papers. Delores pulled my head back down on to her sperm-filled pussy. I licked her clit and ate my semen out of her until she dripped like a rain storm all over my face.

Ever since that time, I can't work at my desk without thinking of my after-hours Brazilian lover. — *Name and address withheld*

Relief duty

Being in the Army Reserve isn't as easy as it's cracked up to be. All of us weekend warriors must attend a two-week training camp, and this year our training was to be completed in the wilds. As the camp was coming to an end, it was getting harder and harder to jump out of the sack in the morning. Working in a combat-engineer unit where women aren't allowed, I was getting pretty lonely and horny. My nightly dream fantasies always resulted in a rock-hard boner in the morning, causing me to sometimes lie in bed an extra five minutes until the swelling subsided, which is sometimes a task with your platoon sergeant hassling you to jump.

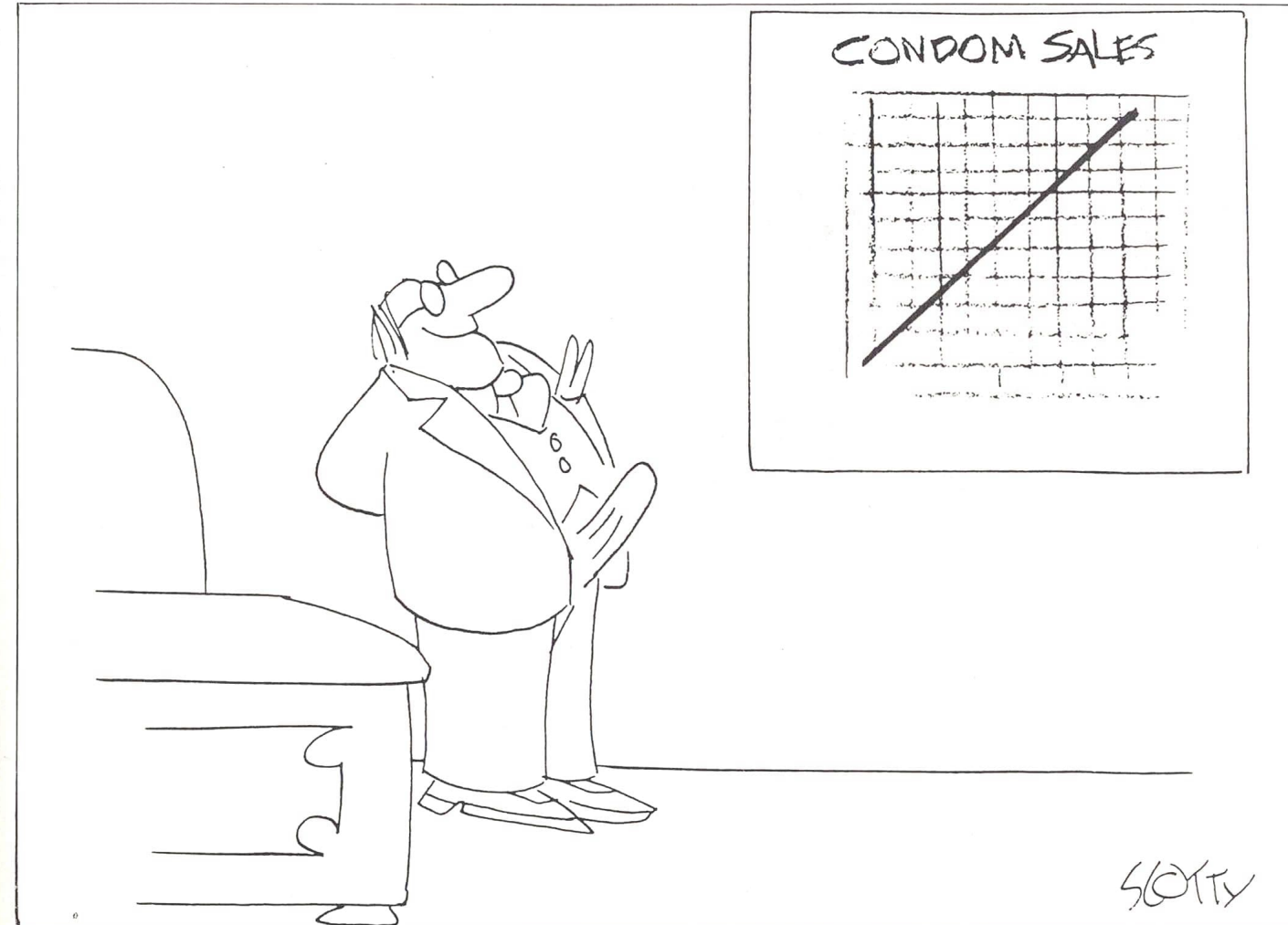
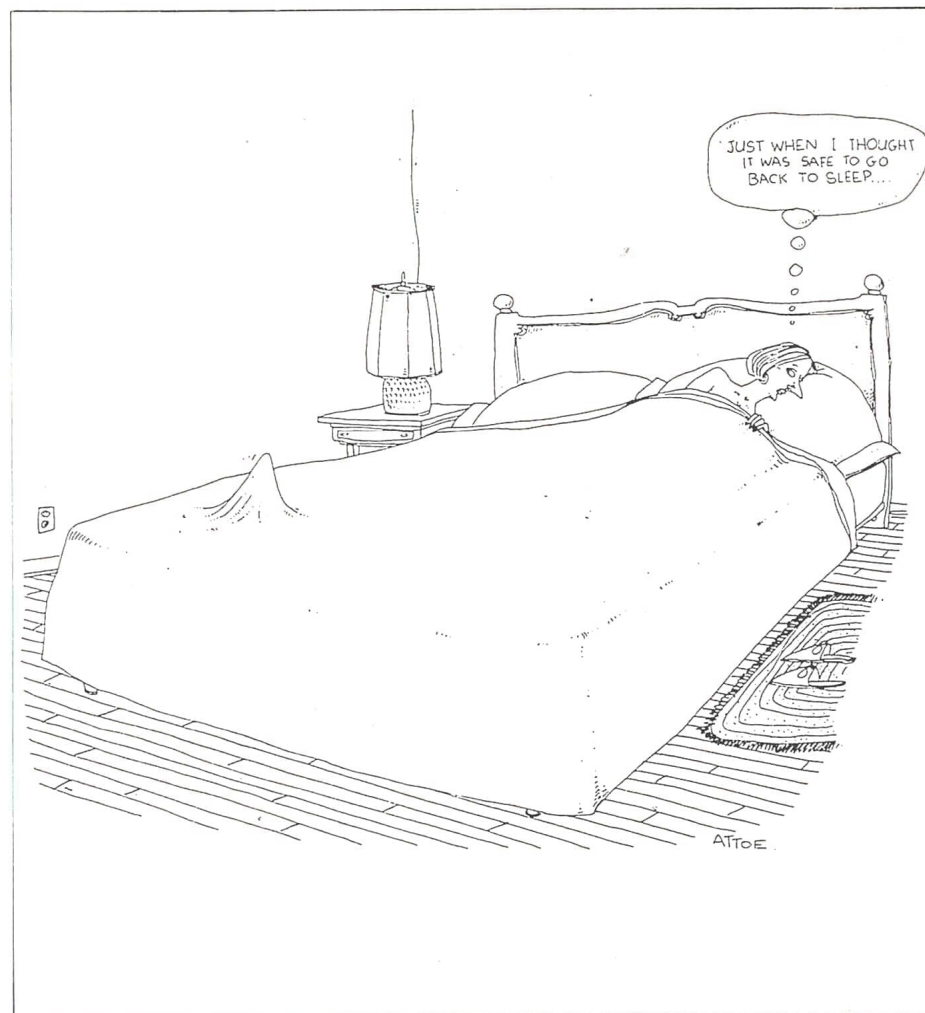
A day before the end of camp, I phoned my girl Sheila back home. She's a blonde, blue-eyed aerobics instructor who sports the finest pair of breasts on a very soft, well-tanned bod that never seems to get enough. With this vision of pleasure in mind, I had a huge erection during our entire conversation. I was thankful for my Army-issued baggy cammies — they hide a lot. She told me she'd meet me at camp the next day, when my Army obligation would be completed.

Tomorrow finally came, and Sheila said

the long drive had made her extremely horny, tempting her to masturbate several times on the way down; but she restrained herself, wanting to save herself for me. Many long kisses, hugs, and caresses added to our excitement, until we were both about to burst. We went to a nearby hotel, and once in our room, we immediately started to remove each other's clothes. She told me to go slow and savor the moment. (For the past week I've been getting raging hard-ons with every passing breeze, and now she wants me to contain myself!) Well, it was okay by me, since I could tell by the look in her eye that she had something up her sleeve.

Going slower than she'd instructed, I removed every stitch of her clothing except her white panties, kissing and stroking every inch of that fresh, smooth-shaven body as it became exposed to me. I tantalized her nipples until they were reacting like two little cocks, becoming erect with excitement. Then I had her lie on her back, spread-eagled on the bed, while I slowly licked my way up one of her inner thighs,

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paying particular attention to the crevices of her knee and the silky smooth skin of her crotch. I let her feel my hot breath as I ever so lightly licked under the band of her panties, feeling the smooth skin underneath before returning to the underside of her other knee. As I slowly returned to her white-pantied crotch, I saw that she had a wet spot that seemed to be growing before my very eyes. She was breathing slowly and heavily, slightly moaning with every lap of my tongue.

I gently pulled the crotch of her panties to the side, fully exposing her pink lips. I now experienced the first of her tricks; she had shaved every inch of her body, including her pubic hair. It must have taken her a long time to do this, because her mound was baby smooth and very, very soft. As I watched, her lips parted slightly on their own, and I caught a glimpse of her wetness just before I tasted the sweet fluid. I slowly plunged my tongue into her love tunnel and held it there until she could no longer hold still. She lifted her arse off the bed, grinding her clit into my nose while my tongue went deeper still. Her thighs started convulsing, and clamped on to my head while she climaxed for the first time in days.

It took her a few minutes to return back to earth as I kissed and hugged her thighs. She went into the bathroom, and after a few long minutes of anticipation, returned wearing a tight-fitting black leather bra that had holes pierced through, exposing her erect nipples, and a pair of matching, skin-tight leather crotchless panties. She car-

ried a pan of warm water, scissors, shaving cream, and a razor, mumbling something about it being my turn. She then proceeded to shave my pubic area clean. I've never been so excited in all my life! My cock was rock hard, a full nine inches with an enormous head that glistened with precome. When she finished, my cock looked even bigger than I'd imagined, with its skin as tight as the leather on this sex goddess.

Now completely shaved, I just couldn't wait to mount her. I asked her to sit in the big lounge chair while I placed some pillows on the floor in front of her. She spread her legs wide, offering me a full view of her thick wet lips while I began to penetrate her, right up to my balls, and remained still. Sheila began to come for the second time, screaming rhythmically. I started long, slow strokes, building up faster and faster to an animalistic state of lust. I couldn't keep my eyes off my huge glistening pole as it pounded stroke after stroke into her pussy, which flooded both of us with its juices. I could feel the head of my cock hitting bottom as my balls slapped against her arse cheeks. Because of our hairlessness, the sound of our lovemaking resembled that of a lone person rhythmically clapping after a performance.

I knew I could only last a few seconds more when I noticed her holding her breath, then letting out a wail, signalling she was about to come. The tingling started from my spine and worked its way down my back and through my balls, and I exploded with what felt like a quart of come. I couldn't control my noises as the jizz poured from between us, down my hairless sack, and on to the floor. I must

have experienced some loss of blood to my brain, as I felt I was about to lose consciousness. We hugged each other for a few minutes without saying a word, then kissed each other hungrily while we tried to catch our breath. Giggling and kissing, we continued to hold each other as she watched me slowly pull out of her. The afterplay eventually turned into foreplay, as we had a lot of catching up to do. — *Name and address withheld*

Room service

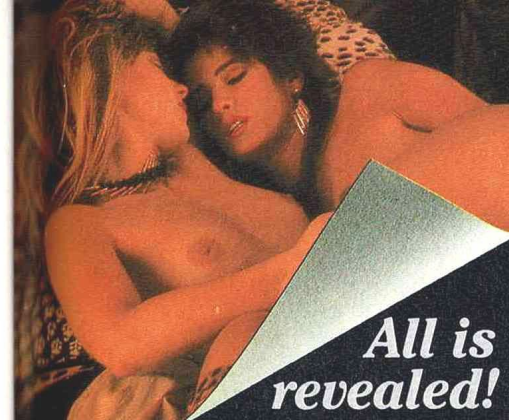
Let me tell you about last night. I was working the front desk of a prominent hotel. It was my normal 11pm to 7am shift, and I rather expected a boring night. Much to my surprise, I was in for a change.

Around 1.30am, after I had completed the last of my auditing, I was struck by this vivacious blonde who entered the lobby. She approached the front desk with a walk that would attract even the most satisfied male. She asked me if I had any rooms left for a weary traveller. Although we were full, I could not let this angel leave without giving it my best shot. I told her we were full but that the back office was empty and that I had spent many a night catching some z's back there. I knew it was a stupid line, but it was worth a shot. When she accepted I knew I was in for the night of my life.

I quickly ran down to the laundry room to get a roll-away and summoned her into the back office. I returned to the desk and got out my faithful "If you need help, dial 100" sign. Now I was ready. I tried to start off as smooth as possible, but just looking at this goddess was too much. I practically asked her to jump my bones. I now wonder if she had it all planned.

I slowly began to disrobe as she sat on the edge of my desk, looking at me with eyes that just seemed to read my mind. She knew what I wanted and was ready to give it to me. As I removed my pants, she devoured my semihard love muscle. She licked and teased my eager cock, and when she finally began her sucking it was pure heaven! While she was sucking and stroking my now totally erect piston of pleasure, I was rapidly taking her clothes off. Her breasts were as perfect as any you have ever seen, and her nipples stood up at attention. Which is what they soon got. I lasted only about two minutes with her mouth on my shaft before I was ready to blow. She noticed this and quickly pulled away. I was so dejected, but she assured me that my rocks would soon get off!

Taking her pants off, I found that she wasn't wearing any panties. It's probably a good thing, seeing as they would have been drenched anyway. The wetness was running down her leg, but not for long. I was sure not to let any of that love juice get away. She eagerly opened her legs and let my tongue inside. I quickly darted it in and out, and she began to shudder and moan with ecstasy. All the while she fondled my



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aching cock with one hand and her breast with the other. "More! More!" she wailed as she climaxed. Pulling my head from her swollen clit, she whispered, "Now it's your turn."

Pushing me back on to the desk, she climbed on top of me. Slowly she began to mount my swollen member. The feeling was unbelievable! As she bounced up and down, she began to moan louder and louder. I was afraid that she would wake the guest in room 101. As we neared the climax of this, my first orgasm, she began to caress my aching balls. I could take no more. Thrusting upward into her, I let her have it all. It was as if a dam had burst. I never thought I would stop coming. As we slowed our pace, I noticed the pool of juices that had formed from our passion. I pulled out of her, and she greedily licked any remaining fluid from my now shrinking shaft.

It was now time for her to get her much-needed rest, and with good reason. The morning grew near, and I knew I had to get her out of there before the morning clerk arrived. I woke her and told her that she would have to be on her way, but she assured me that any time she passed through, she would be sure to stay at our motel. I hope it's soon. — *Name and address withheld*



"What a year that was! First my wife left, then likewise the Dodgers!"

Just beat it
I am a 28-year-old, attractive, once-married and once-divorced woman with a healthy appetite for men. Though I am not promiscuous, I do have a varied and adventuresome sex life. I enjoy myself in many ways, but I have the most fun watching guys jerk off. I don't mean catching them playing with themselves, but actually having them masturbate in front of me. I must excite them, too, as evidenced by their hard-ons and orgasms. Sometimes I participate sexually with them, but unless I watch them beat their meat, they have no chance of having sex with me. Having a guy stand in front of me, pulling his prick, excites me to no end!

A recent experience went like this: I called Jay, a guy who had been performing for me over the past couple of weeks. Although he admitted to jerking off at home, I am the first girl he has ever masturbated in front of. This is usually quite common among all my performers. He came over to my apartment, and I greeted him at the door in a revealing blouse and a very short miniskirt. (Miniskirts get them all the time!) In a few minutes I managed to tease him enough to raise a good bulge in his jeans. He began to rub it with his hand. My guys never do anything unless I give them the go-ahead, and I could see that he was aching for a signal. Unbeknownst to Jay, I had invited two of

my girlfriends over for the sole purpose of watching him beat off. Ellen and Tina were very excited about watching him, as this was a new experience for both of them.

The doorbell rang and I let the girls in. Jay looked disappointed when he saw that I had other company. After introducing everyone, we all had a drink. I kept teasing Jay by crossing and uncrossing my legs, giving him a glimpse now and again of my sexy thighs.

After a few minutes of idle conversation, I said, "Jay, the girls are here today to see you perform. They have never seen a man jerk off before." Jay was startled at first and tried to refuse, but part of him was still interested in my thighs and still wanted to please me. "Come on. Don't be bashful," I said, as I lifted my skirt a little higher, revealing my panties.

Hesitantly, he stood up and began to unbutton his shirt. In a minute, he was completely naked. I said to him, "Why don't you stand up on the table, Jay? What have those exotic dancers got that you haven't got?" He began to pump his prick, and I could see that he enjoyed being the centre of attention as much as we enjoyed having him there.

Ellen asked, "Will he shoot off soon?" I said, "Jay won't come until I tell him to. Are you ready to get off, Jay?" Breathing hard and quivering, he nodded.

"Okay, Jay, let's do it. Beat off till you come, and catch it in your other hand." With that, he pumped hard and fast until his hot come exploded, streaming into his awaiting hand. Ellen and Tina were wide-eyed. What a performance!

While Jay left the room to clean off his hand, Ellen said, "Doesn't watching that big cock explode get you hot?"

"Of course it does!" I laughed. "Sometimes I'll play with myself, or let him fuck me or eat me afterward. Do I detect an interest in another type of show?" We all got the message and quickly got out of our clothes. When Jay walked back in, the sight of us lying there naked stopped him dead in his tracks.

Jay was speechless, so I turned to him and said, "The girls and I enjoyed your performance very much and thought you'd like to perform something else for us." As I spoke I spread my legs wide, draping them over the armchair. This sight was more than he could handle, and his cock began to rise.

"Get on your knees in front of me," I beseeched him. At this point, he could refuse me nothing. He got down on his knees in front of my spread legs and stared directly into my pussy. "Jay," I cooed, "I think you have an idea of what we would like you to do. Would you like to eat me? Would you like to eat Ellen and Tina, as well?"

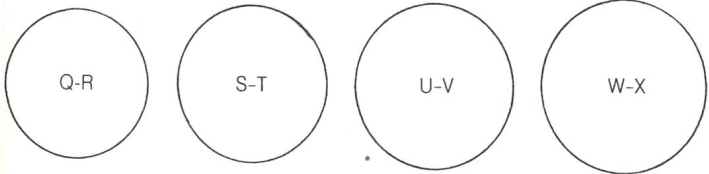
He immediately placed his head between my soft thighs and kissed my warm cunt. Then he moved over to the other two girls, who had already spread their legs and were eagerly awaiting their turns. He



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SECURITY DELIVERY		(one charge per delivery)		\$10 -	
RING SIZER: Place a ring of your own over the circle which fits it most accurately and enter that size on your Order Form.				TOTAL	\$



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Name on Credit Card _____

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FORUM

lapped at their cunts for a while and then returned to me. After he'd sucked me for a time, Ellen grabbed him back to her own juicy pussy. She spread her legs wider and grabbed his head to her cunt, pushing her pussy right on to his face, her legs propped up on his shoulders. When he finished his duties with Ellen, Tina announced that it was her turn again.

"Lie on your back, Jay," Tina directed. "I want to sit on your face while you eat my snatch." He obliged and she loved it! When he finished, he stood up and, holding his stiff rod, began to jerk off again, bringing the afternoon to a beautiful climax for all of us. All this started simply because of my interest in watching men beat off. You never know where things can lead! — *Name and address withheld*

Sheila says

Coming home from the hardware store, sex was the farthest thing from my mind — but not from Sheila's. She met me at the front door with an unbelievably devilish smile on her face, and I knew in a heartbeat that this was not going to be our usual Saturday morning. Dressed in high heels, jeans, and a transparent black bodysuit that didn't even begin to hide her already swollen nipples, she suddenly commanded, "Get upstairs and strip, stud!"

I could barely climb the stairs with my already bulging problem in the way. Sheila silently followed and, to my surprise, led me into our bedroom, which now had all the appearances of a sex den — tons of pillows, soft lighting, the works. In short order, she had me naked and lying spread-eagled on the bed. Sheila smiled down at me, saying that I hadn't experienced *anything* yet!

She turned me around so that my head was at the foot of the bed. Then she straddled my neck, placing her legs around my ears and her denim-covered cunt against my nose. She sat there pondering for a moment, then sat up, stripped off her jeans, and pleaded, "Eat me, oh please eat me until I tell you to stop!" As I eagerly began one of my favorite chores, nibbling the drenched crotch of her bodysuit, she reached back, tweaked my dick, and said, "Grow." When she was really hot and seemingly about to lose control of herself, she eased her wet cunt from my face and unsnapped her soggy crotch to give me a quick look at her throbbing clit. Unbelievably, she quickly thrust a finger inside, then wiped her love juices over her nipples until they glistened.

When I was about to shoot my load, she stopped, flipped out a blindfold, put it on me, and told me to suck her clean. Each nipple was put near enough to my eager lips for me to lick and suck her wonderful love potion. Soon I was bathed in her scent.

Just when I thought I had enough of this, she thrust her wet fingers between my lips and said, "Lick me" as she moved each of them in and out of my mouth. Again, I felt she was really having trouble controlling herself, as I heard her dipping again and again into her wet slit. She wiped her slick fingers on my upper lips and said, "Smell."

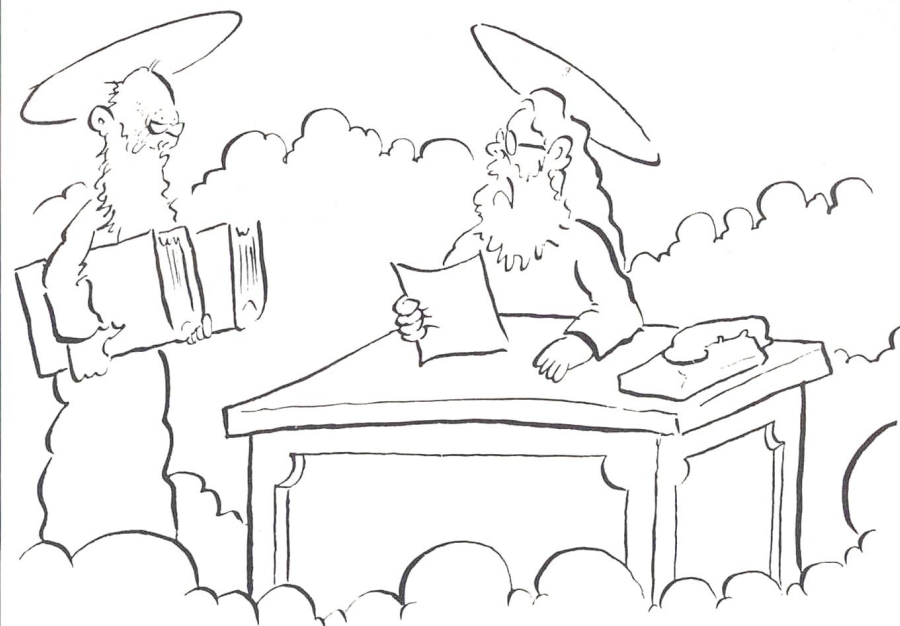
So far, her only words had been directives. All went quiet, and I knew she could sense my arousal. I was going totally out of my mind, and begged her to fuck me for relief. She only giggled, then without a sound quickly jerked me off by lightly stroking my telephone pole with what felt like a feather, maybe the tip of her tongue, starting at its base and working up to the tip. As I moaned for her cunt, she devilishly purred, "Relax, I said you haven't experienced *anything* yet." Suddenly, she was gone.

How could this be happening? Here I was, literally lying in the dark, my cock about to burst, while my wife was somewhere else — a totally new personality... Although I tried to restrain myself, I could take this no longer. I started to jerk off, imagining all the possibilities that would take place when Sheila would return.

Later, who knows how much later, I suddenly sensed her near. I felt my now limp cock being "nipped" as she removed the blindfold. I couldn't believe my eyes! Sheila was now dressed in a feathery cat mask, a black merry widow and her sexiest hose and garter belt, and was licking my now-rigid member like a cat licks its paws after a meal. She again purred and, to my amazement, produced out of nowhere a pair of panty hose with the crotch cut out. She slid the hose up my legs, over my raging hard-on, and I nearly came. On again went the blindfold. Suddenly, I felt more naked than before, and she must have sensed it. "Fuck me deep — now!" she groaned. As she pumped me, she slid her silk-enclosed legs along mine. A few deep, hard thrusts and she burst into her long-awaited orgasm so strongly that I had trouble telling mine from hers. Quickly, she dismounted and positioned herself over my head, letting our combined juices flow on to my face. "Remember," she said, and left the room.

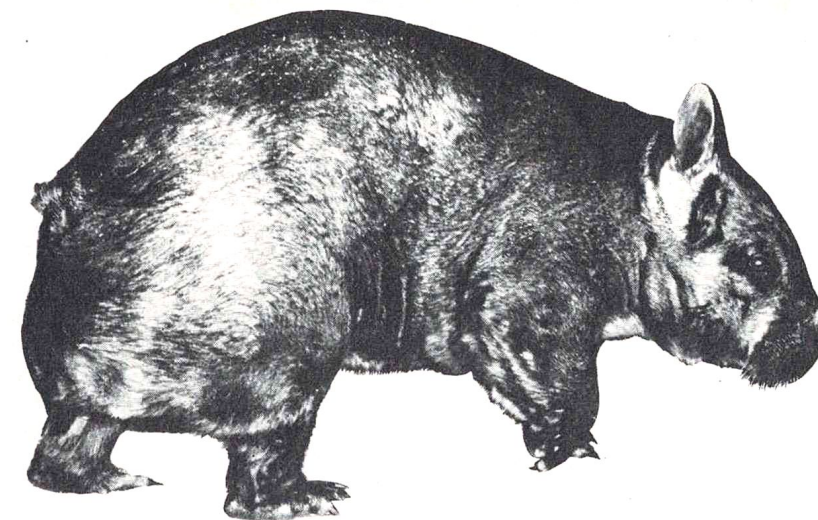
When I got the mask off, there were all the sights of the most memorable morning I ever spent. After I dressed and went downstairs, I found my "normalised" wife quietly reading the paper, primly dressed as always, with not a hair out of place. But I could tell by the look on her face that the news was the farthest thing from her mind. — *Name and address withheld* ☪

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THE TAXI DRIVER

Continued from page 60

at Harry's Cafe-de-Wheels down by the docks. Pie and peas and burning hot coffee and a view of the polluted harbor. And the conversation never varies.

"How are you going?"

"Pretty good. I got a triple to the airport and they all tipped five bucks . . . and then a double back to Palm Beach. I've taken 200 in eight hours. Might knock off. How have you gone?"

"Not bad . . . No triples but I found a \$100 note in the back seat. No idea who dropped it so I guess it's mine . . . So I've got almost two-fifty in the kick."

And a little later: "Got a score tonight — the third this month."

"Oh yeah."

"Yeah. She didn't have the fare. You know how it is. So she asks me in for coffee with her hand on my thigh. So I go in . . . you know?"

"Yeah."

"And she's out of her gear and into something see-through before the coffee boils . . . You know?"

"And she says she's sorry about the fare but maybe she can compensate . . . You know?"

"Yeah."

And then the chorus from the others: "And she was the best fuck of your life, right?"

"Yeah."

Now, Keith's been driving for three years come Christmas and he's listened to these lies to the point of paranoia. Because in all that time, he's only had two invitations. The first was from a middle-aged desperate who was about as exciting as a Pluravit tablet and when he politely declined to accompany her inside she promptly rang the base and reported that he'd sexually assaulted her and she was certainly going to lay charges. He spent the rest of the night off the road earning zilch trying to explain to the radio manager that she was a raver who didn't have both oars in the water and that if the manager had doubts about Keith's veracity he might care to pay her a visit to confirm that opinion. Fortunately, he demurred and let Keith go, but the night was a write-off. Just petrol and pay-in.

The second occasion was more promising. It was Christmas Eve and Keith was full of nostalgia and wishing he was somewhere other than outside the Menzies watching the break-up of a party where all the men were over 60 with white moustaches and all the women were slim and beautiful and trying to kiss the old buggers on the cheek and escape with nothing more serious than a drunken pinch on the bum.

The one who was helped into the back seat was probably the oldest, maybe mid-thirties, and he sort of remembered that

she used to be the top model for one of the larger department stores. She had the sort of face and features you don't readily forget. It was around midnight and being quite pissed, she had some difficulty in giving directions, but finally concluded that she wanted a town-house in Elizabeth Bay. About 30 minutes later and after several drunken lunges towards the front seat, whereby Keith was wished "Happy Christmas" with a kiss on the back of the neck or a soft stroke down the arm, they were home at her nest of love. It was his for the taking.

He helped her out and after fighting with the lock for what seemed an eternity, they stumbled towards the divan. There was suddenly a bottle of champagne. Soft music and low lights. After she disappeared into the bedroom Keith thought of getting the deodorant from the bathroom, but she was back too quickly, in wafting chiffon, and she smelled like a million dol-

6

All the home-spun philosophies relating to seduction came back: never open the batting, never lead trumps, and get your first serve in

9

lars.

Lying across his knees on the divan, she spurted out the blows life had handed her. There was even a tear in her eyes. She was very, very drunk. But Keith was ready. All the home-spun philosophies relating to seduction came back to him. As she parted her long legs and held up an arm to pull him down, he remembered them all: never open the batting, never lead trumps and always get your first serve in. Thank you, Daddy.

But what's this? She was starting to slip towards the floor. He pulled her back. "Wake up, Sweetheart. It's Christmas Eve." He offered more champagne. She spilled it and started to slip back once more. Oh no! He looked down at her beautiful body, which was trying desperately to die for about eight hours. She had become a multiple-limbed rubber doll. She was falling apart in front of his eyes. He was so horny and frustrated by his own vicissitudes of life, he was almost prompted to do something really evil. But that was it: she was down for the count. Snoring and content. She'd wake with very little memory and a lot of presents around

the tree.

He let himself out and got in the cab. Not even a fare. An hour ago it was out of the question, but now he wished the bitch had paid him. *Thanks a lot, Santa Claus.*

It is the Sunday night club run. Every asshole from the RSL and Leagues clubs in the district has to be taken home, broken by a tinsel romance or a poker machine, to have a few hours sleep before facing the reality of a Monday morning. And they are ugly. By the time they're ready to go home, they either offer their dinner somewhere in the back of the cab or some extremely erudite philosophy which, without the aid of 15 or 20 schooners, would no doubt lie fallow in the prison of sobriety.

The first couple Keith picks up are both in the club uniform. The big man is in a Lurex shirt and Fletcher Jones baggies. The other has a blue terry towelling hat on his head and the inevitable Adidas running shoes.

When the passengers finally get to their destination, they both search diligently through their clothing for the fare but come up with about 60 cents between them. Keith waits patiently as they argue with each other as to who owes what, whose last shout it was and who put the last two dollars in the poker machine. Finally, Lurex says he'll have to go inside to get money from his wife. They stagger towards the house and bash on the front door, still arguing about the last shout.

A small, aggressive-looking woman opens the door. She is wearing a pink chenille gown and has her hair in curlers. She looks as though she has been asleep or reading *New Idea*. There is a lot of bad language, some more argument and then they all disappear inside. The fare is only \$2.50, for Chrissake! So Keith slips the column into drive and slowly moves away. Tomorrow they won't even remember that they didn't pay for their ride home. They are the sort of people who don't like taxi drivers.

A couple of weeks later Keith gets a message from one of those advertising blokes. He's left his number at the base and when Keith rings him he says he'd like to talk about the guy at the racetrack with the champagne. Keith tells him he'll think about it, but probably won't give up taxi driving to go and work for arseholes like him.

There is a long silence before the adman eventually hangs up.

Keith gets back into the cab and looks at his watch. Only another four hours before pie and peas at Harry's. You wouldn't be dead for quids, would you?

Postscript: About a month later the advertising idea Keith has suggested starts its run on TV for the champagne company, but the consensus is that it's probably not going to win any awards. 

Jeanette



JAMMING

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

What's the secret route to the affections of delightful Jeanette Masterson? A secret no longer: "Reggae music," she smiles. "When I hear that kind of beat I'm off with the fairies. If I see a guy dancing to reggae without a care in the world, I know we've got a lot in common from the start."





"As an accompaniment to lovemaking ... need I say more? Reggae doesn't just get me in the mood — it gets me *hot*. All that swaying and rocking ..."





"I think the most exciting experience I've ever had was at a party late at night, with reggae playing to wind everyone down. Well, I just got wound up. I'd just met this guy. I had him in the corner, but no-one noticed because they just thought we were dancing together. Fantastic!"



Continued from page 54

the entire case through their solicitor.

"Barristers are really overpaid because it's a case of supply and demand. The big boys can charge what they want, and some even try to turn work away by quoting extraordinary fees. But a good barrister doesn't work nine to five — it's an 80-hour week for him.

"I also feel there's too much mystique and theatrics about barristers. I've seen cases where a high-priced QC is flown up from another city just to scare the magistrate, and it works.

"But the costs are high too, for barristers especially. Some of the chambers around Sydney cost \$150,000 or more and there are many overheads. Often it's a case of barristers needing to be rich to go to the bar in Sydney or having to go heavily into debt. And this is passed on to the consumers, so the costs are astronomical for a person to go to court."

In their defence, Mr Haesler believes there are a few selfless lawyers around who appear for the poor and disadvantaged, and some barristers who have often appeared for little or nothing to help the powerless.

He also agrees that lawyers have "muddled their own waters" over the Lionel Murphy and Murray Farquhar cases, and with the numerous trust fund defalcations: "People have become better educated over the years and they're more critical of lawyers, but cases like the Murphy Affair have chipped away at the legal profession's prestige."

The Australian Consumers' Association, publisher of *Choice* magazine, has long been critical of the lawyers, and strongly supports the recommendations of the NSW Law Reform Commission to the NSW Government for long overdue changes. Phillipa Smith, Public Affairs Manager for the ACA, believes the community should be far more involved in regulation of the legal profession, with the addition of five "public representatives" to both the Law Society and the Bar Council, as well as a new nine-member "Public Council on Legal Services" composed mainly of non-lawyers.

"This would do much to put the profession more in touch with the needs of consumers of legal services and improve communications between lawyers and the public," she says. "Lawyers enjoy a monopoly on access to courts and the law as well as certain privileges which come with the status of their profession.

"The price of these benefits should be outside regulation so that these privileges can be balanced by a degree of overview of its actions by the consumers."

She is also critical of the definitions of misconduct about which the public can

complain to the NSW Law Society: "If a complaint doesn't fall within a narrow definition of misconduct, the complainant must be turned away, often where there is no alternative avenue of redress. The lack of statutory power causes the Law Society to turn away thousands of complaints every year. If a complaint is concerned only with delay, negligence or a dispute about over-charging, the Law Society cannot offer assistance.

"The use of laymen on a public council on legal services would dispel criticism that lawyers, like police, should not be judges of their own kind."

Ms Smith also strongly supports the call for ending the division between barristers and solicitors, saying that at present two lawyers are often used where only one may be necessary: "It would be far less costly and more efficient if consumers could deal directly with specialist advocates, and a common admission to the profession

Wigs and gowns
serve only to alienate
certain sections of the
community, and make the
profession ridiculed
by others

would permit the growth of specialist solicitors who could adapt their skills to the needs of the marketplace.

"We believe barristers could be permitted to operate in partnership because this would offer the potential for greater expertise and more efficient provision of services than under the present system.

"Consumers would be able to shop around for specialist lawyers. Consumers are not generally aware that barristers may not be any more specialised than solicitors. They are often fooled by the mystique surrounding barristers, and engage their services when a specialist solicitor would be more capable of doing the work.

"Women who wish to practise as specialist advocates would be less likely to suffer the discrimination they now face at the Bar. Only five percent of the NSW Bar is made up of women, which suggests that much valuable talent is forced to remain in the ranks of solicitors."

Ms Smith said that the ACA also supported the abolition of the "notorious rule" that a QC is expected to appear only with a junior barrister. There was no justification for the rule that a junior should charge two-

thirds of the senior fee.

"We also believe that wigs and gowns should no longer be worn by lawyers in court. Both wigs and gowns are ridiculous trappings of a by-gone era that have no relevance to the modern administration of justice. Such dress serves only to alienate certain sections of the community and make the profession ridiculed by others, and it's an unnecessary expense which must be born by consumers."

Some recent (September 1987) decisions of the NSW Law Society's Solicitors' Statutory Committee indicate that lawyers are still far from being the trustworthy advisers that many people expect them to be. Solicitor Ronald John Vagg was fined \$7500 after a judge in the Family Court complained about the way he gave evidence in a complex case involving an elderly client. The Committee also fined Donald William Storey and Christopher Calvert Gough \$5000 each because of their actions relating to false mortgage transactions to help a client dodge tax. This was found to be "disgraceful and dishonorable conduct."

The Law Society acts for more than 9500 solicitors in NSW, while the Bar Association plays a similar role for barristers. There are an estimated 30,000 practising lawyers in Australia as a whole, but many barristers never appear in court or act on a brief, putting their legal skills to other uses, legal or illegal, advising businessmen, or backing up their other professions with a legal degree.

Naturally, with so many law degrees around in all areas of society, from politicians to public servants and policemen (and some journalists), there arises the old argument which used to rage about the NSW Police Force.

This debate centred on the question of rotten apples: whether there were only a few rotten apples in a largely incorruptible force, or whether the corruption had become so widespread that it was institutionalised. Over the last few years, with so many corruption scandals involving police, the rotten apple theory has lost out badly. Without wide inquiry, it's impossible to say that crooked lawyers are endemic to the legal profession in this country, but from an ordinary citizen's point of view they no longer have the near-priestly image of a few decades ago.

But then lawyers centuries ago were not exactly the pin-up boys of society. Shakespeare, in *Henry VI*, has Dick The Butcher proclaiming in Part 2, Act 4, Scene 2: "The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers." Jack Cade replies: "Nay, that I mean to do." But students of Shakespeare do point out that the bard was really saying that to set up a totalitarian society, the lawyers had to be gotten rid of.

Today, public sentiment is reflected in the oft-quoted summation of Australia's legal system: "Half the lawyers are in jail and the other half should be."



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LOOSE ENDS

DID THE YUPPIE
EVER EXIST?



And so the Yuppie is deader than the Village People fan club. We were already aware that as a phenomenon he was tireder than yesterday's aragula lettuce and raspberry vinegar salad, but now his passing is official. This we know because it says so in the paper.

Just as every newspaper, Willesee show, magazine and "fun" book chronicled the rise of this rather snappy looking Frankenstein in Reeboks, so now do they combine to plunge and twist the dagger into a place adjacent to the little crocodile on his mushroom pink polo shirt.

How is it then that, lifting my nose heavenward, I detect not the stench of Yuppie death? I would have assumed that at the very least his demise would have been marked by the fetid whiff of mountains of uneaten sushi. Where, pray, is the sudden glut of second-hand BMWs with cellular phones? Show me the stockpile of pre-loved \$250 running shoes and tell me where I can pick up a cheap deceased estate Walkman. I demand a viewing of the corpse. I want to thrust my hand into the wounds allegedly caused by that crashing stockmarket and maybe while I'm at it, to loot the body of its wallet and watch.

If we are to accept that the Yuppie is as defunct as Roger Rogerson's super plan, we must have first accepted that he existed at all. And there lie my doubts. Sure, I've read about 'em, watched movies about 'em, chuckled over their ridicule on TV shows and cracked the odd joke about 'em, but the truth is I never met a real live one.

Admittedly, I've got friends who are young, urban and sort of professional, but there's more to being a Yuppie than that. Indeed, some of those friends may wear Reeboks and Walkmans and know their way around a plate of Jap tucker, but I've never considered them Yuppies. Aspiring Yuppies, yes, but basically just dumb fucks with not much money who do things

because they're fashionable. Heck, I can't chuck stones.

You know, I get around a bit. That's what they say about me: "That C.J., she gets around a bit." And as I know a hound when I meet one, so too would I know a Michael J. Fox should I trip over one. In this case I smell a rat. Never have I met anyone who fits the very definite media stereotype of the Yuppie. Have you? I get the feeling that we've been the victims of a giant con perpetrated by a cunning conglomerate from the retailing and restaurant trades, aided and abetted by a mindless media.

As far as the media goes, with all that airtime and space to fill, day-in and day-out, experience has shown that a little dribble of bullshit makes for a long skidmark. I believe that just as Kylie Minogue was cobbled together from a set of false teeth, some blonde hair, a multi-track recording device and a blob of Juicy Fruit, so was the Yuppie test-tubed from a running shoe scraping, a sliver of raw tuna, three drops of Perrier water and a tear sheet from the *Fin Review*. Richly fertilised with media hype, each grew to fulfill their *raison-d'être* — that is, to fill up space, to distract and amuse us without troubling us to think and to be big, closely documented nothings in an age where non-news is good news.

The retailing angle is of course the crux of the matter. Unlike the Yuppie's not-so-distant predecessor, the Hippie, this new social phenomenon was a retailer's wet dream. The Hippie was tangible — you could point and laugh at him in the street, you could look at him and worry about the young people of today and there were no mistakes when you got a bead on him from the cab of your pick-up truck and blew the long-haired draft-dodging motherfucker away. Trying to get money out of him, however, was nigh on impossible. Unless of course you happened to peddle drugs.

Don't you think that it's just a bit too suspicious that the next

major stereotype to emerge was the Yuppie? You've got to hand it to them — the Yuppie was a masterpiece, but then they did have most of the Seventies to workshop him. Here was this intangible, well-heeled symbol of conspicuous consumption who had youth, nice taste in expensive but understated clothes and cars, and an adventurous palate that didn't draw the line at forking over big bickies for a minute arrangement of exotic lettuce leaves swabbed in hazelnut oil. What more could we boring, ordinary, not-so-well-off folks aspire to?

And now they tell us he's dead, but I say the rumors have been greatly exaggerated. Some rich ambitious prick simply left a pile of raw silk pastel clothes next to the water in Noosa and everyone leapt to conclusions. He's alive and well, sitting in his Cardin undies up in his condo, sipping a crisp white and making real estate deals over the phone. That's all the Yuppie was, you know, a rich ambitious prick who got fashionable. And you don't need me to tell you that, like the turbo jets of the Lord Almighty's jacuzzi, rich ambitious pricks spring eternal. — C.J. Mackay

Illustration by Christine Haberstock

SOUNDS

The **Manikins** first emerged on the Perth music scene almost a decade ago and occasionally housed people like the Hoodoo Gurus' Dave Faulkner. The only original member remaining for *Manikins* (CBS) is drummer Mark Betts, who joined forces with songwriter/guitarist Brad Clark a few years ago. They then headed east to Melbourne, where they eventually found the current jewel in their crown, vocalist Christine Bodey. Employing a wide range of guests — brass players, string section, vocalists — they've let each song run off in whatever direction it seemed to be pulling. Consequently they've evolved an extremely diverse range of styles. To Bodey's credit her multi-faceted vocals cope magnificently, soaring like Kate Bush over the lush strings of "Cruel World" or squealing over the cheesy organ and boppy beat in "Dracula's Slut" like Lene Lovich meets the Monkees. Clark is obviously considered too deep or tall to argue with about his lyrics so Ms Bodey has to be content with lines like "My head has the content of a boiled potato" and "I can always tell me by my smell, I hear me say the vicissitudes of every single day." Still we can be more than content with the soaring arch of her vocal chords.

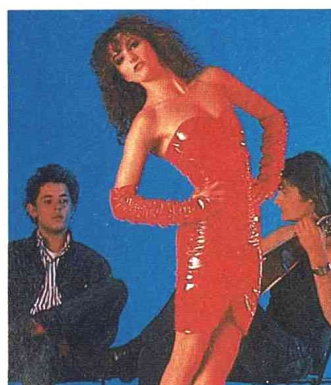
The **Eurogliders** were more musicians who fled East from Perth. Infrastructure upheavals and touring debts have essentially reduced the band to songwriter Bernie Lynch and singer Grace Knight. Held up in his record company's 24 track studio for months, Lynch has produced a white boy pop soul *Groove* (CBS) that hopefully will allow the Euroglider's banner to flutter on the airwaves of commercial radio for a bit longer. He

post-gig revelry. This workman-like approach to his craft has paid off in the past for the band and this album sounds like a conscious stab at airplay — innocent fun for adolescent ears.

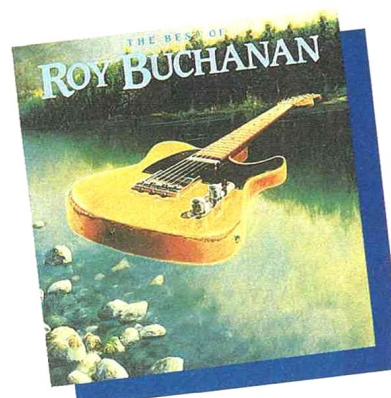
Some spirited and emotional use of voices comes on the sound-track album of *Cry Freedom* (MCA) — Richard Attenborough's tribute to black South African martyr Stephen Biko. Singing is an integral part of communication in the African culture and it is used to great effect by the film makers from the solo voices of "Crossroads" and "Soweto" to the roaring congregations of "The Funeral" and the title cut. Interspersed are more straight orchestral sections which no doubt serve the film's ends dramatically, as do the bursts of tribal percussion — an update on the tension-building ostinatos that accompanied the finny terrors of *Jaws*. The album stands up well as an entity away from the film, maybe not shining quite as brilliantly as Morricone's *The Mission*, but exhibiting a similar deft combination of native beauty and urgency with Western orchestration.

Herein lies a tale of two troubadours, one (John Kennedy) who is consciously stylish and the other (James Griffin) who is stylistically conscious. Kennedy has submerged his personal moniker into his band's title *Love Gone Wrong*. *Always The Bridegroom* (Mighty Boy) is one of the first releases from this small but potentially great record label. However, Kennedy's drab sermonising and polite country and western tendencies may be big on the streets of Newtown but has a way to go before being *Truckers'* Monthly pick of the week.

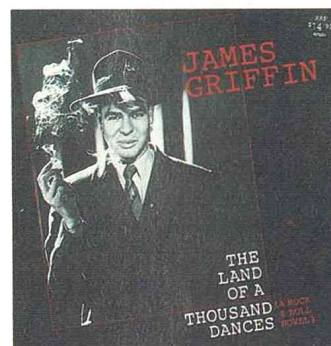
James Griffin on the other hand is at times both more engaging and verbose. He's been known to silence yahooping pub crowds by launching into his version of beat poetry while somebody in the band thankfully tuned his guitar. *The Land Of A Thousand Dances* (Chase) is a double dose of his scripts reverted to monologues, poetry and four pre-



GO EAST, YOUNG BAND

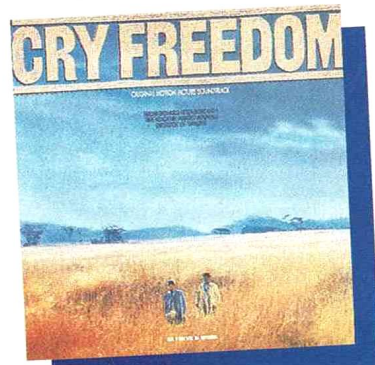


viously released songs that fit this narrative vision. Griffin is keen to embellish his public persona by reinventing and sensationalising himself and his environment. He has elements of a born again bush bard, an inner city A.A. Milne addressing his folk roots. *True Love And The Many Meanings Of Invisibility* (Chase) is more of Griffin in song, only done with much simpler folk rock backing than on previous *Subterraneans'* release.



Cold Chisel has gone and the tour T-shirts may be well faded by now but the music lives on with another compilation. *Radio Songs* recaptured their more programmed moments. Now *Razor Songs* (WEA) reminds us of the band in sweaty rock and roll flight with a few live tracks thrown in to reconfirm their cutting edge.

Masterful blues guitarist **Roy Buchanan** also celebrates some of his recorded history from 1973-78 on *The Best Of Roy Buchanan* (Polydor). The album may not be as definitive as the title suggests but still highlights some prime playing years from the man who turned down a job with the Stones because he thought their repertoire would have been too hard for him to learn. — *Jeremy Cook*



had a reputation for often preferring hotel room songwriting to

FILM

BEHIND THE NEWS

From the top: William Hurt in James L. Brooks' witty *Broadcast News*; Christian Bales and John Malkovich in *Empire Of The Sun*; Robin Williams in *Good Morning Vietnam*.



With the exception of the faceless and boundlessly boring brigade who make a habit of dashing off indignant letters to the ABC's *Backchat* program, we Aussies have never been that fussed about our TV anchorpersons. As long as they're blokes, that is. If they wear a nice suit and a quiet tie, know how to read a cue card, don't look like child molesters and can appear sincere and serious unless they're engaging in feeble banter with the wacky sport and weather guys, we'll give them the courtesy of eating our fish fingers in front of them.

In the United States the required attributes of the TV newscaster are pretty much the same, and yet over there he is regarded with the awe and respect one would expect to be accorded to Jesus Christ's smarter and better-looking brother. And he is paid accordingly, in amounts that make John Laws' salary look like bar change.

It is indeed sweet to see that in James L. Brooks' *Broadcast News* this puffed-up image of the newscaster as megastar is skewered as deftly as Mike Willesee on a fake psychic. Brooks has written, directed and produced this cracklingly clever satire of the personality news industry. Here we have a dumb hick pretty boy plucked from obscurity and plopped into the anchorman's seat at a Washington TV news bureau. In a lovely example of "never mind the quality, feel the warmth and look how handsome he is", our man wins the hearts of the network and his viewers and we trace his rise and rise to the ionospheric heights of national network anchorman, while those more talented than he are left on the starting blocks.

Key players form a professionally and romantically linked triangle. The gorgeous and gormless newsmen (William Hurt) is groomed by his bright, incisive and work-driven female producer (Holly Hunter). She falls for him despite her relationship with a top-notch news reporter (Albert Brooks), who despises the non-talented anchorman's rapid promotions and begins to realise that his own career has reached its ceiling. Comic chemistry between the three sputters neurotically yet

delightfully and the romantic thing between Hunter and Hurt simmers and teases mercilessly. All work faultlessly with James L. Brooks' script and the added treat of Jack Nicholson in a swinishly perfect cameo as the almighty national anchorman serves to spice the brew.

While Brooks has intended *Broadcast News* as a clever call for TV news services to lift their fare beyond the cult of personality, the film's message is subordinate to the lively manner of its delivery. This is no dark and hard-edged satire in the mould of the brilliant *Network*, but a light and bubbly entertainment. Good value.

Those acquainted with the singular works of author J.G. Ballard may reel at the notion of his book *Empire Of The Sun* in the hands of Steven "ET" Spielberg. And well may they reel, for the king of the kids has seen fit to take Ballard's autobiographical novel and sanitise and homogenise all the murkier and nobbler bits for our own good. But there's little more cause for complaint, for *Empire Of The Sun* is a transporting, engaging and deliciously cinematographed entertainment that's sure to appeal to most.

It's the story of an upper class English boy who is interned in a Japanese prison camp in China after the outbreak of World War II. Christian Bale as the 11-year-old central character gives a winning and refreshingly unaffected performance, which makes a nice change from the teeth-gnashing cute kids we're accustomed to in Spielberg confections. John Malkovich as Basie, a cocky American sailor and trickster who befriends the boy, also gives a smooth and impressive performance.

From a screenplay by Tom Stoppard, the film also features Miranda Richardson and Nigel Havers. High points of *Empire Of The Sun* are the performance of Bales and the eyepopping grandeur of Shanghai teeming with the veritable cast of thousands. Low points are an annoyingly grandiose score, bog holes of plot tedium and overlength.

Good Morning Vietnam is a



comedy-drama loosely based on the real-life experiences of a disc jockey who broke formula to create a raucous rock 'n' roll show on Armed Forces radio in the pivotal early days of American involvement in Vietnam. Robin Williams stars as Adrian Cronauer, a DJ brought into Saigon in 1965 in an attempt to boost morale. Abandoning propagandist news items and a playlist of Percy Faith numbers, Cronauer beefs up his spot with hot rock and irreverent remarks that rub the brass up the wrong way. Using humor to punctuate the serious nature of the subject matter, *Good Morning Vietnam* marks a departure from the recent avalanche of movies dealing with the American experience in that god-forsaken war. Directed by Barry Levinson, produced by Mark Johnson and Larry Brezner and written by Mitch Markowitz, this one proves a barely decent showcase for Robin Williams' inimitable style. — *C.J. Mackay*





LASER SHARP

No false alarms — at last — with the Laser Remote Car Alarm: the system to beat the crooks and beat the problems associated with the many dinky items around. Laser operation is a world first, and technically the most advanced. It is not affected by any electronic radio frequency (often used by professionals to disarm), nor aircraft, wind gusts, air pressure etc. There are no false alarms. It is as close to impenetrable as you can get. Features also a disturbance memory indicator which flashes to tell you when a forced entry has been attempted. The whole kit and caboodle fits on your keyring. To find out more about the features too numerous to list here, ring the outfit on (02) 799 1626.



LORD OF THE RINGS

Individuality is the keynote in interpreting fashion. When it comes to choosing jewellery this dictum is particularly pertinent. One of the more exciting jewellers now working in Australia is American sculptress Cindy Smith. Bold fantasy themes continue in her ornament and furniture artistry. Smith's work is available at Sydney's avant-garde Paddington market and her work and that of New Zealand potter Ann Mellady and English painter Pat Taylor will be exhibited at a Sydney show this May. For information phone: (047) 515 075.



HI-TECH TICKLING

When the original Yamaha DX7 was released, FM tone generator technology and Digital Programmable Algorithm Synthesiser concepts were totally new, and quickly became the focal point of the music industry. Things happen fast and since the introduction of the DX7 Yamaha have been busy researching and developing music tech, monitoring feedback from professional artists, and coming up with considerable advancements in the fields of electronic and semi-conductor fabrication.

Voila the dynamic cost-effective Yamaha DX7S. The DX7S has more features than the Cannes Film Festival. You can play with Random Pitch, Micro-tuning, 16-key Multiple LFO Timing, Dual Bank 64-voice Internal Memory and 32 internal performance memories, full MIDI implementation and much more. Tickle one at any musical instrument outlet worth its salt and see why the Yamaha is used by more professional musicians than any other. The DX7S sells for a recommended \$2295.



WINE OF NOTE

In his book *The Australian Wine Compendium*, noted wine writer James Halliday attributed the success of South Australia's Wirra Wirra Winery to four factors: "Firstly, wine quality is immaculate; secondly, the wine styles are precisely in tune with the demands of the marketplace. Thirdly, bottles are beautifully labelled and presented; and finally, the marketing is both ener-

getic and effective." Located in McLaren Vale, the small Wirra Wirra winery has been owned and restored by cousins Greg and Roger Trott since 1969. The charming red-brown stone winery is recommended to wine-loving visitors, as are Wirra Wirra wines, available in better bottleshops and quality restaurants.

DRESSED TO CONQUER

For nigh on 60 years Arthur Ellis and Company Ltd have been manufacturing Fairydown gear for mountaineers, hunters and trampers. The Fairydown reputation for good reliable outdoor equipment was proven long before Edmund Hillary chose Fairydown sleeping bags and jackets for the successful 1953 assault on Everest. Fairydown today provides a full range of equipment for all active outdoor people and every Fairydown item is individually made by one person for solid, reliable and high-quality performance. Fairydown equipment is available at reputable stockists of outdoor equipment.

Photo by Mike Perry



CENTENARY STYLE

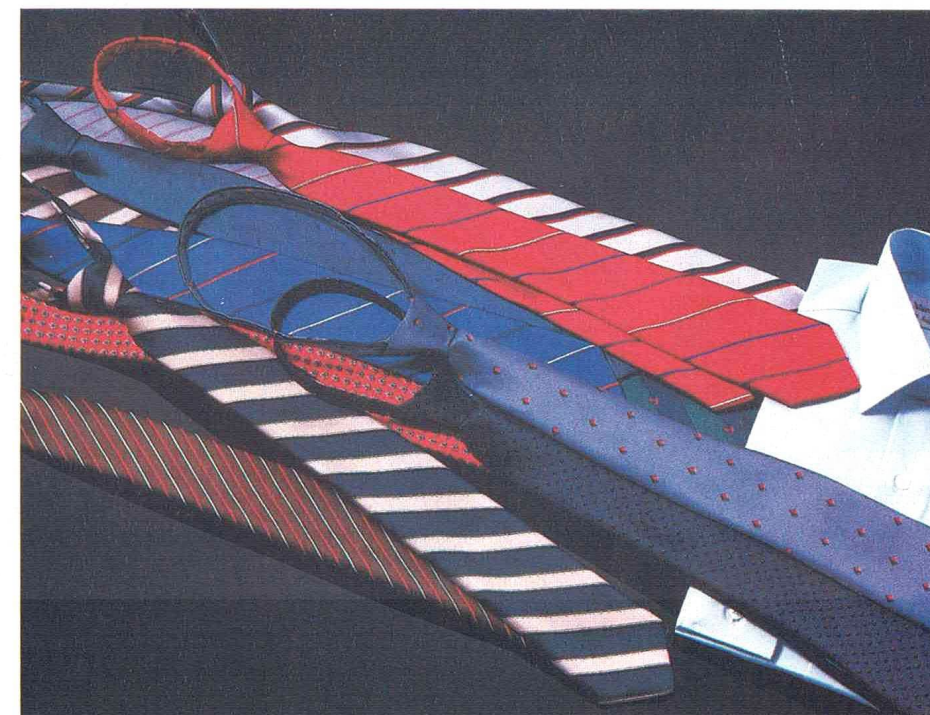
Bolle — among the trendiest of the fashion eyewear/eyecare brands available — are this year celebrating their 100th anniversary with a range of new styles that fall into the not surprisingly named Centenary Collection. The new collection includes the new Spectra Irex lens, featuring a blue or gold mirror tint, providing 100 percent ultra-

violet and 96 percent infrared protection. Spectra Irex is available in five popular models, including aviator, cat's eye and glacier. New styles like "Monaco" and "Paris" (pictured here) are available from leading department stores, OPSM, Sunglass World and selected sports shops. Bolles retail from \$89.95.



ALL ZIPPED UP

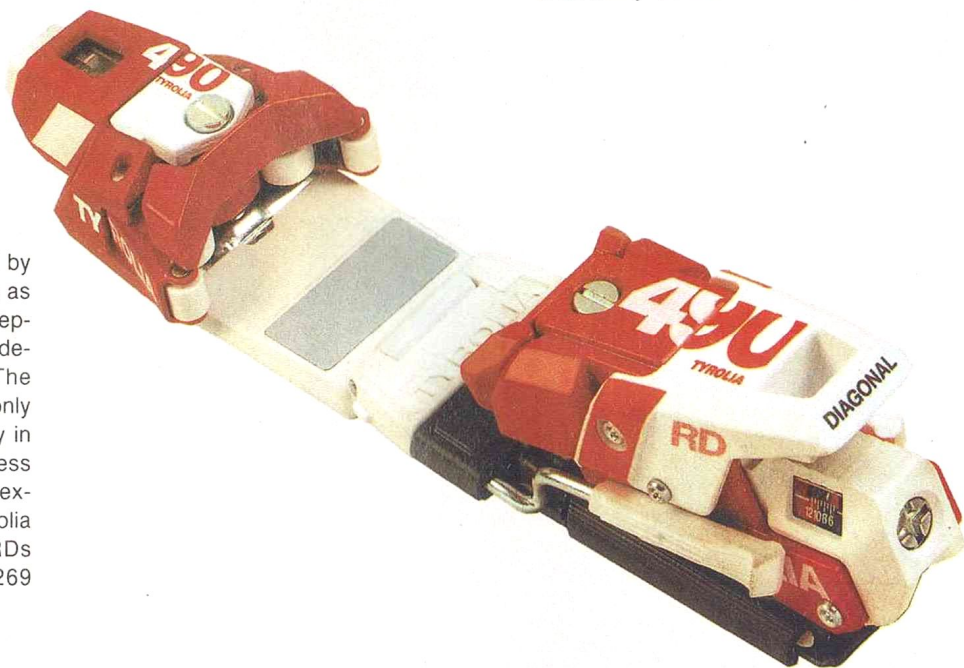
Someone once said that the chap who could invent a better mousetrap would have the world beating a path to his door. The world's still waiting, but when someone does come up with an improved rodent annihilation mechanism at least the world will be able to get dressed in a hurry to go path beating thanks to the inventors of Zip-Tie. Another fabulous Queensland invention, the Ziptie is a necktie that you don't have to tie. The convenience of its zip-up, zip-down action allows the wearer a perfect knot and a perfect length without time-wasting mucking around. In a wide range of fashion fabrics, Zipties are selling for \$19.95 at department stores.





LEADING EDGE

The 490RD by Tyrolia is considered by racers, instructors and expert skiers as the state-of-the-art binding system, representing as it does the sum of Tyrolia's design and manufacturing technology. The patented Diagonal Release heel is the only true step-in heel that releases diagonally in forward twisting falls — and that means less damage to you. The whole system sports excellent shock absorption — and like all Tyrolia products, and Tyrolia alone, the 490RDs carry a lifetime warranty. Only \$269 suggested retail.



FUSION

On the World Cup circuit, Dynastar uses different sidewalls on the top stars' skis for specific snow conditions. Now they've taken things a step further with the introduction of the Fusion Dual Action System. The dominant and critical factor in turning a ski is the amount of pressure placed on the inside edge of the outside ski. With the Dual Action System, each ski has two different sidewalls. Changing skis from one foot to the other utilises a different sidewall material for the inside edge. This enhances performance in conditions ranging from hard snow and ice to the soft stuff. All the usual performance characteristics apply — this is, after all, another Dynastar model. Check them out.

HOT FOOT

Here is the totally new, revolutionary boot from Nordica which has everyone talking on the slopes this year — the NHS. That stands for Nordica Heating System — a boot with built-in heating; it's designed and engineered for exceptional comfort, above all. The NHS features a rechargeable battery with a heating element inserted in the insoles. The boot is best suited to sports skiers who travel the world skiing and thus experience extreme cold, or it's for the individual who suffers from poor circulation and thus cold feet — or for the plain spoilt. The inner is lined with wool and corduroy and suggested retail is \$595. Incorporates all the expected comfort and safety features that you would expect from the leaders in ski boot technology.



UP FOR THE COUNT

If you're yet to spy the flash of pink of the *Penthouse* Pet Modelling Team, you can't be trying. The girls are popping up all over the place, and all manner of the rich and famous are popping up to have their brushes with Pet Power recorded — at PR functions and promotions, clubs, on Sky Channel and even in a few upcoming Australian films, if you look hard at the extras (though we

can't say too much just yet). World Boxing Champion Jeff Fenech showed a lighter side to his ring persona when introduced to Emma Stone at a recent celebrity soccer match at Parramatta Stadium in Sydney's west. Spies report that he wasn't only beside Emma in this photo — he was also beside himself. Ring *Penthouse* if you need some Pets to put the party into your function.

VERTIGO REVISITED

In March *Penthouse*, it was written that the mere presence of Sydney's Dianne Carolan is enough to have men wondering whether someone went and spiked their last drink. Seems the office was affected too; it was forgotten to mention the people who can take credit for the polish on Dianne's dizzying appearance. Hair, makeup and styling was the work of Susan Daub. Beauty treatment was by Pampurrs of Neutral Bay, Sydney; *Penthouse* models spend a full day before their shoot with the Pampurrs' beauty therapists getting spruced from head to toe, and the results are marvellous. Lingerie was by IM in the QVB, Sydney, while the shoes were by Raymond Castles. Now you know.



BOLD AND ELEGANT

The latest range of elegant Swiss watches from Raymond Weil reconfirms the international trend for watches to be used as fashion items rather than merely as timekeepers. Of more than a hundred designs unveiled at a world launch held in Sydney in March, most eye-catching included the Art Deco-inspired Phantom styles pictured here and new additions to the ultra-thin Othello range. Gloriously over-the-top were two watches from Raymond Weil's Fidelio collection boasting dials completely covered with hand-set stones — 430 of them on the man's model and 230 on the lady's version. The Phantoms here retail from \$580 to \$680.



JEAN SCENE

The endless permutations of denim as a fashion fabric proceed unabated. The ubiquitous acid wash, we're told, has done its dash. This year, according to the denim denizens of the Lee fashion company, we'll be pouring our bods into the likes of Kracked denim (it looks like plain old indigo denim that's been attacked by a salt shaker), Natural denim (that's still got the hayseeds in it), over-dyed black

frosted denim that (if you squint your eyes) looks like leather and the long-time American favorite Chino. Lee predicts big things in Chino this winter. From the Lee Winter 1 range we've pictured the men's black Chino double flap side pocket jeans (available in sizes 72cm — 112cm) and men's double-breasted Chino blazer (sizes S — XL). Both are available this winter in black, stone, saddle brown, khaki and navy.



Sydney's Danielle Schneider

COMING IN JULY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

The Ultimate Game — The most controversial sport played in this country — or anywhere else in the world — is a simulated war game called Skirmish, in which players dressed in full battle gear engage in mock combat with guns firing paint pellets. While protest groups demand the game be outlawed and governments dither over legislation, weekend warriors are multiplying rapidly across the country. They're coming soon to a battlefield near you. *Penthouse* presents a disturbing investigation.

The Tao Of Sex Part III — While a lot of men don't suffer clinical problems like impotence and premature ejaculation, they become increasingly dissatisfied with their chosen partner. According to the Chinese, maintaining sexual attraction and excitement in a relationship is a matter of amplifying the maleness of the man and the femaleness of the woman — heightening the sexual tension — and of course, they have specific sexual techniques for the purpose. John Masters explains how to wield your weapon more effectively and have a lot of fun in the process in next month's installment of this ground-breaking series.

Pet Of The Month — Beautifully constructed with precision and flair, 21-year-old Swiss-born Danielle Schneider is an import of genuine quality. The balance of trade is definitely in our favor. Don't miss Danielle's class act in next month's *Penthouse*.

THE NEW

Continued from page 104

jumbo boot deck lid spoiler confirm this is a car designed to win contests of speed rather than pander to arbiters of good taste.

Walkinshaw has race versions of the fuel-injected Group A SS up and running in Europe and Australia. While all-Australian boy Brockie has been forced to take up with the Europeans, a Scot has elected to grab Australia's Holden to take on the world.

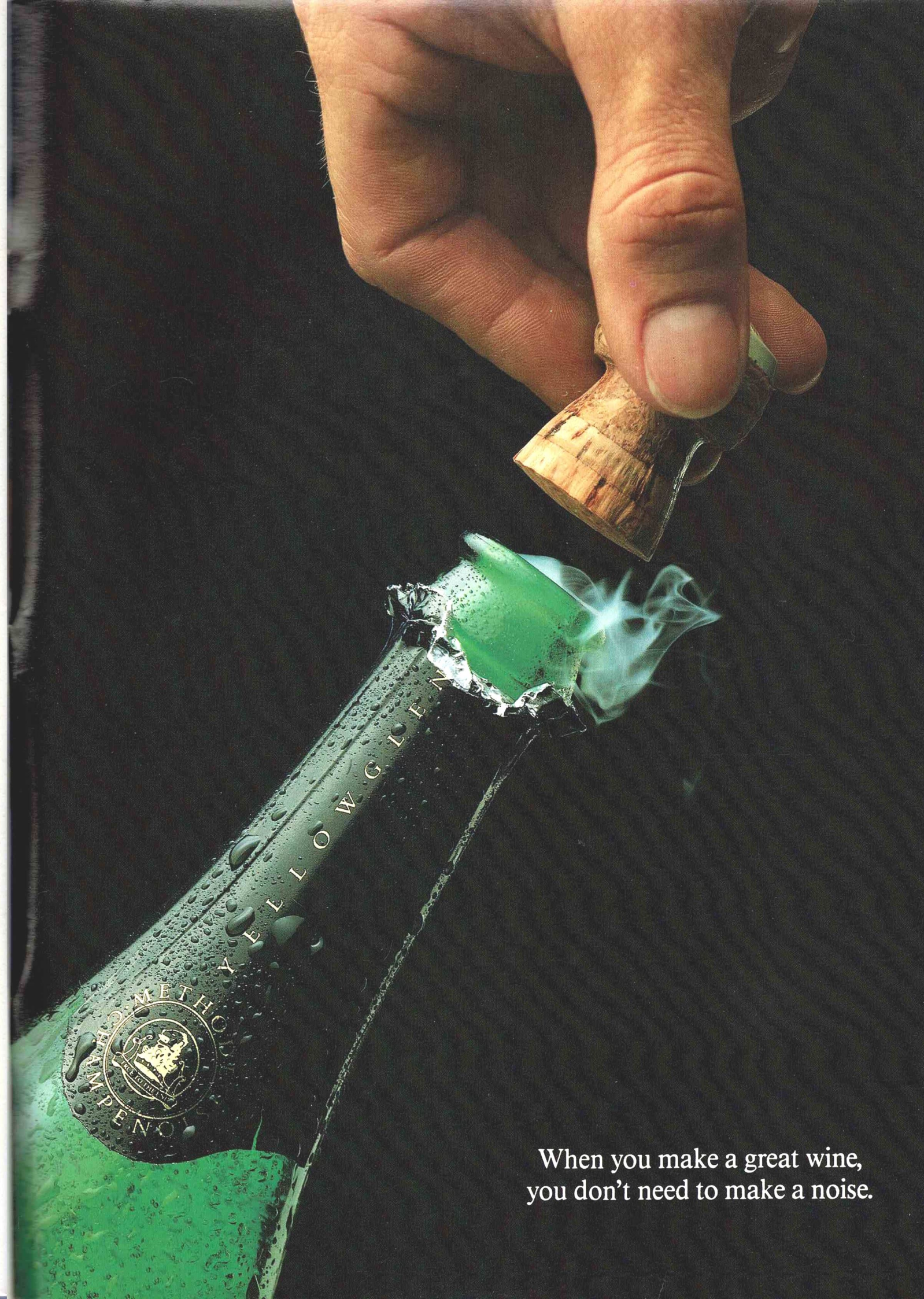
Not that the local content isn't high. Holden Special Vehicles is run by Aussies. The Melbourne-based race team is the direct responsibility of Larry Perkins, who built the track machinery and is now participating in the Australian touring car championship series. Walkinshaw will himself race here in the second half of the season. The magnet is the mountain. Our big race remains the one he very much wants to win. In '85 one of his cars took victory, but Walkinshaw harbors an ambition to be a winning driver. Accordingly, he'll be lining up with Perkins in the James Hardie 1000 at Bathurst in October.

Unfulfilled grand prix racer Perkins, who found a reborn career and professional satisfaction upon his return to Australia, is getting just rewards for his seasons of effort and loyalty to Holden's. It should be said that Walkinshaw got Perkins because, quite simply, he is the best man for the job. A peerless development engineer/driver whose car last year went through a tough season without a mechanical failure. Perkins will also race in Europe this year, perhaps in the 24 Hours of Spa in Belgium.

The two — Perkins and Walkinshaw — were present a couple of months back when Tom spun into Melbourne to cut the ribbon on the modern new \$4 million Holden SV showroom and production facility at Notting Hill. Waves of dealers came through first, followed by the media. The PR blokes had stretched their imaginations. Lending a certain ambience were a caged lion and a brace of Scottish pipers. The cyclonic Walkinshaw zipped about chatting to guests, spent a customary brief spell at the microphone, looked uncomfortable as the Nikons and Canons blazed away at the man and his car, picked at some food and then headed for Tullamarine and a midnight flight to London. It was an object lesson in time and motion. Even the lion looked impressed.

Is Walkinshaw organized? Is he ever. At the time of the launch of his first Holden Special Vehicles product, Walkinshaw's team was already wind tunnel testing the next generation racer, the VN Commodore in England. This should tell you a lot about Tom Walkinshaw and TWR.

As Holden's marketing trump Rob McIniry put it: "He's an interesting guy to do business with." 



When you make a great wine,
you don't need to make a noise.



☒ COLLECTOR'S COLLECTION



Special Blend

*Martins
Filter*

30

SMOKING REDUCES YOUR FITNESS
Health Authority Warning

THE ONLY 30'S WITH THE STYLE OF THE EIGHTIES.